

SHAKESPEARE restored:
OR, A
SPECIMEN

OF THE
Many ERRORS,

AS WELL

Committed, as Unamended, by Mr. POPE

In his Late

EDITION of this POET.

DESIGNED

Not only to correct the said EDITION, but to restore the True
READING of SHAKESPEARE in all the Editions ever
yet publish'd.

By Mr. THEOBALD.

----- *Laniatum Corpore toto*
DEIPHOBUM *vidi & lacerum crudeliter Ora,*
Ora, manusque ambas, -----

VIRG.

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M. DCC. XXVI.



JOHN RICH Elys





T O

JOHN RICH Esq;

S I R,

IT may seem a little particular, that, when I am attempting to restore SHAKESPEARE, I should address that Work to One, who has gone a great Way towards shutting him out of Doors; that is, towards banishing him the Benefit of the Stage, and confining us to read him in the Closet. Let me stand excused from intending any personal Accusation here; for it is not You, indeed, but that Affection, with which *Entertain-*

The DEDICATION.

ments of a *different Species* are pursued, has done this; and therefore I would fain transfer the Fault from You to the Town. Let us lay it upon the Times, as we are pleas'd to do some of our Sins upon Fate and Providence. Or, perhaps, the very Frame of our Nature is concern'd; and the Dissecters of an *Eye* and *Ear* can tell us to what Membranes, or Organs, we owe the Communication of *Pleasures*, in which the *rational Soul* has no Share. So shall we be able to account both for the Reception of GROTESQUE and OPERA.

IF PANTOMIMING be a Debauchery of the Stage, it is a Vice which is so becoming in the Excellence of Your own Performance, that I can scarce find in my Heart to be the first to wish it cur'd. Yet, as it is fabled of ACHILLES'S *Spear*, that it had a Virtue to heal the Wounds it made; so we may prophesy, one Time or other, that the *Rust* of PANTOMIMES will be

The DEDICATION.

a *Salve* for the Recovery of DRAMATIC
Poetry.

I AM justified in this Address by another Consideration, which is, That however you may have been a Sinner against SHAKESPEARE, you are not an impenitent one. And as King *Henry IV.* erected a Chapel to expiate the Injuries which he had done to his Predecessor, King *Richard*; so, the Town at least say, you intend to appease the *Manes* of our POET by erecting a MONUMENT to him. Go on in that pious, that reputable Intention; and, while the Taste of the Publick demands it of you, continue to sacrifice fresh *Pantomimes* to his Memory; when their Palates alter, convince them that You are provided to entertain them with an Elegance suitable to their Expectations.

BUT I am fall'n into a Strain which I had no Thoughts of pursuing, when I first sat down to write this Epistle. The great OTWAY dedicated
one

The DEDICATION.

one of his Plays to his Bookseller, as a Receipt for the *Copy-Money*; and I meant this merely (*si parva licet componere magnis*) as an Acknowledgment of some Obligations receiv'd, which you will not expect me to specify in Print. I design'd it to carry the Sentiments of *Friendship* and *Gratitude*; but, where it falls short in those Points, let it make Amends by this Profession, that You are always entitled, to the utmost of my poor Power, to demand all the Service of,

S I R,

Your most Obliged, and

Faithful Humble Servant,

March 18. 1725.

LEWIS THEOBALD.



SHAKESPEARE restor'd:

O R, A

SPECIMEN of ERRORS, &c.



INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE very often declar'd, and that in a number of Companies, that what thro' the *Indolence*, what thro' the *Ignorance* of his EDITORS, we have scarce any Book in the *English* Tongue more fertile of Errors, than the Plays of SHAKESPEARE. And, I believe, whenever I have fall'n on this Subject, I have not fail'd to express my Wish, that some fine Genius, equal to the task, would befriend the Memory of this immortal Poet, and contribute to the Pleasure of the present and of future Times, in retrieving, as far as possible, the *original Purity* of his *Text*, and rooting out that vast Crop of *Errors*, which has almost choak'd up his *Beauties*.

IT was no small Satisfaction therefore to me, when I first heard Mr. POPE had taken upon him the Publication of SHAKESPEARE. I very reasonably expected, from his known Talents and Abilities, from his uncommon Sagacity and Discernment, and from his unwearied Diligence and Care of informing himself by an happy and extensive Conversation, we should have had our Author come out as perfect, as the want of *Manuscripts* and *original Copies* could give us a Possibility of hoping. I may dare to say, a great Number of SHAKESPEARE's Admirers, and of Mr. POPE's too, (both which I sincerely declare myself,) concurred in this Expectation: For there is a certain *curiosa felicitas*, as was said of an eminent Roman Poet, in that Gentleman's Way of working, which, we presum'd, would have laid itself out largely in such a Province; and that he would not have sat down contented with performing, as he calls it himself, the *dull Duty* of an EDITOR only. SHAKESPEARE's Works have always appear'd to me like what he makes his HAMLET compare the World to, an *unweeded Garden grown to Seed*: And I am sorry there is still reason to complain, the *Weeds* in him are so very sparingly thin'd, that, not to speak out of compass, a thousand *rank* and *unsightly* ones are left to stare us in the Face, and clog the Delight of the expected Prospect.

IT must necessarily happen, that where the Assistance of *Manuscripts* is wanting to set an Author's Meaning right, and rescue him from those Errors which have been transmitted down thro' a Series of incorrect Editions, and a long Intervention of Time, many Passages must be desperate, and past a Cure, and their true Sense irretrievable, either to Care, or the Sagacity of Conjecture.

AND there is one Unhappiness too, which generally attends the *Republication* of English Books, which is, That being the Property of some Persons *in Trade*, who, too often, know nothing more of their Copy than that there is a *Demand* for *reprinting* it; and who are, withal, Persons of such *commendable* Frugality, that they think every Farthing which is given for the Labour of *Revise*, to be so much Money given away for nothing: The *Press* is set to work from a *printed* Precedent, and so the
more

more the Editions of any Book multiply, the more the Errors multiply too, and propagate out of their own Species. “ Of
 “ *this* (to borrow the Words and Observation of my ingenious
 “ Friend, * Mr. SEWEL;) Shakespeare is a very remarkable In-
 “ stance, who has been handed down, from Age to Age, very incor-
 “ rect, his Errors increasing by Time, and being almost constantly
 “ republish’d to his Disgrace. Whatever were the Faults of this
 “ great Poet, the Printers have been hitherto as careful to multiply
 “ them, as if they had been real Beauties; thinking, perhaps, with
 “ the Indians, that the disfiguring a good Face with Scars of arti-
 “ ficial Brutes, had improv’d the Form and Dignity of the Per-
 “ son.”

THIS, indeed, has not been altogether the Case in the late Edition of SHAKESPEARE: The BOOKSELLER, who farms a Right to *some* part of this Author, and claims a Right to *some other* part of him, has so far misunderstood himself, (I mean, in Contradiction to the Rule of Trade,) as to be at the Expence of having his AUTHOR revised; and therefore we promised ourselves, this WORK would be compleat.

I HAVE so great an Esteem for Mr. POPE, and so high an Opinion of his Genius and Excellencies, that I beg to be excused from the least Intention of derogating from his Merits, in this Attempt to restore the true Reading of SHAKESPEARE. Tho’ I confess a Veneration, almost rising to Idolatry, for the Writings of this inimitable Poet, I would be very loth even to do *him* Justice at the Expence of *that other* Gentleman’s Character. But, I am persuaded, I shall stand as free from such a Charge in the Execution of this Design, as, I am sure, I am in the Intention of it; for I am assuming a Task here, which this learned Editor seems purposely (I was going to say, with too nice a Scruple) to have declined.

To explain myself, I must be obliged to make a short Quotation from Mr. POPE, in his Preface to SHAKESPEARE: “ In
 “ *what I have done*, says he, *I have rather given a Proof of my*
 “ *Willingness and Desire, than of my Ability to do him Justice.* I
 B 2 “ have

* In his Preface to the Seventh Volume of the Works of SHAKESPEARE, in Quarto.

“ *have discharg’d the dull Duty of an Editor, to my best Judgment,*
 “ *with more Labour than I expect Thanks, with a religious Abhor-*
 “ *rence of all Innovation, and without any Indulgence to my pri-*
 “ *vate Sense or Conjecture.*” I cannot help thinking this Gentle-
 man’s *Modesty* in this Point too *nice* and *blameable*; and that
 what he is pleas’d to call a *religious Abhorrence of Innovation*, is
 downright *Superstition*: Neither can I be of Opinion, that the
 Writings of *SHAKESPEARE* are so *venerable*, as that we should
 be excommunicated from good Sense, for daring to *innovate pro-*
perly; or that we ought to be as cautious of altering *their Text*,
 as we would That of the *sacred Writings*. And yet even They,
 we see, have admitted of some Thousands of *various Readings*;
 and would have a great many more, had not Dr. *BENTLEY*
 some particular Reasons for not prosecuting his Undertaking
 upon the *New Testament*, as he propos’d.

CERTAINLY, that Physician would be reckon’d a very un-
 serviceable Member in the Republick, as well as a bad Friend to
 himself, who would not venture to prescribe to a Patient, be-
 cause not absolutely sure to cure his Distemper: As, on the
 other hand, he would be accounted a Man of very indifferent
 Morals, if he rashly tamper’d with the Health and Constitution
 of his Fellow-Creature, and was bold to try Conclusions only for
 private Information. The same Thing may be said with regard
 to *Attempts upon Books*: We should shew very little Honesty, or
 Wisdom, to play the Tyrants with any Author’s Text; to raze,
 alter, innovate, and overturn, at all Adventures, and to the
 utter Detriment of his Sense and Meaning: But to be so very
 reserv’d and cautious, as to interpose no Relief or Conjecture,
 where it manifestly labours and cries out for Assistance, seems
 almost as absurd as the Indolence of that good honest Priest, who
 had for thirty Years together mistakingly, in his Breviary, read
Mumpsimus for *Sumpsimus*; and being told of his Blunder, and sol-
 licited to correct it, *The Alteration may be just*, said he; *but,*
however, I’ll not change my old MUMPSIMUS for your new SUMP-
SIMUS.

INTRODUCTION.

V

FOR my own part, I don't know whether I am mistaken in Judgment, but I have always thought, that whenever a *Gentleman* and a *Scholar* turns *Editor* of any Book, he at the same Time commences *Critick* upon his *Author*; and that wherever he finds the Reading suspected, manifestly corrupted, deficient in Sense, and unintelligible, he ought to exert every Power and Faculty of the Mind to supply such a Defect, to give Light and restore Sense to the Passage, and, by a reasonable Emendation, to make that satisfactory and consistent with the Context, which before was so absurd, unintelligible, and intricate.

THIS is a *Task*, which, as I above intimated, Mr. POPE has *purposely disclaim'd*, and which I (by what Fatality, or with what Event, I know not;) have taken upon my self to prosecute. I am not insensible under what Disadvantages I must set out upon such a Work, and against such an Antagonist; ----- *impar congressus* ACHILLI: But as I have laid it down as a Rule to myself not to be arbitrary, fantastical, or wanton, in my Conjectures upon our Author, I shall venture to aim at some little Share of Reputation, in endeavouring to restore Sense to Passages in which no Sense has hitherto been found; or, failing in that Hope, must submit to incur, which I should be very unwilling to do, the Censure of a rash and vain Pretender.

AS SHAKESPEARE stands, or at least ought to stand, in the Nature of a Classic Writer, and, indeed, he is corrupt enough to pass for one of the oldest Stamp, every one, who has a Talent and Ability this Way, is at liberty to make his Comments and Emendations upon him. This is a Palm, which (as *TERENCE* said, of writing Comedies) is in common to every poetical Contender:

----- *In medio omnibus*

Palmam esse positam, qui artem tractant musicam.

And he, who has the Luck to be allowed any Merit in it, does not only do a Service to the Poet, but to his Country and its Language. This Author is grown so universal a Book, that there are very few Studies, or Collections of Books, tho' small, amongst which

which it does not hold a Place: And there is scarce a Poet, that our *English* Tongue boasts of, who is more the Subject of the Ladies Reading. But with what Pleasure can they read Passages, which the Incorrectness of the Editions will not suffer them to understand? No Vein of Pedantry, or Ostentation of useless Criticism, incited me to this Work: It is a Sacrifice to the Pleasure of *SHAKESPEARE*'s Admirers in general; and should it fail of all the Success which I wish, it may chance to work this good Effect, That many will be tempted to read this Poet with a more diligent Eye than hitherto: The Consequence of which will be, that better Criticks will make their own Observations, with more Strength than I can pretend; and this Specimen prove only an Invitation to lead them into nobler Corrections. If, however, till that happens, where *SHAKESPEARE* has yet, thro' all his Editions, labour'd under flat Nonsense, and invincible Darknes, I can, by the Addition or Alteration of a single letter, or two, give him both Sense and Sentiment, who will be so unkind to say, this is a trifling or unwarrantable Attempt? Or, rather, if I may dare to flatter myself so far, what true Lover of this Poet, who shall find him so easily cur'd, will not owe his Thanks for a Passage retriev'd from Obscurity, and no Meaning? and say, *SHAKESPEARE* must certainly have wrote so -----? But I remember a Line in *Horace*, which ought to stop me short, and give me some Fears:

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?

I am running too largely in debt, upon Promise, to my Readers, and they are calling for Payment in some Specimens of my Performance.

I am sorry that the Use and Intention of this Undertaking ties me down to the Necessity of one unpleasant Office, That of setting right the Faults in Pointing, and those meerly literal, committed by the Printer, and continued by too negligent a Revival. This is the Drudgery of Correction, in which I could wish to have been spar'd, there being no Pleasure in the Execution of it, nor any Merit, but that of dull Diligence, when executed.

cuted. But, *unpleasant* as it is, even this Part must be dispens'd with; and all that I can do, to ease myself or Readers in it, is to mark these minute Corrections with all possible Brevity, and proceed to more important Matter.

I CAN scarce suspect it will be thought, if I begin my Animadversions upon the Tragedy of *HAMLET*, that I have been partial to myself in picking out this Play, as one more fertile in Errors than any of the rest: On the contrary, I chose it for Reasons quite opposite. It is, perhaps, the best known, and one of the most favourite Plays of our Author: For these thirty Years last past, I believe, not a Season has elaps'd, in which it has not been perform'd on the Stage more than once; and, consequently, we might presume it the most purg'd and free from Faults and Obscurity. Yet give me Leave to say, what I am ready to prove, it is not without very gross Corruptions. Nor does it stand by itself for Faults in Mr. *POPE*'s Edition: No, it is a Specimen only of the epidemical Corruption, if I may be allowed to use that Phrase, which runs thro' all the Work: And I cannot help saying of it, as *Æneas* does of the *Greeks* Treachery upon the Instance of *Sinon*'s,

----- *Crimine ab uno*
Disce omnes : -----

IF *HAMLET* has its Faults, so has every other of the Plays; and I therefore only offer it as a Precedent of the same Errors, which, every body will be convinced before I have done, possess every Volume and every Play in this Impression.

BUT to proceed from Assertion to Experiment: In order to which I shall constantly be obliged, that the Emendations may stand in a fairer Light, to quote the Passages as they are read, with some part of their Context, in Mr. *POPE*'s Edition; and likewise to prefix a short Account of the Business and Circumstances of the Scenes from which the faulty Passages are drawn; that the Readers may be inform'd at a single View, and judge of the Strength and Reason of the Emendation, without a Reference to the Plays themselves for that purpose. But this will

will be in no kind necessary, where Faults of the Prefs are only to be corrected: Where the Pointing is wrong, perhaps, That may not be alone the Fault of the Printer; and therefore I may sometimes think myself obliged to assign a Reason for my altering it.

As every Author is best expounded and explain'd in *One* Place, by his own Usage and Manner of Expression in *Others*; wherever our Poet receives an Alteration in his Text from any of my *Corrections* or *Conjectures*, I have throughout endeavour'd to support what I offer by *parallel Passages*, and *Authorities* from himself: Which, as it will be my best Justification, where my Attempts are seconded with the Concurrence of my Readers; so, it will be my best Excuse for those *Innovations*, in which I am not so happy to have them think with me.

I HAVE likewise all along, for the greater Ease and Pleasure of the Readers, distinguish'd the Nature of my Corrections by a short marginal Note to each of them, *viz.* *False Pointing*, *False Print*, *Various Reading*, *Passage omitted*, *Conjectural Emendation*, *Emendation*, and the like; so that every body will at once be appriz'd what Subject-matter to expect from every respective Division.





T H E
Examination *and* Correction
O F T H E
T R A G E D Y of *H A M L E T*.



I. Act I. Scene I. Page 346.



*H E N yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, - - - -*

*Various
Reading.*

SOME of the old Editions read, *t'illumine* ; which seems to be the truest deriv'd Word, (from *illumino* in the *Latin*,) and is the Word used by our Author in another Place.

TWO GENTLEMEN of *VERONA*, pag. 195.

*If I be not by her fair Influence
Foster'd, illumin'd,*

C

In

The Examination and Correction

In another of his Plays, our Poet has extended this Word to *illuminate*.

JULIUS CÆSAR, pag. 234.

----- *What Trāsh is Rome?*

*What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
For the base Matter to illuminate
So vile a Thing as Cæsar?*

And I almost think, Mr. POPE was of the Opinion that *illumine*, rather than *illum*, in this Place of *Hamlet*, is the right Word; since he, in another of the Tragedies, has wrote *relumine*, tho' one of the old Editions there have it *relume*.

OTHELLO, pag. 578.

*I know not where is that Promethean Heat,
That can thy Light relumine. -----*

But may it not be objected, that if we should read,

Had made his Course t'illumine that Part of Heav'n, &c.

this Additional *Syllable* spoils the Scanning of the Verse? In a Word, too nice a Regard must not be had to the Numbers of SHAKESPEARE: Nor needs the Redundance of a *Syllable* here be any Objection; for nothing is more usual with our Poet than to make a *Dactyl*, or allow a supernumerary *Syllable*, which is sunk and melted in the Pronunciation. It were most easy to produce above a thousand Instances of this Custom in him; but unnecessary, because they lie open to the Observation of every discerning Reader.

II. Ibid. Page 347.

*So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle [,]
He smote the sledded Polack on the Ice.*

*False Point-
ing.*

All the old Editions, which I have seen, read it rightly without the second Comma;

*So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
He smote &c.*

III. Ibid. Page 350.

Shall I strike [] it with my Partizan ?

*Various
Reading.*

The Versification manifestly halts here, without any Necessity. The second Edition in *Folio*, printed in 1632, and which is one of those that Mr. POPE professes to have collated, makes out the Numbers of this Line by reading,

Shall I strike at it with my Partizan ?

IV. Ibid. Page 350.

*----- I have heard,
The cock [] that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat &c.*

*False Point-
ing.*

It ought to be pointed, as it is in the Quarto Edition, of 1637;
(of which I shall have Occasion to speak anon.)

*----- I have heard,
The Cock, that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth &c.*

The Examination and Correction

V. Ibid. Page 351.

*False Point-
ing.*

*But look, the morn in russet mantle clad [,]
Walks o'er the dew &c.*

Here again, either the second *Comma* must be entirely taken away, or this Passage must be stopp'd thus;

*But look, - - - the Morn, in russet Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew &c.*

VI. Act 1. Scene 2. Page 352.

*False Point-
ing, and
Conjectural
Emenda-
tion.*

CLAUDIUS, King of *Denmark*, his Queen, *Hamlet*, and Courtiers, coming upon the Stage, the King makes a Speech, apologizing, and giving Reasons, for his hasty Marriage with his Brother's Widow. He then proceeds to acquaint them, that *Fortinbras* of *Norway*, supposing the State of *Denmark* to be much weaken'd and disjointed by the Death of the late King, had demanded, with Threats of Invasion, certain Lands lost by his Father to the said late *Danish* King; and that therefore he (*Claudius*, the now King) had wrote Letters to the old King of *Norway*, desiring him to suppress his Nephew *Fortinbras*'s unjust Procedure in that Affair. This is the Business and Import of the Speech; let us now see how it stands in the Edition.

----- Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along [,] (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows [,] that you know [] young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a mean supposal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame [,]
COLLEAGUED with this dream of his advantage [;]
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, &c.

Tho'

Tho' all the printed Copies, that ever I have seen, concur in reading *Colleagued* in this Place, I cannot but think it carries a harsh and intricate Sense, and does not so aptly fall in with the Context. This makes me suspect it corrupted from a Word very near it, both in Sound and Writing, and which carries a much more plausible Meaning, as well as connects better both with what precedes and follows. 'Tis true, *Colleagued* signifies *joined with, putting himself on the Side, or Faction of, &c.* and therefore it is not to be utterly disallowed in Sense. But if we can only, with the Alteration of a Letter or two, substitute another Word that gives a stronger and more proper Image, and connects better with the Reasoning of the Passage; I hope, I shall be allowed to offer it, at least, as a Conjecture, if not as a Correction. Suppose therefore that SHAKESPEARE might write it thus;

----- Nor have We herein barr'd
 Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this Affair along: (For all, our Thanks.)
 Now follows that you know, Young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak Supposal of our Worth;
 Or thinking, by our late dear Brother's Death,
 Our State to be disjoint, and out of Frame;
 * COLLOGUED with this Dream of his Advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message, &c.

Here you have a Reason for the Young Man's Opinion, and Proceeding, and for his Insolence in making the Demand on Denmark, viz. he being *flattered, imposed on, cajol'd*, by the Dream of his Advantage. However, if the Readers are inclined to imbrace the first Reading, I am willing to retract Mine, or at least keep it to my self, which I propos'd but as a Guess. The
 Correction

* Collogue, Blanditiis tentare, parum deflexo sensu, à Lat. Colloqui; vel si à Germanicâ Origine deducere malis, à Teut. *Köfen*, garrere, & *Lügen*; Belg. *Logen*, Mentiri: q. d. *Kollogen* elisô propter Euphoniâ: q. d. blandis Mendaciis imponere.

Correction of the next Passage shall be founded on something more than Conjecture.

VII. Ibid.

*False Point-
ing.*

----- *We have here writ*
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who [] impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gate herein [. I] n that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects [;]

That is, We have writ to the Old King to stop his Nephew's Expedition, because his Army is compos'd all out of the old King's Subjects. But this Passage is so pointed, that, by the Reasoning being disjoined from the Sentence of which it ought to be a Part, the Sense is so much weaken'd, that it is almost lost. Restore it therefore, as some of the Editions lead the Way;

----- *We have here writ*
To Norway, Uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his Nephew's Purpose, to suppress
His further Gate herein ; in that the Levies,
The Lists, and full Proportions, are all made
Out of his Subjects :

VIII. Ibid.

*Conjectural
Emenda-
tion.*

----- *and we here dispatch*
You, good Cornelius, and you Voltimand,
FOR bearers of this greeting &c.

The Word, FOR, here seems to be merely supplimental, and introduced to keep the Verse from halting; besides that, *to dispatch* for *Bearers*, is a bald and poor Expression. It certainly will be more in the Stile of Majesty, if we may suppose the Poet wrote;

----- and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius; and You, Voltimand,
OUR Bearers of this Greeting &c.

This Speaking in the plural Number connects exactly with the Beginning of the Sentence last quoted, *We have here writ*, and *We here dispatch You, and You, Our Bearers of this Greeting to old Norway*. Besides, the Mistake of *for* instead of *our* is so easy, that, in the second Folio Edition, it has happen'd again in this very Act in another Passage; and the plain Sense has led the later Editions to correct it.

Hamlet. *Never to speak of This that you have seen,*
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. *Swear.*

Hamlet. *Hic, & ubique? Then we'll shift FOR Ground.*

IX. Ibid.

Giving to you no further personal power
OF TREATY with the King, &c.

*Various
 Reading.*

This is a Reading adopted, and of a modern Stamp, as I take it; either from Want of Understanding the Poet's genuine Words, or on a Supposition of their being too stiff and obsolete. All my old Copies have it, as I think it ought to be restor'd,

Giving to you no further personal Pow'r
TO BUSINESS with the King, &c.

i. e.

i. e. to *negotiate*, or *transact* with him. It is a Licence in our Poet, of his own Authority, to coin new *Verbs* both out of *Substantives* and *Adjectives*; and it is, as we may call it, one of the *Quidlibet audendi's* very familiar with him. I'll throw in a few Instances of the like kind, and it were very easy, with little Pains, to produce a Croud more.

Proofs of
Substantives
made Verbs.

(1.) TEMPEST, pag. 32.

*The Setting of thine Eye and Cheek proclaim
A Matter from Thee, and a Birth indeed,
Which * throes thee much to yield.*

* *Throes* signify a Woman's Pains in Child-bearing; and he here uses the Word for *pains thee*, or *gives thee those Pains*.

(2.) So again, pag. 54.

----- *And the Thunder,
That deep and dreadful Organ-Pipe, pronounc'd
The Name of Prosper; it did * bafe my Trespass, &c.*

* it did play a terrible Bafe to it; refounded hoarsely in a Bafe-Tone.

(3.) MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, pag. 138.

*And as Imagination * bodies forth
The Forms of Things unknown, the Poet's Pen
Turns them to Shape, &c.*

* gives them Bodies.

(4.) TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA, pag. 213.

*Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all Good * befortune you.*

* fall to you by good Fortune.

(5.) MEASURE for MEASURE, pag. 370.

*Lord Angelo * dukes it well in his Absence, &c.*

* acts, represents, the Duke.

(6.) And

(6.) And again, pag. 371.

Either this is Envy in You, Folly, or Mistaking: the very Stream of his Life, and the Business he bath^f helm'd, &c.

^f manag'd; steer'd, as at the Helm.

(7.) MERCHANT of VENICE, pag. 20.

*Give him Direction for this merry Bond,
And I will go and^z purse the Ducats strait, &c.*

^z put them in a Purse.

(8.) KING LEAR, pag. 49.

*----- I could as well be brought
To^b knee his Throne, and, 'Squire-like, Pension beg, &c.*

^b bend the Knee to.

(9.) Second Part of HENRY IV. pag. 352.

*And therefore will he wipe his Tables clean,
And keep no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat and^t history his Loss, &c.*

^t tell the History of.

(10.) HENRY V. pag. 418.

*----- Why! what read you there,
That bath so^k cowarded and chas'd your Blood
Out of Appearance?*

^k frightened, made a Coward of.

(11.) HENRY VIII. pag. 444.

*----- And his own Letter,
(The Honourable Board of Council out,)
Must fetch in Him be['] papers.*

['] marks down on Paper.

(12.) *TIMON of ATHENS, pag. 7.*

----- *His large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and ^m properties to his Love and Tendance
All Sorts of Hearts.*

^m makes them his own; gives him a Property in them.

(13.) *SO CORIOLANUS, pag. 128.*

----- *That to's Pow'r he would
Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders, and
ⁿ Disproperty'd their Freedoms.*

ⁿ took away the Property of.

(14.) *And again, pag. 200.*

*Now, by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that Kiss
I carried from thee, Dear; and my true Lip
Hath ^o virgin'd it e'er since.*

^o kept it as chafely as a Virgin.

(15.) *MACBETH, pag. 547.*

----- *I've seen
Hours dreadful, and Things strange; but this fore Night
Hath ^p trifled former Knowings.*

^p made T'fles of.

(16.) *ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA, pag. 402.*

----- *Eros,
Would'st thou be ^q window'd in great Rome, &c.*

^q plac'd in a Window.

of the Tragedy of HAMLET.

II

(17.) OTHELLO, pag. 501.

----- He hath atchiev'd a Maid
That ' paragon's Description and wild Fame.

' out-goes, sets a Paragon, or Pattern to.

(18.) TROILUS, pag. 24.

And with ridiculous and awkward Action
(Which, Slanderer ! he Imitation calls ;)
He ' pageants us.

' plays us over, shews us as in a Pageant.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in Examples of this Sort,
or I could stretch out the Catalogue of them to a great Ex-
tent. I shall only shew by a few Instances that it is as familiar
with him to make *Verbs* out of *Adjectives*, and so shall return to
HAMLET.

(1.) WINTER'S TALE, pag. 594.

----- Which had been done,
But that the good Mind of Camillo ' tardied
My swift Command.

' stopp'd, made slow, or tardy.

Proofs of
Adjectives
made Verbs.

(2.) CYMBELINE, pag. 213.

----- You married ones,
If each of you would take this Course, how many
Must murther Wives much better than themselves
For ' wrying but a little ?

' going awry.

(3.) *TROILUS*, pag. 111.

*Hark! how Troy roars, how Hecuba cries out,
How poor Andromache * shrills her Dolour forth.*

* screams shrilly.

(4.) *JULIUS CÆSAR*, pag. 288.

*And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will † niggard with a little Rest.*

† We will make but short Rest, be Niggards of it.

(5.) *TITUS ANDRONICUS*, pag. 433.

* Patient *your self*, Madam, and pardon me.

* make your self patient.

(6.) *ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA*, pag. 322.

----- *And all this*

*(It wounds thine Honour that I speak it now,)
Was born so like a Soldier, that thy Cheek
So much as ‡ lank'd not.*

‡ grew lank, or lean.

(7.) *And, again*, pag. 337.

*Age cannot wither her, nor Custom § stale
Her infinite Variety.*

§ make stale.

X. *Ibid.*

*Various
Reading*

Volt. *In that, and all Things, will we shew our Duty.*

King. *We doubt IN nothing, &c.*

All the Editions, that I have seen, read, I think, more rightly,

We doubt IT nothing.

i. e. We in no wise doubt, but you will.

XI. Ibid. Page 354.

*But yo umust know, your father lost a father,
That father [] his, &c.*

*Various
Reading.*

All the Editions, that I have met with, old and modern, (and so, I know, the Players to this Day constantly repeat it,) read,

*But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his; ----*

The Reduplication of the Word *lost* here gives an Energy and an Elegance, which is much easier to be conceiv'd, than explain'd in Terms. Every Reader of this Poet, however, must have observ'd how frequent it is with him to use this Figure, (which the Rhetoricians have call'd *Anadiplosis*;) where he intends either to *assert* or *deny*, *augment* or *diminish*, or add a Degree of *Vehemence* to his Expression. Of this Usage, were it necessary, I could bring a great Number of Examples; but the Instances, that I can at present remember in him, which seem most to resemble this before us, are the following.

(1.) OTHELLO, pag. 483.

*--- The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haft, post-haft Appearance
Ev'n on the Instant.*

(2.) First Part of HENRY IV. pag. 239.

*And That would nothing fet my Teeth on Edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetry.*

(3.)

(3.) And ROMEO, pag. 272.

*Fain would I dwell on Forme, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke.*

(4) So TIMON of ATHENS, pag. 58.

*----- Who dares, who dares,
In Purity of Manhood, stand upright,
And say, This Man's a Flaterer?*

(5.) And so MACBETH, pag. 581.

*I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The Means, the Means, that make us Strangers.*

XII. Ibid.

*False Point-
ing.*

As any the most vulgar thing to Sense.

Correct it,

As any the most vulgar Thing &c.

XIII. Ibid. Page 355.

*False Point-
ing.*

*And the king's rowse the heav'n shall bruit again []
Respeaking earthly Thunder.*

Read it with a Comma;

*And the King's Rowse the Heav'n shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly Thunder.*

XIV. Act 1. Scene 3. Page 355.

The King, Queen, and Court, quitting the Stage, *HAMLET* <sup>Conjectural
Emendation</sup> remains, and makes a Soliloquy; beginning with this double Wish, either that his too solid Flesh would melt away into a Dew,

*Or, that the Everlasting had not fixt
His CANNON 'gainst Self-slaughter. - - -*

There is a various Reading upon this Passage, as Mr. POPE might have observ'd, which, in my Opinion, merits a Consideration, and, possibly, may give us the Poet's own Words. If he wrote it as it now stands, his Thought is, *Or that the Almighty had not planted his Artillery, his Resentment, or Arms of Vengeance against Self-murder*: But the Quarto Edition, published in 1703. (which, indeed, has no other Authority, than its professing to be printed from the *Original Copy*;) and the Impression of *HAMLET* set out by Mr. Hughs, Both read,

*Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His CANON 'gainst Self-slaughter.*

i. e. That he had not restrain'd *Suicide* by his *express Law*, and *peremptory Prohibition*. It is a Word that *SHAKESPEARE* has used in some others of his Plays; and the Mistake of the Printers is so very easy, betwixt a double and a single *n*, in *Cannon* and *Canon*, that it has actually happen'd elsewhere in our Author upon both these very Words.

CORIOLANUS, pag. 148.

----- *Shall remain?*

Hear you this Triton of the Minnows? mark you

His absolute Shall?

Comin. 'Twas from the *CANON*.

i. e. *from the Mouth of the Law*, as Mr. POPE rightly understands it ; tho' the second Folio Edition has it corruptly, *'Twas from the Cannon*. So again, on the other hand, twice in the second Act of King JOHN, the second Folio Edition has it ;

The Canons have their Bowels full of Wrath, &c.

And afterwards,

Their batt'ring Canon, charged to the Mouths, &c.

Tho' 'tis manifest, in both Places, it ought to be *Cannon*, with a double *n*. I cannot help throwing in one Instance more, because the Error has not only obtained in the old and common Modern Editions, but has likewise got a new Sanction in Mr. POPE's Edition.

TIMON, pag. 59.

*Religious CANNONS, civil Laws are cruel,
Then what should War be?*

The Propagation of this Fault is manifestly owing to the Negligence of Revival ; and all future Impressions must correct it, --- *Religious Canons, &c.* But to pass from these Mistakes of the Press, there is another Passage in King JOHN, where the Poet uses the Word *Canon* to signify Decree or Ordinance, pag. 129.

The CANON of the Law is laid on him, &c.

So in CORIOLANUS, pag. 119, 120.

----- *Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my Brother's Guard, even there
Against the hospitable CANON would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart.*

But besides that the Poet frequently employs the Terme, I have two or three Reasons more which induce me to think, that, in this Place of HAMLET, he intended the *Injunction*, rather than the

the *Artillery* of Heaven. In the first Place, I much doubt the Propriety of the Phrase, *fixing Cannon*, to carry the Meaning here supposed. The Military Expression, which imports what would be necessary to the Sense of the Poet's Thought, is, *mounting or planting Cannon*: And whenever Cannon is said to be *fix'd*, it is when the Enemy become Masters of it, and nail it down. In the next Place, to *fix* a *Canon* or *Law*, is the Terme of the *Civilians* peculiar to this Business. This *Virgil* had in his Mind, when he wrote, *Æneid VI.*

----- *Leges fixit pretio, atque refixit.*

And it was the constant Custom of the *Romans* to say, upon this Occasion, *figere legem*; as the *Greeks*, before them, used the *Synonymous* Term, *παράπνῃσαι*. But my last Reason, and which sways most with me, is from the Poet's own Turn and Cast of Thought: For, as he has done in a great many more Instances, it is the very Sentiment which he falls into in another of his Plays, tho' he has cloath'd it in different Expressions.

CRMBELINE, pag. 178.

----- 'Gainst Self-slaughter
There is a PROHIBITION so divine,
That cravens my weak Hand.

XV. Ibid.

After HAMLET has finish'd the two before mentioned Wishes; He falls into this Descant on the Grossness of the World, and on his Mother's hasty Marriage with his Uncle.

*False Point-
ing, and va-
rious Read-
ing.*

*How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable []
Seem to me all the uses of this world [?]
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden []
That grows to Seed; things rank, and gross in nature []
Possess it meerly [] that it should come thus [.]
But two months dead! &c.*

E

Besides

Besides that the *Hemistich* --- that it should come thus, --- is very mean and bald, as well as very indifferent *English*; I think, the Editor ought to have taken Notice, that there is a various Reading of old Date; which I verily believe to be the true One, because it makes the Passage much more elegant, and connective with what follows. The whole Passage should be pointed, and stand thus;

*How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the Uses of this World!
Fie on't! oh, fie! 'Tis an unweeded Garden,
That grows to Seed: Things rank, and gross in Nature,
Possess it meerly. --- That it should come to this! ---
But Two Months dead! &c.*

This is an Exclamation that our Poet makes his *Lear*, when in the Height of Agony for his Daughter's Ingratitude to him, stopping short his Passion, break into:

LEAR, pag. 27.

----- *Old fond Eyes,
Beweep her once again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the Waters that you lose,
To temper Clay. --- Ha! --- Is it come to this?*

So likewise *Cleopatra*, when *Anthony* is rating and taxing her with Incontinence, for suffering *Cæsar's* Agent to kiss her hand, surprized at the Extremity of his Jealousy, cries out, *pag. 381.*

----- *Oh! Is't come to this?*

So *HAMLET*, here, having made his general Reflexions upon the Grossness of the World, breaks into an *Interjection* of Surprise at once, and turns his Thoughts in particular upon his Mother's Conduct with Regard to her second Marriage: And so proceeds gradually to the Consideration of her late Husband's
Tendernefs

Tendernefs to her, and a Comparifon betwixt him and her pre-
fent Confort.

XVI. Ibid.

*So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the winds of Heav'n
Visit her face too roughly,*

Emendation.

Here, again, is a Passage in which we have a *sophisticated* Read-
ing, copied from the Players in fome of the Modern Editions, for
Want of understanding the Poet, whose Text is corrupt in the
old Impressions: All of which, that I have had the Fortune to
fee, read,

----- *So loving to my Mother,
That he might not BETEENE the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly.*

'Tis true, there is no fuch Word in *English*, that I know of,
as *beteene*; and yet I am verily perfwaded, our Author's Words
were fo very like it, that it is only a Corruption from the Mif-
take of a fingle Letter, and two Words getting too clofe together.
See, how eafy a Change reftores you the Poet's own Words and
Meaning.

----- *So loving to my Mother,
That he might not LET E'EN the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly.*

XVII. Ibid.

----- *Married with mine Uncle,
My father's brother; [] no more like my Father,
Than I to Hercules.*

*Various
Reading.*

Thus Mr. POPE reads it, with a nice Regard to the Numbers; not considering how perpetually the Poet, as I before remark'd, melts a Syllable in Pronunciation. The Generality, if not All, of the Editions have it with an emphatical *Disjunctive* in the Middle of the Reflexion.

----- Married with mine Uncle,
My Father's Brother: --- but no more like my Father,
Than I to Hercules.

XVIII. Act 1. Scene 4. Page 358.

False Printing.

----- Two-nights together &c.

Correct, with all the Editions,

----- Two Nights together &c.

There is no more Reason for the *Hyphen* here, than there would be a little lower at this Verse,

And I with them the third Night held &c.

XIX. Ibid.

Various Reading.

Hamlet. *Indeed, [] Sirs, but This troubles me.*

The second Folio Edition (as Mr. POPE might have observ'd, who in so many Passages has a particular Regard to the Numbers,) makes a full Verse of this;

Indeed, Indeed, Sirs, but This troubles me.

Which *Reduplication* of the Word seems to give a much stronger *Emphasis* to Hamlet's Concern.

XX. Ibid.

XX. Ibid. Page 359.

Hamlet. *His Beard was grisly?*

Hor. *It was, as I have seen it in his Life,
A sable-silver'd.*

False Printing.

Here again, with the old Editions, the *Hyphen* ought to be removed, and we must read,

A Sable silver'd.

i. e. a black, (subintellig. Beard; and the *Adjective* is put like a *Substantive*,) grown white, or silver'd over with Age.

XXI. Act I. Scene 5. Page 360, 1.

----- but you must fear []

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own.

False Pointing.

As this is pointed, the Sense is absolutely maim'd; for *Greatness* appears the *Accusative Case* to the *Verb* fear: Whereas, in the Poet's Meaning, it is an *Ablative absolute*. Read it therefore,

----- but you must fear,

His Greatness weigh'd, his Will is not his own.

That is, his Greatness being weigh'd or consider'd by you, you must have this Fear, that his Will is not in his own Power, but subject to the State.

XXII. Ibid. Page 361.

----- for on his Choice depends

The SANCTITY and Health of the whole State.

Conjectural Emendation.

I do not well understand the Force, or Reason, of the Word *Sanctity* in this Place. Does it mean the Sacredness and Reverence

rence due to Majesty? They could not so well suffer by *HAMLET*'s Choice of a Wife; but the Health, or Preservation, of the State might, in some Degree, be concerned by it. The *Quarto* Edition of 1637 has a Various Reading, which I find Mr. *Hughes* has espoused in his Impression of this Play, viz. *The Safety and Health &c.* The Meaning, 'tis true, of the Poet is here implied, tho' not express'd in his own Terms; but the *Verseification* is miserably crippled by it. To depart therefore not above a Letter or two from the present Reading for the Poet's own Word, as I conceive; suppose, he might have wrote,

----- for on his Choice depends

The SANITY, and Health, of the whole State.

i. e. The *Welfare, Preservation &c.* The Word *Sanity* might not be so well known to the first Editors, as the other; as therefore suspecting it a Mistake of their Copy, they, with the more Readiness, might substitute *Sanctity* in its Room. Not but this very Term occurs again afterwards in the *second Act* of this Play. And that *Sanity* and *Health*, put together, may not be thought a Tautology to be question'd in our Author, in the next Passage, where I find it, it is likewise joined with a *Synonymous* Word of its own Efficacy and Signification.

HAMLET, page. 386.

How pregnant, sometimes, his Replies are?

A Happiness that often Madness hits on,

Which SANITY and Reason could not be

So prosp'rously deliver'd of.

For by *Sanity* here is meant not the Health of Body, but Soundness of Understanding. Now, to shew how natural it is for the Press to make a Mistake betwixt Words so like one another, as *Sanctity* and *Sanity*: It happens that the *Quarto* Edition of *HAMLET*, which I above mentioned, printed in 1703. reads the very Passage, last quoted, in this corrupt Manner: ---- *How pregnant sometimes his Replies are! A Happiness that often Madness hits on, which*

which Reason and Sanctity could not so happily be deliver'd of. Here Sanctity, as in the other Passage, is erroneously substituted in the Place of Sanity. And to deal freely, I have suspected that the same literal Slip upon this Word has been made in another Passage of our Poet : I say, it has been a Suspicion of mine ; for I urge it no farther than as such, and with the utmost Diffidence. However, I shall give it here, as Occasion offers, and submit it to the Decision of better Judgments. The Place is in *Macbeth*, pag. 580. where *Malcolme*, *Macduff*, and an *English* Physician, are talking of the extraordinary Gift to King *Edward* the Confessor, of curing by his Touch poor Souls that could find no Relief from the Aid of Physick, in that Distemper which succeeding Times have call'd the *King's Evil*. The Words are these :

Malc. ----- Comes the King forth to Day?

Doctor. Ay, Sir ; There are a Crew of wretched Souls
That stay his Cure ; their Malady convinces
The great Assay of Art. But at his Touch,
Such SANCTITY hath Heaven given his Hand,
They presently amend.

I do not enirely object to this Reading that has the Warrant of all the Copies on its Side ; nor am I at a Loss, I think, to understand its Meaning. *Edward* the Confessor was a Man of singular Holiness, for which Heaven blest'd him with that miraculous Power of curing by a Touch. But did the Sanctity of his Hand do these Cures ? Or was it an healing Property imparted by Heaven, in Reward of his rare Piety ? Certainly, the latter : And This has induc'd me to suspect that our Poet wrote ;

----- But at his Touch,
Such SANITY hath Heaven giv'n his Hand,
They presently amend.

i. e. Such a Quality and Power of making whole all whom he touches. This Conjecture, perhaps, will receive some Strength from certain Expressions in the Reply of *Malcolme* to this Account of the Doctor. A

The Examination and Correction

*A most miraculous Work in this good King ;
Which often since my here-remain in England,
I've seen him do. How he sollicit heav'n,
Himself best knows ; but strangely-visited People,
All swoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the Eye,
The meer Despair of Surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a Golden Stamp upon their Necks,
Put on with holy Prayers : And, 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction -----*

I shall leave it here naked, without any reinforcing, to be embraced, or rejected, at every Reader's Pleasure : Being resolved not to draw upon my self the Odium of imposing what I professed to offer but as a Guess ; or the Chance of being laughed at for too fondly maintaining what may happen to be repugnant to every good Judge's Sense and Understanding.

XXIII. Act 1. Scene 6. Page 362.

*Conjectural
Emendation,
from a Vari-
ous Reading.*

*Yet here, Laertes ! get aboard for shame [,]
The wind sits in the shoulder of your Sail,
And you are staid for [] there [.] My Blessing with you ;*

Here again the Editor seems in the first Verse to have a nice Regard to the Numbers. In all the old Editions, that I have seen, the first Verse is ;

Yet here, Laertes ! Aboard, aboard, for Shame ;

But the Variation is of no Moment. But then, in the third Line, why is not --- *And you are staid for* --- as good, and as full Sense as --- *And you are staid for there* ? This *Adverb* in the Close seems a dragging and an idle *Expletive* ; and of no Use but to support the Measure of the Verse. But if we come to point this Passage right, and to the Poet's Intention in it, we shall find it neither unnecessary, nor improper, in its Place. In the
Speech

Speech immediately preceding this, *Laertes* taxes himself for staying too long: but seeing his Father approach, he is willing to stay for a Second Blessing, and kneels down to that End.

Laer. *I stay too long ; - - - But here my Father comes :*

A double Blessing is a double Grace ;

Occasion smiles upon a second Leave.

[Kneeling.

Polonius gives him his Blessing accordingly ; and therefore it ought to be read, (as I perceive my Two Quarto Editions of 1637, and 1703, have it;) in Support of my Conjecture.

Yet here, Laertes ! Aboard, aboard, for Shame :

The Wind sits in the Shoulder of your Sail,

'And you are staid for. - - - There, - - - my Blessing with you ;

[Laying his Hand on *Laertes's* Head.

XXIV. Ibid. Page 363.

What is't, Ophelia, he [] said to you?

Omission supply'd.

All my Editions have it, more numerously ;

What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

XXV. Ibid. Page 363.

--- Tender your self more dearly ;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)

WRONGING it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Various Reading, and Conjectural Emendation.

The second Folio Edition and Mr. Hughs's read, --- Roaming it thus, --- Which Word, indeed, as our Etymologists explain it, metaphorically takes in our Poet's Meaning: and in such Sense is frequently used by him in several others of his Plays. But as, *Wronging* it, has the Authority of several old Books, we may correct the Passage with much less Variation from the present Text, thus :

----- *Tender your self more dearly ;*

Or, (not to crack the Wind of the poor Phrase,)

RANGING it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.

i. e. You, behaving yourself with so much Carelessness and Liberty, will bring me into Contempt for not taking stricter Care of your Conduct.

XXVI. Act. I. Scene 6. Page 364.

*Conjectural
Emendation.*

OPHELIA having received the Addresses of HAMLET, Polonius, her Father, takes her to Task for Indiscretion in too lightly giving an Ear to the Prince's Protestations. He tells her, that HAMLET may walk with a greater Latitude, than her Honour and Reputation will admit her to imitate: And besides that, being in the Heat of Youth, and professing himself a Lover, his Soul was prodigal to lend his Tongue Vows; which Polonius cautions her to look upon not as the real Sentiments of his Heart, but as Baits to betray her Virtue. Upon which he counsels her thus:

----- In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that die which their investments shew
But meer implorers of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious BONDS,
The better to beguile. -----

Thus indeed all the Impressions, which have ever come in my Way, read this Passage; even that Edition of HAMLET, revised by the late accurate Mr. John Hughs. I must own, I have always stumbled at it; and been surprized how Men of Genius and Learning could let it pass without some Suspicion. What Ideas can we form to our selves of a *breathing* BOND, or of its being *sanctified* and *pious*? Surely, so absurd a Thought could scarce come from SHAKESPEARE. The only tolerable Way of reconciling it to a Meaning without a Change, is to suppose that the Poet intends by the Word BONDS, *Verbal Obligations, Protestations*; and then, indeed, these Bonds may, in some Sense, be said to have *Breath*: But this is to make him guilty of overstraining the Word and Allusion; and it will hardly bear

bear that Interpretation, at least, not without much Obscurity. As he, just before, is calling amorous Vows, *Brokers*, and *Implorers* of *unholy Suits*; I think, a Continuation of the plain and natural Sense directs us to an easy *Emendation*, which makes the whole Thought of a Piece, and gives it a Turn not unworthy of our Poet. I am, therefore, very willing to suspect it came from his Pen thus, tho' none of his *Editors* have ever been aware of it ;

----- In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his Vows; for they are *Brokers*,
Not of that Dye which their Investments shew,
But meer *Implorers* of *unholy Suits*,
Breathing like sanctified and pious BAWDS,
The better to beguile.

It is usual with our Poet, as his *Critical* Readers must have observed, to give those infamous Creatures the Style and Title of *Brokers*; of which it may not be amiss to subjoin a few Examples. In his *two Gentlemen of Verona*, page, 161. *Lucetta*, the Servant of *Julia*, having received a Love-Letter to her Mistress as in her Name, *Julia*, who has a Mind to shew a Dislike of this Proceeding in her Maid, thus reprehends her.

Now, by my Modesty, a goodly BROKER!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton Lines?
To whisper and conspire against my Youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an Office of great Worth;
And you an Officer fit for the Place.

Where it is plain that *Broker* is used but as a more modest Word for *Bawd*; and the Business of such a One is describ'd in the Lines that follow it.

So likewise in *All's well that ends well*, pag. 420. *Helena*, discoursing with the Widow her Hostess, concerning Count *Rossillion's* Conduct; and the Widow intimating that her Daughter

Diana might have an Affair with him, if she pleas'd; *Helena* says that, It may be, the amorous Count sollicit her in the unlawful Purpose: To which the Widow replies,

----- *He does indeed,
And brokes with all that can in such a Suit
Corrupt the tender Honour of a Maid.*

Where *brokes*, or *brokers*, evidently implies --- *tampers with, treats with*, as with *Bawds*.

So likewise in King JOHN, page 142. *Falconbridge* descanting on Commodity and Self-Interest, and how all Ranks and Degrees of Persons were subservient to it, and, as it were, seduc'd and betray'd to forsake Virtue thro' its Instigations, uses these Expressions:

*That BROKER, that still breaks the Pate of Faith,
That daily Break-Vow, He that wins of all,
Of Kings, of Beggars, Old Men, Young Men, Maids,
Who having no external Thing to lose
But the Word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of That, &c.*

And, afterwards, a little lower he subjoins,

This BAWD, this BROKER, &c.

BESIDES, what strengthens my Suspicion, and makes this Emenation the more necessary and probable, is, the Words with which the Poet winds up his Thought, *the better to beguile*. Every Body, I believe, is satisfied that it is the Custom of *Bawds* to put on an Air and Form of *Sanctity*, to betray the Virtues of Young Ladies; by drawing them first into a kind Opinion of them, from their *exterior* and *dissembled* Goodness. And *Bawds* in their Office of Treachery are likewise properly *Brokers*; and the *Implo- rers*, and Promoters, of unholy (that is, *unchaste*) Suits; and so a Chain of the same *Metaphors* is continued to the End.

XXVII.

WE come now to a *degraded* Passage, as Mr. POPE styles it; <sup>Emenda-
tions.</sup> that is, One not receiv'd into the Text, but plac'd (as suspected, and too bad to belong to SHAKESPEARE;) at the Bottom of his Page. I must transcribe the whole Passage, tho' long, before I attempt to set it right; because it happens to labour under *false Spelling, false Pointing, false Reading, false Concord, and flat Nonsense.* Mr. POPE introduces the Verses with this short Note. [** These 21 Lines following are in the first Edition, but since left out, perhaps being thought too verbose.*] Since left out? --- I have a Quarto Edition, which, I suppose, Mr. POPE never saw; (printed by R. Young and John Smethwicke, in the Year 1637.) where they are not left out; but inserted with an Addition, which, tho' very corruptly printed, when amended, I doubt not will appear to be of our Author's own Writing: And they are again inserted in the other Quarto Edition publish'd in 1703, and in the HAMLET revised by Mr. Hughs. So that they have not been left out, altogether, from the Time of the first Publication. But to the Lines; ---

HAMLET, holding the Watch with Horatio, in Order to see his Father's Apparition, a Noise of Warlike Musick is heard: Which <sup>Act. i. Sc. 7.
p. 365.</sup> Horatio desirous to know the Meaning of, HAMLET tells him, that the King sat up to drink, and whenever he took his Draught, the Kettle-Drum and Trumpet proclaim'd the Triumph of his Pledge. Horatio asking, whether it was a Custom; HAMLET replies, Yes; but one that, in his Opinion, it were better to break, than observe: And then falls into the following Reflexion, how the Danes were reproach'd for Drunkenness, and what a Blot that Character was in their Escutcheons.

- (1.) *This heavy-headed revel, east and west [;]*
- (2.) *Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations [,]*
- (3.) *They CLIP us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes*

From

The Examination and Correction

*From our atchievements, tho' perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.*

- (4.) *So [] oft it chances in particular men,*
 (5.) *That for some vicious MOLE of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,*
 (6.) *Since nature cannot chuse his origin [])
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
Or, by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The forme of plausible manners ; that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,*
 (7,8.) *(Being nature's livery, or fortune's STAR [])*
 (9.) *HIS virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption*
 (10.) *From that particular fault. --- [The Dram of EASE*
 (11.) *Doth all the noble substance of A DOUBT
To his own Scandal.]*

I COME now to the Corrections, in which I'll endeavour to be as brief as the Proofs, in Support of them, will give me Leave. The first Three Lines are mighty easily rectified, being only accidentally, as I suppose, *wrong pointed*; and one Word as accidentally, for Want of due Care in the Revival, *wrong spelt*: Which Mistakes, however, both alter and injure the Sense. They must be read, as some of the Editions rightly have them.

- (1.) *This heavy-headed Revel, east and west,*
 (2.) *Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other Nations ;*
 (3.) *They CLEPE us Drunkards, -----*

The Sense and Signification are very different betwixt the Words *Clip* and *Clepe*; and the latter is manifestly intended here, *viz.* They *call* us Drunkards. The same Error has slip't the Editor's Diligence in another of our Author's Plays, where this Word occurs again in the Sense of *calling*:

MACBETH, pag. 552.

----- *Water-rugs, and demy-wolves are CLIPT*
All by the Name of Dogs.

*Occasional
 Correction.*

In which Place it must be corrected,

----- *Water-rugs, and demy-wolves are CLEP'T*
All by &c.

And so *yclep'd*, and *yclep't*, are to be met with an hundred Times in *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, and *Hudibras*. But, in another Place of our Poet, I observe, the Editor has taken Care to spell this Word as it ought to be.

WINTER'S TALE, pag. 556.

Three crabbed Months had sower'd themselves to Death,
E're I could make thee open thy white Hand,
And CLEPE thy self my Love : Then didst Thou utter,
I'm yours for ever.

Now, to *Clip*, is illegally to *cut* or *maim* the *Coin*; and likewise to *gripe* or *embrace*: In Both which Senses SHAKESPEARE has more than once used the Word. As, in the Sense of *cutting the Coin*,

(1.) KENT in King LEAR, pag. 93.

To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid ;
All my Reports go with the modest Truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

(2.) So, King HENRY V. in the Play which bears his Name, pag. 459.

Indeed, the French may lay twenty French Crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their Shoulders : But it is no English Treason to cut French Crowns ; and to morrow the King himself will be a Clipper.

So

So, in the other Sense of *embracing*,

(1.) King JOHN, pag. 188.

---- O Nation, that Thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's Arms, who clippeth Thee about &c.

(2.) CORIOLANUS, pag. 179.

----- Here I clip
The Anvil of my Sword, &c.

(3.) ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA, pag. 351.

Whate'er the Ocean pales, or Sky in-clips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

(4.) CRMBELINE, pag. 157.

----- His meanest Garment,
That ever bath but clipt his Body, &c.

(5.) And again, pag. 239.

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

(6.) And so OTHELLO, pag. 542.

Witness, you ever-burning Lights above!
You Elements, that clip us round about!

*Occasional
Correction.*

There is one Place, indeed, in which Mr. POPE, and some of the former Editors, have writ this Word differently; but it ought to be corrected.

Second Part of HENRY VI. pag. 169.

*And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Fades,
That drag the Tragic melancholy Night :
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging Wings
Cleap dead Mens Graves ;*

It should be, clip *dead Mens Graves*, if I understand the Sense of the Passage; i. e. *clasp, hover over, brood upon &c.* But to return to the Passage immediately under Correction.

- (4.) *So [] oft it chances in particular Men,*
- (5.) *That for some vicious MOLE of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,*
- (6.) *Since nature cannot chuse his origin [])
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;*

*False Point-
ings, and E-
mendation.*

What Relation is there betwixt a *vicious Mole* of Nature, and the Over-growth of a Complexion? Or how can a *Vicious Mole* be said, or suppos'd, in any Degree to break down the Fences of Reason, or blemish the Understanding? A Mole is an exterior Defect, appearing upon the Surface of the Skin: and the Over-growth of a Complexion is, as I take it, an unequal Admixture of the Temperaments in the Frame and Composition of our Nature; thro' which we become faulty by the Defect of some good, or the Redundance of some ill, Quality. I am unwilling to be too positive in my Correction of this Place; but, I think from the Tenour of the Context, there is great Room to conjecture that our Author wrote;

*So, oft it chances in particular Men,
That for some vicious MOULD of Nature in them, &c.*

When Nature is unequally and viciously moulded, when any Complexion is too predominant, these Accidents may have an
G Effect

The Examination and Correction

Effect both on *Constitution*, and the *Intellectual Faculties* too ; and then Reason, and the other Powers of the Mind, are impair'd and prejudic'd : And this I conceive to have been the Poet's Sentiment. To make Amends for my Doubt and Diffidence in this last Correction, I'll venture to be more positive in the Next I attempt.

----- *That these Men,*
Carrying, I say, the Stamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's STAR [])

The Poet is insinuating, that Men carrying the Stamp but of one Defect, whether it be Nature's Livery, or Fortune's *Star*, (that is, whether it is owing to Nature, or Accident ;) That shall in Character overpoise and blemish the whole Catalogue of their Virtues ; and give them the Mark of vicious and corrupt Men. But is Fortune presum'd to give a *Star*, where she means a *Disgrace* ? I should much rather suppose it an Ensign of her *Favour*, than design'd to set a Mark of *Infamy*. In short, the Cure of this Fault is so easy and obvious, that, I doubt not, but my Readers will acquiesce with me in thinking, that the Poet's Words were ;

(Being Nature's Livery, or Fortune's SCAR,)

And so the Sense of the whole Passage hangs together. I am very willing to believe that our Poet intends Nature's *Livery* as a Term of *Reproach*, and the Distinction of some *discrediting Quality* : And, in this Light, I find him using it in his Poem, call'd, *TARQUIN* and *LUCRECE*, pag. 41.

Oh ! That is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die ;
To clear this Spot by Death, at least I give
A Badge of Fame to Slander's LIVERY ;
A dying Life to living Infamy.

And

And the Word *Scar* is employ'd by our Poet, not only, in its natural Sense, to signify a Wound in Body; but, metaphorically, a Blemish to Reputation. So, in his *ANTHONY* and *CLEOPATRA*, pag. 379.

*The SCARS upon your Honour, therefore, he
Does pity as constrained BLEMISHES,
Not as deserv'd.*

(9.) HIS *Virtues else, be They as pure as Grace,*

Emendation.

The Poet speaking all along before in the plural Number, as, *in particular Men, that these Men &c.* it is necessary, to preserve the Concord, to read here;

THEIR *Virtues else, &c.*

Not but it is frequent with *SHAKESPEARE*, whether thro' Negligence, or Licentiousness, to change his Numbers in this Sort.

I COME now to the concluding Sentence of this *degraded* Omission supplied, and Emendation. Passage;

(10.) [----- *The Dram of EASE*

(11.) *Doth all the noble Substance of A DOUBT
To his own Scandal.]*

Which, indeed, looks to be so desperate, that, I suppose, Mr. POPE for that Reason only entirely left it out of his Quotation. In reality, I do not know a Passage, throughout all our Poet's Works, more intricate and deprav'd in the Text, of less Meaning to outward Appearance, or more likely to baffle the Attempts of Criticism in its Aid. It is certain, there is neither *Sense, Grammar, nor English*, as it now stands: Yet with a slight Alteration I'll endeavour not only to give it all *three*, but a *Sentiment* too, that shall make the Poet's Thought close nobly. What can a *Dram of EASE* mean? or what can it have to do with the Context, supposing it were the *allowed* Expression here? Or, in a
G 2 Word,

Word, what Agreement in Sense is there betwixt a *Dram of Ease* and the *Substance* of a DOUBT? It is a desperate Corruption; and the nearest Way to hope for a Cure of it, is, to consider narrowly what the Poet must be supposed to have intended here. The whole Tenour of the Sentences foregoing, is, That let Men have never so many, or so eminent, Virtues, if they have one Defect which accompanies them, that single Blemish shall throw a Stain upon their whole Character; and not only so, (if I understand him right,) but shall deface the very Essence of all their Goodness, to its own Scandal; so that their Virtues themselves will become their Reproach. This is not only a Continuation of his Sentiment; but carries it up with a fine and proper *Climax*. I think, therefore, it ought to be restor'd;

----- *The Dram of BASE*

*Doth all the noble Substance of WORTH OUT
To his own Scandal.*

The Dram of *Base*, i. e. the least Alloy of Baseness or Vice. It is very frequent with our Poet to use the *Adjective* of *Quality* instead of the *Substantive* signifying the Thing. Besides, I have observ'd that, elsewhere, speaking of *Worth* he delights to consider it as a *Quality* that adds *Weight* to a Person, and connects the Word with that Idea. So, particularly, in *All's Well that ends well*. Pag. 417.

*Let every Word weigh heavy of her WORTH;
That he does weigh too light.*

And I am the more inclin'd to flatter my self that my Emendation may have retriev'd the Poet's very Words, because I find him using something like the same Thought and Metaphors in another of his Plays, and putting the same Terms of *Baseness* and *Worth* in Opposition to One another.

CRIMBELINE, pag. 185.

*From whose so many Weights of BASENESS cannot
A Dram of WORTH be drawn.*

But I have intimated that it is frequent with our Poet to use the *Adjective* of *Quality*, instead of the *Substantive* signifying the Thing; and it may be expected of me to alledge a few Instances of this Practice in him.

(1.) MEASURE for MEASURE, pag. 358.

----- As for you,

Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

i. e. My Falshood o'erweighs your Truth.

*Proofs of
Adjectives
instead of
Substantives.*

(2.) TWELFTH-NIGHT, pag. 488.

How easy is it for the proper false

In Womens waxen Hearts to set their Forms!

i. e. Falshood, or Disguise, in a proper outward Appearance.

(3.) King LEAR, pag. 71.

If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, Good Porter, turn the Key:

All cruels else subscribe: But I shall see

The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.

i. e. All Things of Cruelty else.

(4.) And again, pag. 73.

----- Full oft 'tis seen,

Our mean secures us, and our meer Defects

Prove our Commodities.-----

i. e. Our Meanness, our low Fortune, middling State.

(5.) King

(5.) King JOHN, pag. 128.

*This little Abstract doth contain That large
Which dy'd in Geff'ry.*

i. e. That compleat Largeness, that full Size.

(6.) And CORIOLANUS, pag. 149.

----- *Tb' Accusation,*
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All Cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank Donation.

i. e. The natural Cause, the Nativity, Birth, Source.

BUT to proceed: As I have been oblig'd to branch out this *degraded* Speech into so many Parcells; and divide it, the better to give the Reasons of the *Emendations*; it may not be improper to subjoine it once more entire, as corrected; and leave it to the Judgment of the Publick, whether, notwithstanding the *Verboseness* objected to it, it ought for the future to be *degraded*, or receiv'd into the Text of our Author.

Hamlet. *This heavy-headed Revel, east and west,*
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other Nations;
They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish Phrase
Soil our Addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our Atchievements, tho' perform'd at Height,
The Pith and Marrow of our Attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular Men,
That for some vicious Mould of Nature in Them,
As in their Birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since Nature cannot chuse his Origin;)
By the O'ergrowth of some Complexion,
Oft breaking down the Pales and Forts of Reason;

Or

Or by some Habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The Forme of plausible Manners: That these Men
Carrying, I say, the Stamp of one Defect,
(Being Nature's Livery, or Fortune's Scar,)
Their Virtues else, be They as pure as Grace,
As infinite as Man may undergo,
Shall, in the general Censure, take Corruption
From that particular Fault. The Dram of base
Doth all the noble Substance of Worth out,
To his own Scandal. ----

XXVIII.

WELL; Immediately after this Speech comes the Ghost; and *False Pointing, and E-*
HAMLET, in the Agonies of his Surprise and Concern, questioning, *mendation.*
how it comes about, that his dead Father, whom he had seen
quietly repositied in his Sepulchre, should be cast up again, has
these Words:

HAMLET, Act 1. Sc. 7. pag. 366.

----- What may this mean?

That thou dead coarſe again in compleat Steel
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpses of the moon,

(1,2,3.) Making night hideous [?] and WE fools of nature [,]

(4.) So HORRIDLY to ſhake our diſpoſition

(5.) With thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls [.]

Say, why is this?

Besides that this Passage is several times faulty in the *Pointing*,
it is likewise faulty in *Language*. 'Tis true, WE fools --- is a
Reading that has the Countenance of all the printed Copies;
but That Authority must nor give a Sanction to Nonsense, and
false Grammar, to the Injury of our Author, when a plain and
unexceptionable Remedy is at hand. *Making Night hideous, and*
making

The Examination and Correction

making We Fools of Nature --- Every Body must immediately see is not *English*. I must not, however, dissemble, that there are a few Passages more in our Poet, where I have observ'd the *Nominative of Pronouns* is used, tho' Grammar requires the *Accusative*. As,

(1.) CORIOLANUS, pag. 202.

----- *And to poor WE*
Thine Enmity's most capital.

But here it is a Fault as well as in *HAMLET*, and ought likewise to be corrected, *And to poor US*. There is another of this Sort which I have observ'd too, in the Duke's Speech to *Angelo* in the second Scene of *MEASURE for MEASURE*, pag. 322.

(2.) ----- *Thy self and thy Belongings*
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy Virtues; THEY on Thee.

It is requisite, to make it true *English*, to read, *THEM on Thee*. *i. e.* As, either, to waste thy self on thy Virtues, or thy Virtues on thy self. So again, in *ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA*, pag. 380.

(3.) ----- *Should I find them*
So sawcy with the Hand of SHE here, (what's her Name,
Since She was Cleopatra?)

Grammar requires that it should be, *So sawcy with the Hand of HER here*. And so again in *MACBETH*, (where *Ross* is describing the Miseries of *Scotland* from the Cruelty of that Tyrant;) pag. 581.

(4.) ----- *The dead Man's Knell*
Is there scarce ask'd, for WHO:

For so the second *Folio* Edition, and some of the common Modern Editions read it; but Mr. *POPE*, in his Edition, has rightly
cor-

corrected it for WHOM. It may be alledged from these Instances, and some few more that might be gather'd, that this was a Liberty which SHAKESPEARE purposely gave himself, and that therefore it is not an Error of the Copies. Be this, as it will; if Grammar and the Idiom of the Tongue be directly against it, we have sufficient Warrant to make him now, at least, speak true English.

BUT to proceed to my Remarks upon the next Line of this Passage,

So horridly to shake our Disposition &c.

I suspect, in the Word *horridly*, a literal Deviation to have been made from the Poet by his Copyists: and I'll give my Reasons presently for this Suspicion. But, first, it will be proper to subjoin my Correction of the Passage, and the Pointing of it, which is manifestly faulty. For, why is there a Note of Interrogation at *hideous*, to divide the *Verb* from the Second *Accusative* Case which is govern'd by it, when the Question evidently goes on to the very Close of the Sentence? I think, it ought to be pointed, and restor'd thus;

----- *What may this mean?*

*That Thou dead Corse again in compleat Steel
Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous, and US fools of Nature
So HORRIBLY to shake our Disposition
With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls?
Say, &c.*

The Change of *horridly* into *horribly* is very trivial as to the Literal Part; and therefore, I hope, the Reason for the Change will be something more considerable. 'Tis true, *horrid* and *horrible* must be confess'd to bear in themselves the same Force and Signification: as *horridum* and *horribile* were wont to do among the Latines. But *horrid*, in the most common Acceptation and Use, seems to signify rather *hideous*, *uncouth*, *ugly*, *enormous*, than *terrible* or *frightful*: and it is generally so applied by our Author. I remember a Passage in his King LEAR, where it,

H

par-

particularly, stands for *ugly*. It is in a Speech by the Duke of *Albany*, reproaching his Wife *Goneril* with her unnatural Behaviour.

LEAR, pag. 77.

----- See thy self, Devil;
Proper Deformity seems not in the Fiend
So horrid as in Woman.

I cannot, however, deny, but that our Poet sometimes employs the Word *horrid* in the Sense of *frightful, terrible*: But every observing Reader of his Works must be aware that he does it sparingly, and, ten times for every once, seems fond to use *horrible* and *terrible*. It is obvious, that he prefers both these Terms, as more sonorous and emphatical than *horrid*; and the Proof that he does so, is, (which laid the Foundation of my Conjecture here,) that he almost constantly chuses them, even where the Numbers of his Verse naturally require *horrid*. I shall subjoin a few Instances of both for Confirmation; to which I could have amass'd twenty times as many; but these are enough, at least, to excuse me, tho' I should be deceived in Judgment, from the Censure of being too *hypercritical* in my Observation.

*Proofs of
 horrible
 instead of
 horrid.*

(1.) *TEMPEST*, pag. 73.

Where but ev'n now with strange and several Noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling Chains,
And more Diversity of Sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd.

(2.) *LEAR*, pag. 41.

And with this horrible Object, from low Farms,
Poor pelting Villages, &c.

- (3.) And again, pag. 55.

*I tax not you, you Elements, with Unkindness ;
I never gave you Kingdom, call'd you Children,
You owe me no Subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible Pleasure ; -----*

- (4.) And again, pag. 83.

Glouc. *Methinks, the Ground is even.*

Edgar. ----- *Horrible steep.*

Hark, do you hear the Sea?

- (5.) King HENRY VIII. pag. 457.

*----- With one Hand on his Dagger,
Another spread on's Breast, mounting his Eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, &c.*

- (6.) TIMON, pag. 61.

*----- For those Milk-paps,
That thro' the Window-barn bore at Men's Eyes,
Are not within the Leaf of Pity writ,
Set 'em down horrible Traytors. ---*

- (7.) ANTHONY and CLEOPETRA, pag. 342.

*Hence, horrible Villain! or I'll spurn thine Eyes
Like Balls before me!*

- (8.) MACBETH, pag. 561.

*----- Hence, horrible Shadow!
Unreal Mock'ry, hence! -----*

(9.) *HAMLET*, pag. 367.

*What if it tempt you tow'rd the Flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful Summit of the Cliff,
That beetles o'er his Base into the Sea,
And there assume some other horrible Form, &c.*

(10.) And *OTHELLO*, pag. 561.

Desd. *What is your Pleasure?*

Othell. ----- *Let me see your Eyes :
Look in my Face.*

Desd. ----- *What horrible Fancy's this?*

*Proofs of
terrible
instead of
horrid.*

(1.) *TEMPEST*, pag. 15.

----- *This damn'd Witch Sycorax,
For Mischiefs manifold, and Sorc'ries terrible
To enter human Hearing, &c.*

(2.) And again, pag. 35.

*Ev'n now we heard a hollow Burst of bellowing,
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons; did't not wake you?
It strook mine Ear most terribly.*

Alon. ----- *I heard Nothing.*

(3.) *MACBETH*, pag. 535.

----- *I'm settled, and bend up
Each corp'ral Agent to this terrible Feat.*

(4.) And again, pag. 555.

*But let both Worlds disjoint, and all Things suffer,
E'er we will eat our Meal in fear, and sleep
In the Affliction of these terrible Dreams, &c.*

(5.) And so, OTHELLO, pag. 478.

What is the Reason of this terrible Summons?

XXIX. Act 1. Scene 8. Page 368.

HAMLET being retir'd to a remote Ground with his Father's Apparition, the Ghost immediately discloses himself, and the Circumstances he was under in the *other State*, as far as he was licens'd, or it was proper for him, to declare. *Conjectural
Emendation.*

----- *I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ,
And for the day, confin'd to FAST in fires ;
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away.*

Tho' all the Copies, old and modern, agree, in this Reading, I cannot help suspecting (at least, till I am better informed of the Force of it ;) the Expression, --- *to fast in Fires*. If these are the Poet's Words, his Meaning in them must be, *to do Penance in fires* : as *Fasting* is often a Part of *Penance* injoin'd by the Church for our Sins. But could it be any great *Punishment* for a *Spirit*, a Being which requires no Sustenance, to *fast*? Or could *fasting* in Fires *burn* and *purge away* Crimes more effectually, than the not being in such a State of *Abstinence*? The Poet certainly, in my Opinion, intends to mix the old *Pagan* System here with the more *modern* Notion of a *local Purgatory*; and to intimate, that Souls are cleansed and purified from their Mortal Stains by the Torment of Fire. The Variation will be but very small, to suppose he might have wrote ;

And, for the Day confin'd to ROAST in fires ;

Now this takes in all the Ideas necessary to the Punishment, of being *burnt*, *scorched*, *pain'd*, &c. (and the Word, thus metaphorically

phorically used, conveys no meaner an Image than *carving*, *scalding*, *wringing*, and an hundred other *Technical* Terms do, frequent in the most elevated Poetry :) But that this was the very Case too of our Ghost, his own Words, in a Speech but just before, sufficiently testify.

----- *My Hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my self.*

And our Poet, I remember, afterwards in this very Play, pag. 393. again uses the Expression ; speaking of *Pyrrhus* in the Heat of Rage, and running about the flaming Streets of *Troy* :

----- ROASTED in *Wrath and Fire*, &c.

There is another fine Passage, that I at present remember, in which our Poet has touched this Subject of Punishments after Death, and there he does not say the least Word of *fasting in fires*: But he makes a Supposition of *fiery Floods*, like the *Infernal Rivers*, fabled in the old *Heathen* Poets, and that the Spirits of the Deceased should be doom'd to *bathe* in 'em.

MEASURE for MEASURE, pag 363.

*Ay, but to die, and go we know not where :
To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod ; and the delighted Spirit
To BATHE in fiery Floods, or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be imprisoned in the Viewless Winds,
And blown with restless Violence round about
The pendant World ; -----*

Now, either to be *roasted*, or *bath'd*, in Fire, takes in the Idea of being *burnt* and *punished* ; and comes up to the Term among the
the

the *LATINES*, *exuriet igni*. Whoever will allow *SHAKESPEARE* to have imitated any Passages of the *Antients*, will, I believe, be of Opinion with me, that in these two Descriptions he had those fine Verses of *VIRGIL* in his Eye upon this Topick: There are such Strokes of Similitude, as well in the Thought as the Diction, of both Poets.

VIRG. Æneid. VI. v. 736, &c.

Non tamen omne Malum miseris, nec funditus omnes
Corporeæ excedunt Pestes: penitusque necesse est
Multa diù concreta modis inolescere miris.
Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque Malorum
Supplicia expendunt: aliæ panduntur inanes
Suspensæ ad Ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur Scelus, aut exuritur igni.

Which Passage is thus translated by Mr. *DRYDEN*,

Nor Death it self can wholly wash their Stains;
But long-contracted Filth ev'n in the Soul remains.
The Reliques of invet'rate Vice they wear;
And Spots of Sin obscene in ev'ry Face appear.
For this are various Penances injoin'd;
And Some are hung to bleach upon the Wind:
Some plung'd in Waters, Others purg'd in Fires,
'Till all the Dregs are drain'd, and all the Rust expires.

XXX. Act I. Scene 8. Page 369.

And each particular Hair to stand ON End,
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine.

Occasional
Emendation.

Thus Mr. *POPE* writes this Passage as it ought to be; whereas all the Editions, both old and modern, that I have seen, concur in reading --- *stand an end*, &c. And yet this Passage either seems

seems to have been rectified by Chance, or some others, where the same Phrase recurs, have been revised with a strange Carelessness. For in the Second Part of *Henry VI.* pag. 164. we find him reading with the old Impressions,

*Mine Eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine Hair be fixt AN end, like One distraught.*

And so in *HAMLET*, pag. 424.

*Your bedded Hairs, like Life in Excrements,
Start up, and stand AN end.*

*Occasional
Explanation.*

Whereas in both these Places we likewise ought to restore it, --- ON end. I cannot dismiss this last quoted Passage from *HAMLET*, without taking Notice, that I think the Expression --- like *Life in Excrements*, as much wants an Explication, as any the most antiquated Word in our Poet wants a Gloss. Mr. *HUGHS*, in his Impression of *HAMLET*, has left it out; either because he could make nothing of it, or thought it alluded to an Image too nauseous. The Poet's Meaning is founded on a *Physical* Determination, that the *Hair* and *Nails* are *excrementitious* Parts of the Body, as indeed they are, without Life or Sensation: * And yet that Fear and surprize had such an Effect upon *HAMLET*, that his Hairs, as if there were Life in those Excrements, started up and stood on End: Or, as he expresses it in his *TEMPEST*, pag. 13.

With Hair upstaring, then like Reeds, not Hair.

That our Poet was acquainted with this Notion in *Physics*, of the Hair being without Life, we need no stronger Warrant, than that frequently he mentions the *Hair*, as an *Excrement*. So,

* This Doctrine, I suppose, is inculcated by the old Classical Physicians; a Point which I have not Leisure here to look into: But *MACROBIUS*, I know, (the greater Part of whose Writings is from *Collection*;) in his *Saturnalia*, (lib. 7. cap. 9.) not only speaks of those Parts of the Humane Body, which have no Sensation; but likewise assigns the Reasons, why they can have none. *Ossa, Dentes, cum Unguibus & Capillis, nimia Siccitate ita densata sunt, ut penetrabilia non sint effectui Animæ qui Sensum ministrat. &c.*

Com. of ERRORS, pag. 432.

Why is Time such a Niggard of Hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an Excrement?

JEW of VENICE, pag. 49.

*How many Cowards, whose Hearts are all as false
As Stairs of Sand, wear yet upon their Chins
The Beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have Livers white as Milk?
And These assume but Valour's Excrement
To render them redoubted.*

** i. e. a Beard.*

And in LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, pag. 147.

*For I must tell thee, It will please his Grace (by the World!) some
time to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his Royal Finger thus
dally with my Excrement, with my Mustachio.*

BUT besides that he so often makes Use of this Term, to put the Matter out of all Dispute, he has the very Thought, which he has here in HAMLET, again in his MACBETH, and expressed in much plainer Words, pag. 592.

*I have almost forgot the Taste of Fears:
The Time has been, my Senses would have cool'd
To hear a Night-shriek, and my Fell of Hair
Would at a dismal Treatise rowze, and stir
As Life were in't.*

XXXI. Ibid.

The Ghost intimating how foully he had been murdered, conjures HAMLET by his filial Love to revenge his Death. The Prince starting at this dreadful Information, and the Ghost proceeding to remark, that any Murther, tho' ever so favourable

*Conjectural
Emendation.*

in its Circumstances, is bad enough, but that the Murther of him was strangely unnatural; *HAMLET*, impatient to be told the whole Story, says thus:

*Haste me to know, that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May SWEEP to my Revenge.*

HAMLET makes use of the Metaphor here of a Bird using it's Wings swiftly, to express his Speed in the pursuit of his Revenge. 'Tis true, to *sweep* may carry the Sense of *gliding smoothly*, and *swiftly* along; (generally, along the Surface of any thing;) but I don't remember the Word ever employ'd to signify the *Action* of a Bird in the Circumstances of *pursuing* its Prey; that is, of moving its Wings *impetuously* for that Purpose. In Falconry, a Hawk is said to *sweep*, when she wipes her Beak after she has fed. But I observe that our Poet, for the most Part, uses the Word in the plain and natural Sense, of *clearing, brushing away*, or *trailing on the Earth*. So,

Second Part of *HENRY VI.* pag. 171.

Thy Lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the Ground.

HENRY VIII. pag. 541.

*Pray, Sir, be patient. 'Tis as much impossible,
(Unless we swept them from the Door with Cannons,)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day Morning, &c.*

ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA, pag. 373.

*----- Friends, be gone; you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you.*

MACBETH

MACBETH, pag. 553.

----- And tho' I could
With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my Sight.

He uses it once, I think, to describe the smooth March of a Body of Soldiers in gallant Array, and coming timely to the Succour of their Party

Third Part of HENRY VI. pag. 297.

And, lo! where George of Clarence SWEEPS along,
Of Force enough to bid his Brother Battle.

But in none of these Places, or elsewhere that I know, is it connected with the *Metaphor of Wings*, or introduced to denote the *swift and furious* Descent of any Fowl at its Prey, or Enemy. I had almost forgot to take Notice, that some of the Editors of this Play seem to have suspected the *Propriety* of this Word here, by a Change which they have made of it: for both the *Quarto* Edition of 1703, and Mr. HUGHs's, have substituted in its Place --- *May fly to my Revenge*. But to proceed to my own Conjecture: There is another Word, indeed, so very near it in Sound and Writing, and so peculiar to the Business of a Bird falling on its Prey, that, perhaps, the Poet might have wrote:

*Haste me to know, that I, with Wings as swift
As Meditation or the Thoughts of Love,
May SWOOP to my Revenge.*

I entirely submit this Conjecture to Judgment; but I am sure it is the very Phrase of our Poet upon an Occasion of the like kind. MACBETH having murdered the Wife and Children of MACDUFF, the latter, upon Notice of it, falls into these mixt Exclamations of Tendernefs and Resentment. Pag. 583.

The Examination and Correction

*He has no Children. --- All my pretty Ones?
 Did you say, All? What, All? O Hell-kite! What?
 What all my pretty Chickens, and their Dam,
 At one fell SWOOP? -----*

And to swoop, among Fowlers, is to fly down hastily, and catch up with the Talons, as Birds of Prey do: An Action which, I humbly conceive, our Author intended to allude to, in the vehement Resentment and Desire of Revenge, with which he inflames his *HAMLET*.

XXXII. Ibid. Page 370.

Various Reading, and Emendations.

THE Ghost of *HAMLET*'s Father, having recounted to him the Process of his Murther, proceeds to exaggerate the Inhumanity and Unnaturalness of the Fact, from the Circumstances in which he was surprized.

*Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of Queen at once dispatcht;
 Cut off ev'n in the blossoms of my sin,
 † UNHOZZLED, † UNANOINTED, † unanel'd;
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.*

To which three Words Mr POPE has subjoined this Gloss:

† unhouzzled, *without the Sacrament being taken.*
 † unanointed, *without extream unction.*
 † unanel'd, *no knell rung.*

I am very much afraid (and as apt to believe I shall prove it, to the Satisfaction of every Judge, before this Note is ended;) that this Passage is neither rightly read, nor, as it is read, rightly explained, throughout. In the first Place, instead of *unhouzzled* it ought to be restor'd --- *unhousel'd*; from the old Saxon Word

Word for the Sacrament, *husel*. So our *Etymologists* and *Chaucer* write it; and *Spencer*, accordingly, calls the Sacramental Fire, *houssling* Fire. This, however, is but a trivial Slip, in comparison with the next that offers it self. I don't pretend to know what *Glossaries* Mr. POPE may have consulted, and trusts to; but whose soever they are, I am sure their Comment is very *singular* upon the Word I am about to mention. I cannot find any Authority to countenance *unaneal'd* in signifying, *no Knell rung*. This is, if I mistake not, what the *Greeks* were used to call an ἀπαξ λεγόμενον, an Interpretation that never was used but once. Nor, indeed, can I see how this *participial Adjective* should be formed from the *Substantive* Knell. It could not possibly throw out the *k*, or receive in the *a*. We have an Instance in our Poet himself, where the *participial Adjective* of the *Verb simple* from this *Substantive* retains the *k*; and so Mr. POPE writes it there.

MACBETH, pag. 598.

Had I as many Sons as I have Hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer Death;
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

The *Compound Adjective*, therefore, from that Derivation must have been written, *unknell'd*; (or, *unknoll'd*;) a Word which will by no Means fill up the Poet's Verse, were there no stronger Reasons to except against it; as it unluckily happens, there are. Let us see what Sense the Word *unanel'd* then bears. SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of Old and Obsolete ENGLISH Terms, tell us, that *Anealed* is *unctus*; a Præp. Teut: An, and Ole Oleum: so that *unanealed* must consequently signify, *Not being anointed*, or, *not having the extream Unction*. But what must we then do with the Word, immediately preceding it, *unanointed*? For, the Addition of it is such a manifest and absurd *Tautology*, as SHAKESPEARE could not be guilty of. We must therefore have Recourse to the Various Readings, and see if any printed Copies will help us out. The Second Edition in Folio, the Quarto in 1637. the
HAM-

Hamlet revised by Mr. *Hughs*, and several other Impressions, all read, instead of *unanointed*,

----- DISAPPOINTED, *unanel'd*;

as I verily believe it ought to be read. Now, the Word **Appoint**, among other Significations, has that of *composing, reconciling*: and the Word *Disappointed* consequently means, *unreconcil'd* to Heaven, *unabsolv'd*, and no *Appointment* of *Penance* or *Atonement* made for Sin; a Work of the utmost Concern and Moment to a dying Person. And our Poet, I remember, in another of his Plays, as *Othello* is at the very Point of killing his Wife upon Suspicion of Adultery, makes him exhort her thus:

OTHELLO, pag. 587.

*If you bethink yourself of any Crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heav'n and Grace,
Sollicit for it strait. -----*

But it happens very luckily too, in Support of the Old Reading which is necessary to be restor'd here, that the Poet has again, in another Play, made use of **Appointment** in this very Sense of *Reconciliation*. In *MEASURE for MEASURE*, *Claudio* is sentenced to die for having debauched a Maiden, and his Sister brings him Word, That his Execution is to be instant; therefore bids him prepare his *Self-examination*, and to make his Peace with Heaven with all Speed.

MEASURE for MEASURE, pag. 361.

*Ifab. Lord Angelo, having Affairs to Heav'n,
Intends you for his swift Ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger.
Therefore your best APPOINTMENT make with Speed;
To morrow you set out.*

So that, this Reading and this Sense being admitted, the Tautology is taken away; and the Poet very finely makes his Ghost complain of these four dreadful Hardships, viz. That He had been dispatch'd out of Life without receiving the (Hoste, or) Sacrament; without being reconciled to Heaven and absolved; without the Benefit of *extream* Unction; or, without so much as a Confession made of his Sins. The having no Knell rung, I think, is not a Point of equal Consequence to any of these; especially, if we consider that the Roman Church admits the Efficacy of *Praying* for the Dead.

XXXIII. Act I. Scene 9. Page 372.

HORATIO and Marcellus coming to Hamlet, after the Ghost is departed, and, questioning him with some Impatience, to know the Reason of the Spirit's walking; Hamlet, resolv'd to keep the Contents a Secret, answers them in a wild, confused Manner; which not giving the desired Satisfaction, Horatio replies to him.

Emendation,
from Various
Reading.

These are but wild and HURLING Words, my Lord.

The Editor, indeed, has the Countenance of several Editions for this Reading: Tho' here again, as it happen'd in a former Instance, some of the Editions seem to have suspected the Word, and therefore have printed this Passage thus;

These are but wild and windy Words, my Lord,

But in what Sense is *hurling* to be taken here? It is always used to signify, *throwing, casting, darting out*, and, as we are told, in the Old ENGLISH, *making a Noise*: None of which are within the Poet's Meaning, who intends, *wild and giddy*. It must, therefore, certainly be restor'd, as my Quarto Edition of 1637, tho' corrupt in the Spelling, meant to exhibit it.

These are but wild and WHIRLING Words, my Lord.

The Acceptation of this Word is so universally known, as well as so apt and peculiar to our Author's Meaning, that, I believe,
few

few will doubt that it was his own Expression in this Place :
And I have nothing more to do (in Support of this Conjecture,
if it needs any;) than to produce a few Instances from him,
to shew that he understood and used *hurl*, and *whirl*, in the re-
spective and distinct Senses which I have above mentioned to be-
long to them.

(1.) King *RICHARD II.* pag. 96.

*And interchangeably hurl down my Gage
Upon this over-weening Traytor's foot, &c.*

(2.) First Part of *HENRY VI.* pag. 21.

*Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my Nails digg'd Stones out of the Ground,
To hurl at the Beholders of my Shame.*

(3.) *JULIUS CÆSAR*, pag. 293.

----- Come, Anthony;
Defiance, Traytors, hurl we in your Teeth.

(4.) *ANTHONY* and *CLEOPATRA*, pag. 313.

*What our Contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again.*

(5.) And *OTHELLO*, pag. 587.

----- *When we shall meet at Compt,
This Look of thine will hurl my Soul from Heav'n,
And Fiends will snatch at it.*

In all which Passages *hurl* signifies to *throw*, or *cast*, and no-
thing else.

(1.) *LOVE'S LABOUR lost*, pag. 144.

And Justiceal ways whirls in equal Measure.

(2.) King

(2.) King JOHN, pag. 154.

*I am with Both, each Army hath a Hand,
And in their Rage, I having Hold of Both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.*

(3.) And again, pag. 175.

*My Lord, they say, Five Moons were seen to Night;
Four fixed, and the Fifth did whirl about
The other Four, &c.*

(4.) First Part of HENRY VI. pag. 24.

My Thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheel.

(5.) TITUS ANDRONICUS, pag. 486.

To calm this Tempest whirling in the Court.

(6.) And again, pag. 502.

*And then I'll come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the Globes:*

(7.) And TROILUS and CRESSIDA, pag. 58.

I'm giddy; Expectation whirls me round.

In all which Passages *whirl* signifies *agitating, turning round, in a vehement and giddy Manner.*

XXXIV. Ibid. Page 374.

WE come now to a Speech towards the Conclusion of this Act, which labours under so many Faults of Pointing, as well as some of Language, that the Sense is very much perplex'd, and the Text false both in Meaning and Grammar. I must transcribe the Whole first, as it stands; and then give it entire with its Corrections.

False Pointings, and Emendation.

K

But

----- But come,
 Here as before, never [] so help you Mercy [,]
 [(] How strange or odd soe'er I bear my self,
 [] As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antick Disposition on [])
 That you [] at such Time seeing me, never shall
 [] With Arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake [;]
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase [;]
 As [] well, --- we know, -- or, we could, and if we would ---
 Or, if we list to speak, -- or, there be and if there might ---
 Or such ambiguous giving out [] TO NOTE,
 That you know ought of me; this do ye swear [.]
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

Whoever will take this Speech afunder, and examine the Structure and Connection of it, will easily find that something is wanting to support the *Sense* and *Grammar* of the Whole. *HAMLET* is conjuring them to a Repetition of their Oath of Secrecy, as to what they knew concerning the Walking of his Father's Spirit. Let's dismount it from the Verse, and see what we can make of the Passage, as the Sense plainly will lead us. Here, as before, says he, you shall swear (so Mercy help you!) that, however oddly I shall think fit to carry myself, you seeing me so transform'd, never shall --- (by Motions, Shruggs, or any ambiguous Giving out to note,) --- that you know any Thing of me. This is the whole Scope, in Miniature, of this Passage; and now for the *Syntax* of it. Never shall --- do what? The *Verb* is manifestly wanting, and the Sense consequently defective. Then, why, ambiguous Giving out to note? Does not, ambiguous Giving out, comprehend all the Poet intends here, without Words in the Tail to clog the Clearness of his Meaning? In short, it is necessary, to make the whole intelligible; to point and correct it thus:

But

----- But come ;
 Here as before, Never, --- So help you Mercy !
 How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,
 (As I, perchance, hereafter shall think fit
 To put an antick Disposition on :)
 That you, at such time seeing me, never shall
 (With Arms encumber'd thus, or this Head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,
 As, well, --- we know --- or, we could, and if we would ---
 Or, if we list to speak, --- or, there be, and if there might ---
 Or such ambiguous Giving out ;) DENOTE
 That you know aught of me. This do you swear ;
 So Grace and Mercy at your most Need help you !

This small Change of two Letters not only gives us a *Verb* that makes the whole Tenour of the Speech clear and intelligible ; but a *Verb* too, that carries the very Force and Sense which we before wanted in this Place. To *denote*, as very raw *Grammarians* know, implies, to *signify*, to *shew by Marks* : And thus it is usual with our Poet to employ this very Word. So in *OTHELLO*, pag. 540.

Othell. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Jago. ----- This was but his Dream.

Othell. But it DENOTED a fore-gone Conclusion.

And so HAMLET, in a Speech to his Mother, upon the Nature of his Grief for his Father's Death, pag. 354.

'Tis not alone my inky Cloak, good Mother,
 Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,
 Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,
 No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
 Nor the dejected 'Haviour of the Visage,
 Together with all Forms, Moods, Shews, of Grief,
 That can DENOTE me truly.

I HAVE, at length, got through the first Act of this Tragedy; and hope, as well for the Ease of my Readers as my self, that, in the remaining Parts, Faults will neither rise so numerous, nor require so much Prolixity in the grubbing up. The Proofs of several Kinds, which I have already given to maintain any Correction, must naturally save some Trouble in what is to follow: And I am sufficiently aware what Room my APPENDIX will demand; in which I have engaged to shew, that the same Sorts of Errors are scattered through the other Plays; and that SHAKESPEARE is to be restor'd to his genuine Reading, with the same Method and Ease of Cure.

XXXV. Act. 2. Scene 1. Page 376.

False Pointing, and Conjectural Emendation.

POLONIUS, about to dispatch his Servant *Reynoldo* for France with Commands to his Son *Laertes*, bids him, before he makes his Visit, first enquire into his Son's Character; and the better to sift into it, commissions him to lay several Levities to his Charge; (such as are usual with Youth, but none so rank in Quality, as might discredit him;) as Gaming, Drinking, Fencing, Swearing, Quarrelling, Drabbing. *Reynoldo* objecting, that, to accuse him of *Drabbing*, might dishonour him, *Polonius* replies;

*Faith [] no [,] as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put ANOTHER Scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my Meaning; ----*

The old Gentleman, 'tis plain, is of Opinion, that to charge his Son with *wenching* would not *dishonour* him, consequently would be no *Scandal* to him: For every Scandal, in such Degree as it affects any Man, proportionably dishonours him. Why then should he caution *Reynoldo* from putting ANOTHER *Scandal* on him? Methinks, there is some Reason to suspect this Word of not being altogether so proper here, if no Scandal at all had been yet offer'd. There can be no *Second* Scandal supposed

supposed, without a *First* implied. The Poet's Meaning is, as I conceive it, simply this: To say, that he wench,es, without Aggravation in the Circumstances, lays but a venial Liberty of Youth at his Door; but to say, That he is open and addicted to Incontinency, amounts to an Habit of Licence, and throws an actual Scandal. A very slight Change will reconcile the Passage to this Sense; and therefore, if I am right in the Author's Meaning, we may suppose he wrote;

*No, faith; as you may seas'n it in the Charge;
You must not put AN UTTER Scandal on him,
That he is open to Incontinency,
That's not my Meaning; but breath his Faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the Taints of Liberty;*

i. e. So far from their being an absolute, entire, and utter Scandal to him, that they may be none at all, but appear at worst the Liberties of Youth.

XXXVI. Ibid.

----- *Marry, Sir, here's my Drift;
And I believe it is a Fetch of WIT.*

Emendation,
from Various
Reading.

THERE is a various Reading upon this Passage, which deserved the Notice of the Editor; because, if I am not much deceived, it seems to have the genuine Stamp of our Author upon it. The second Edition in *Folio*, and some other of the Impressions, read;

And, I believe, it is a Fetch of WARRANT.

Which I take to be the very Words and Meaning of the Poet for this Reason, because he makes *Polonius* speak dubiously of his Intention. No body is so doubtful of his own Judgment and Talents, but that he knows absolutely whether his Drifts and Purposes are designed with *Wit*, or no, tho' he cannot be so certain

certain, as to their being *justifiable*. A Man may much easier be mistaken, as to the *Legality*, than as to the *Sagacity*, of any Fact; because something more than private Opinion, or naked Belief, is wanting to determine positively whether a Thing be *warrantable*. Besides, I observe, that it is very familiar with SHAKESPEARE to use the Words *Warrant* and *Warranty* to signify a Justification. So,

(1.) OTHELLO, pag. 484.

*I therefore apprehend, and do attach Thee,
For an Abuser of the World, a Practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of Warrant,*

(2.) TITUS ANDRONICUS, pag. 509.

*A Reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A Pattern, Precedent, and lively Warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the Like.*

(3.) King JOHN, pag. 176.

*It is the Curse of Kings to be attended
By Slaves, that take their Humours for a Warrant,
To break into the bloody House of Life.*

(4.) And again, pag. 189.

*Look, where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us Warrant from the Hand of Heav'n.*

(5.) JEW of VENICE, pag. 9.

*And from your Love I have a Warranty
T' unburthen all my Plots and Purposes, &c.*

(6.) And OTHELLO, pag. 580.

*----- never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general Warranty of Heav'n
As I might love.*

Not

Not, *Warrantry*; as it is in this last Place erroneously printed in Mr. POPE's Edition. *Occasional Correction.*

XXXVII. Ibid.

*You laying these slight SALLIES on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' working,*

*Correction,
from Various
Reading.*

'Tis true, *Sallies* and *Flights* of Youth are very frequent Phrases; but what Agreement is there betwixt the Metaphors of *Sallies*, and a Thing *soil'd*? Correct, as all the Editions, that I have ever seen, have it;

You laying these slight SULLIES on my Son,

Perhaps, this *Substantive* may be of his own coining, from the *Verb* to *sully*: But that, as I have already amply prov'd, is a Liberty which he eternally assumes through his whole Works.

XXXVIII. Act 2. Scene 4. Page 381.

CORNELIUS and *Voltimand*, being returned from their Embassy to *Norway*, bring Word, that That Monarch had suppress'd his Nephew *Fortinbras*'s Expedition; which he at first supposed designed against *Poland*, but found, upon Enquiry, to be le-
vell'd at *Denmark*: That he had put *Fortinbras* under Arrest, who had obey'd it; and, upon a Check receiv'd, had made Pro-
testation before his Uncle never more to make any hostile At-
tempts against the *Danish* State. *Conjecture,
from Various
Reading.*

*Whereon old Norway, overcome with Joy,
Gives him THREE thousand Crowns in annual Fee;
And his Commission to employ those Soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack.*

So,

So, indeed, the Generality of the Editions read; but my two *Quarto's*, of 1637 and 1703, both have it;

*Whereon old Norway, overcome with Joy,
Gives him THREESCORE thousand Crowns in annual Fee, &c.*

This Addition of a Syllable gives a little Roughness to the Beginning of the Verse; but one Syllable in the first *Foot* of it must be *resolv'd* in the Pronunciation; which is very usual, as I have observ'd, with our Poet. 'Tis true, this Alteration is of no Moment to the Sense of the Passage; but, methinks, *Threescore thousand Crowns* are a much more suitable Donative from a King to his own Nephew, and the General of an Army, than so poor a Pittance as *Three thousand Crowns*, a Pension scarce large enough for a dependant Courtier.

XXXIX. Ibid. Page 382.

*Correction,
from Various
Reading.*

*That He is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity, it is true: -----*

Thus, indeed, several of the Editions read this Place; but they don't seem to enter entirely into the Poet's Humour. *Polonius*, (an officious, impertinent, old Courtier,) priding himself in the Discovery which he supposes he has made of the Cause of *HAMLET's* Madness, is so full of the Merit of it, that he can't content himself to deliver it in a plain and easy Manner; but falls into an affected jingling Sort of Oratory, as he fancies; and ringing the Chimes, backwards and forwards, upon the same Words. No Body can read this Speech without observing, that these Figures and Flowers of Rhetorick are not only sprinkled, but poured out, through the whole. They are Strokes of low Humour, thrown in purposely, *ad captandum populum*; or, to use the Poet's own Phrase, *to set on some Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh at*. I think, therefore, it should be wrote,

as

as three of my Editions have it; and as I know it is constantly pronounc'd on the Stage:

*That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis Pity;
And Pity 'tis, 'tis true.*

XL. Ibid.

For this effect defective [,] comes by cause [,]

*False Point-
ing.*

Either the *Comma* after *defective* must be taken out, or another added before it; otherwise, the *Substantive* is disjoined from its *Verb*. Restore it,

For this Effect, defective, comes by Cause;

XLI. Ibid. Page 384.

*Into the Madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.*

*Correction
from Various
Reading.*

King. Do you think [] this?

Queen. ----- It may be very likely.

POLONIUS having explain'd to them the Nature of HAMLET's Lunacy, and from what Cause he imagines it to have sprung; the King asks the Queen, if she is of Opinion that it had such a Rise; which, she confesses, seems very probable to her that it might. Restore, therefore, as all my Editions have it.

King. D' you think 'tis This?

Queen. ----- It may &c.

XLII. Ibid.

Take this from this, if this be otherwise [,]

*False Point-
ing.*

POLONIUS thinks himself so certain of being right in his Discovery, that he is willing the King should take his Head from
L his

his Shoulders, if he is out in his Politicks. It must be pointed;

Take This from This, --- if This be otherwise;

XLIII. Ibid.

*Various
Reading.*

----- *If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fa'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
AND keep a farm and carters.*

Instead of the *Copulative* AND, which does not make the Sense so clear, my two *Quarto* Editions read it, I think, better, with a *Conjunction disjunctive*.

----- *If he love her not,
And be not from his Reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
BUT keep a Farm and Carters.*

XLIV. Act 2. Scene 6. Page 391.

*Conjectural
Emendation.*

*These are now the FASHION, and so berattle the common STAGES
(so they call them,) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-
quills, and dare scarce come thither.*

I'll give the Reading first as I think it ought to be restor'd, and then assign the Reasons.

*These now are the FACTION, and so berattle the common STAGERS
(so they call them,) that Many wearing Rapiers are afraid of
Goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.*

The Poet, as it were, here steps out of Denmark into England, and makes *Rosencraus*, in talking of Theatres, allude to the Plays per-

performed at home by the Children of the *King's Chappel*; who were in great Estimation at that Time of day, and out-rival'd the Gentlemen of the *Profession*. The Variation of *Fashion* into *Faction* we owe to Mr. *HUGHS*; I think it much the more forcible and expressive Term: implying, that those Children were not only in Fashion and Esteem; but were a Prevailing Faction against the other Playhouses, or had a Faction made by the Town in their Favour. As to the other Alteration of *common Stages* into *common Stagers*, which is a Conjecture of my own, my Reason for it is this: The Poet certainly cannot intend by his *Many wearing Rapiers*, that Gentlemen-Spectators were afraid to go to the common Theatres, for Fear of the Resentment of these Children, who so berattled the common Stages. What greater Affront could *SHAKESPEARE* put upon his Audience, than to suppose any of them were of such tame and cowardly Spirits? No, if I understand him, he seems to me to hint, that this young Fry were so pert upon the profest *Actors*, that even they, tho' they wore Swords, were afraid of going near them, least they should be *banter'd*, or *insulted*, past Sufferance. What farther induces me to think, it should be *common Stagers*, rather than *common Stages*, is, that, in the Speech immediately following, *HAMLET*, speaking of these Children, retorts upon them, --- *If they should grow themselves to common PLAYERS* --- and does not say, *If they should come themselves to the common PLAY-HOUSES*, or *Stages*.

XLV. Ibid.

What, are they Children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players [?] [] as it is most like, if their Means are no better: [] their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession [.]

The Pointing of the latter Part of this Speech is so very faulty, that the Sense of it is but barely intelligible. Restore it, as Mr. HUGHES's Edition partly leads the way;

Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common Players, (as it is most like, if their Means are not better;) their Writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession?

I cannot help observing, that the Beginning of this Speech contains one of those Passages in which the Poet may be said to overshoot himself; and be guilty of an Absurdity, by making his Actor say what he cannot be supposed to know *in Character*: Which is confounding the Person of the Drama with a *Poeta loquitur*. HAMLET, replying to Rosencraus concerning these young Players, asks, --- *What, are they Children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?* These Questions argue him a Stranger to them, and their Quality: Yet, without any Information, he immediately after cries, *Will they pursue the Quality no longer than they can sing?* --- which is intimating tacitly, as I take it, that, he knew them to be the *Singing-Boys* of the *King's Chappel*: a Knowledge, no ways to be accounted for, as I can imagine, unless the Poet had given his HAMLET a Portion of Sir John Falstaffe's INSTINCT. I must own, SHAKESPEARE is not without some more Samples of these Self-Contradictions; and one Great one, that has been generally imputed to him, will fall under Consideration in the next Act. But of That in its own Place.

XLVI. Ibid.

Conjecture.

Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the Nation holds it no sin, to tarre them [] to controversie.

I think it will be more numerous to the Ear, and, perhaps, requisite in point of Language, to read;

----- *And the Nation holds it no Sin to tarre them on to Controversie.*

To

To *tarre on* is an old ENGLISH Word, signifying, to provoke, urge on, set on, as we do Dogs to fighting. And so, I observe, SHAKESPEARE in other Passages writes it.

King JOHN, pag. 169.

*And like a Dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.*

And, so again, in TROILUS and CRESSIDA, pag. 32.

*Two Curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastives on, as 'twere their Bone.*

XLVII. Act 2. Scene 7. Page 391.

I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the Players [.] Mark it [,] False Point-
ing.
you say right, Sir;

This ought to be pointed as in Mr. HUGHs's Impression.

*I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the Players; Mark it: ---
You say right, Sir;*

XLVIII. Ibid. Page 392.

I remember one said, there was No salts in the lines, to make the Various Read-
matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite ding, and O-
the author of AFFECTION; but call'd it, an honest method. mission sup-
ly'd.

I must own, I can have no tolerable Comprehension of what is meant here by the Word *Affection*: HAMLET is speaking of some Play, to the Stroling Players, which he liked very well, but which did not so currently go down with the Multitude. One, it seems, who had a Mind to make a Criticism upon it, hints, That there was no *Matter* in its *Phrase* that could indite the Author of *Affection*. Now, what can *Affection*, as a Quality with regard to a Play, signify, but *Passion*? Yet surely the
Author

Author could not intend to mean that it wanted That. *HAMLET* speaks to the Master-Player to give him a Taste of his Quality in a *passionate* Speech; directs him to a Tragedy, which he says, in his Judgment was an *excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, and set down with as much Modesty as Cunning*: And then points out a Speech in it, which he chiefly loved, and which contained the Account of *Priam's* slaughter, and the Distress of *Hecuba* at the Sight of that terrible Action. The Subject alone, never so inartificially told, certainly could not be altogether divested of *Passion*. Besides, Could not the Phrase of a Play carry *Passion* with it, and yet the Poet use an *honest Method*? The second *Folio* Edition (which, in the Generality, is esteemed as the best Impression of *SHAKESPEARE*;) has a different Reading, which, at least, deserved a slight Notice from the Editor: And which, I believe, is more likely to express our Author's Meaning. We, there, find it written thus;

I remember, one said, there was no Sallets (which Mr. POPE very justly restores to, Salts) in the Lines to make the Matter savoury; nor no Matter in the Phrase, that might indite the Author of AFFECTATION; but call'd it an honest Method.

i. e. if I understand it at all, That as there was no *Poinancy* of *Wit* or *Virulence* of *Satire*, on the one hand; so there was Nothing to condemn it of *Affectation*, on the other. And if it wanted *Affectation*, the Poet might more properly be said to use an *honest Method*: For *Affectation*, is either the *Masquerade* of Nature in an Habit of *Ridicule*; or the *Abuse* of it, by a *design'd Disguise* of a worse Sort. Three of my Editions (the oldest of which is the *Quarto* in 1637;) exhibit this Passage with an Addition in its Close; which tho' I can't warrant to be the Author's own genuine Words, yet make the Sentence end more roundly, and therefore might have been *degraded*, at least, to the Bottom of Mr. POPE's Page, and been noted as an Interpolation of the Stage, as, perhaps, indeed they may be. The Words however are these.

---- But

----- But called it an honest Method, as wholesome as sweet ; and,
by very much, more handsome than fine.

XLIX. Ibid. Page 393.

And thus o'er-cised with coagulate gore,

*False Print-
ing.*

It must be restored with the second Folio Edition, and some of
the more modern Ones,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate Gore,

For the Glue, or Composition used by Plaisterers, Painters, &c.
is called *Size*, and derived from the *Sisa* of the *Italians*.

L. Ibid.

----- unequal MATCH'D,

Conjecture.

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide ;
But with the whif and wind of his fell Sword
Th' unnerved father falls [.] THEN SENSELESS [] Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, &c.*

In the first Place, *unequal matched* by the Position must be a
Nominative, and consequently relate to *Pyrrhus*. Now if
Pyrrhus was *unequal matched*, in the Sense and general Accep-
tation we must understand that he was *over-match'd*, and *had*
the worst of it : Not that he was an *Over-match* for *Priam*,
which was the Truth of the Fact. I believe therefore it should
be, as the second folio Edition has it, (and the Impression,
said to be revised by Mr. ROWE, whether by Chance or De-
sign;) with an Alteration in the Pointing ;

----- Unequal MATCH !

For

For the Substantive thus, with a Note of Admiration after it, relates indifferently to *Pyrrhus* and *Priam*, and signifies that each was unequal to the other, the first in *Strength*, the latter in *Weakness*. But to go lower into the Passage, (tho' all the Editions agree in the Reading,) I can hardly be perswaded it is printed as the Poet intended it; or that he would have industriously chosen to prefix an *Epithet* to *ILIUM*, which makes a Paradox in the Context. If *Ilium* was *then* senseless, why should it seem to *feel* the Blow? Or, if *Ilium* was senseless, why should it *then* seem to *feel* it? For one of the two Ways it must be taken. I know very well it may be resolved thus; that *Ilium*, *quoad* the Bricks and stones, was absolutely *senseless*; yet the Buildings, falling into the Fire just at the Instant when *Priam* fell to the Ground, seemed, as it were, to be sensible of that Blow. I confess, this may be a poetical Inference; but a little hard-strained, and in no wise necessary. Perhaps, with a small Variation in the Text and Pointing, the Passage may lie more easy and natural thus.

----- *Unequal Match!*

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in Rage strikes wide;
But with the Whif and Wind of his fell Sword
Th'unnerved Father falls DOWN SENSELESS. --- Ilium,
Seeming to feel this Blow, with flaming Top
Stoops to his Base, &c.*

I propose this last Alteration but as a Conjecture, and without laying any Stress upon it: and the rather too, because, perhaps, the whole Passage concerning *Priam* and *Hecuba* may not be of our Poet's writing, but a Quotation from some Play of a Contemporary, which he had a mind to put in the Mouth of a strolling Player. I should, indeed, suspect it to be our Poet's from one Reason only; and that is, from its Subject. I think the Observation has never yet been made, and therefore I shall give it here; That there is scarce a Play throughout all his Works, in which it was possible to introduce the Mention of them,

them, where he has not by *Simile*, *Allusion*, or otherwise, hinted at the *Trojan* Affairs; so fond was he of that Story.

LI. Ibid.

*But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the heav'n, the RACK stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death;*

Emendation.

Tho' all the Editions, that have fallen in my Way, write this Passage as the Editor does; I know no Sense, in which the Word *Rack* is ever used, that will serve the Purpose here. It must certainly be corrected,

A Silence in the Heav'n, the WRACK stand still,

i. e. the Tempest; the Hurry, Confusion, and Outrage of the Elements: And so, in this admirable Passage of the *TEMPEST*,
p. 60.

*Occasional
Emendation.*

----- *Those our Actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air;
And, like the baseless Fabrick of their Vision,
The Cloud-capt Tow'rs, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe it self,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a RACK behind!*

It must be corrected;

Leave not a WRACK behind!

i. e. if I conceive the Poet's Meaning rightly, not a *Fragment*, or *minute*st Particle, to shew that a *Wrack* has been.

LII. Ibid. Page 395.

*Various
Reading.**Look IF he has not turn'd his Colour, and has Tears in's Eyes.
Pr'ythee no more.*

All the Editions, that I have ever met with, read;

*Look, WHERE he has not turn'd his Colour, and has Tears
in's Eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.*

i. e. Look, whether he has not, &c. 'Tis true, as Mr. POPE writes it, the same Sense is convey'd; but the other is the Poet's Word: And it is frequent with him, tho' the Editor did not remember it here, to use it in that Signification. So in the Second Part of HENRY VI. pag. 162.

*And therefore do they cry, tho' you forbid,
That they will guard you where You will, or no.*

And again, pag. 168.

*Died he not in his Bed? where should he die?
Can I make Men live where they will, or no?*

As, in these Instances, (and, perhaps, where ever else it occurs in our Author;) the Strictness of the Numbers requires a *single Syllable* in the Place where this Word stands, it may be, it is used by Contraction only, for *whether*.

LIII. Ibid. Page 395.

*False Print-
ing.**After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, then their
ill report while you liv'd.*

This is only a slight literal Fault of the Press, and the Reviser. Correct it, as it ought to be,

After

After your Death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill Report while you live.

THE next, with which my Remarks on this Act conclude, is a *Slip* of such a kind, that I don't know to whose Account, properly, to place it. There are many Passages of such intolerable Carelessness interspers'd thro' all the six Volumes, that, were not a few of Mr. POPE's Notes scatter'd here and there too, I should be induced to believe that the Words in the Title Page of the *First* Volume, --- COLLATED, and CORRECTED by the former EDITIONS, By Mr. POPE, ---- were plac'd there by the Bookseller to enhaunce the Credit of his Edition; but that he had play'd false with his Editor, and never sent him the Sheets to revise. And, surely, this must have been the Case sometimes: For no Body shall persuade me that Mr. POPE could be awake, and with his Eyes open, and revising a Book which was to be publish'd under his Name, yet let an Error, like the following, escape his Observation and Correction.

LIV. Act 2. Scene 8. Page 397.

For murther, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak *Correction.*
With most miraculous Organ. I'll OBSERVE HIS LOOKS,
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his Looks,
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course.

This is palpable Nonfense, from an Error in the *Compositor* to the *Press*; occasion'd by his throwing his Eye two Lines lower than he should have done, and so printing the same *Hemistich* twice over. This Error could not be repeated by an *Editor* in revising, his Eye and Attention going together in that Task: This, therefore, must be one of those Sheets, which, as I before hinted, were never sent to Mr. POPE for his *Revisal*. Restore

it, as the Meaning of the Place requires, and as all the former Editions have it ;

*For Murther, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak
With most miraculous Organ. I'll HAVE THESE PLAYERS
Play something like the Murther of my Father
Before mine Uncle. I'll observe his Looks ;
I'll tent him to the Quick ; if he look pale,
I know my Course.*

But because it may seem a little too hard, upon a single Instance of this kind, to suspect that the Sheets might not be *all* revised by the Editor, as I just now hinted ; I'll subjoin another *flagrant* Testimony of the same Sort of Negligence : And I shall do it the more willingly, because I would embrace an Opportunity of clearing *Brutus* from the Imputation of a Murther, which *SHAKESPEARE* is made to throw upon him, tho' he never had it in his Head to think him guilty of it.

WILLIAM de la Poole, the wicked Duke of *Suffolk*, being banished out of *England* by King *Henry* the Sixth, as he is making off in Disguise, is upon the Coast of *Kent* taken by Pirates : And behaving himself to them in a Manner they did not care to brook, was ordered to the long Boat's Side, there to have his Head strook off. As he is dragging away, he comforts himself that his Death will be memorable, from the Circumstance of his being murther'd by such mean and vile Fellows ; as it had happen'd to many *Great Men* before him.

Second Part of *HENRY VI.* pag. 173.

Omission
supplied.

*That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman sworder and Bandetto slave
Murther'd sweet Tully. Brutus' bastard hand
Pompey the Great ; and Suffolk dies by pirates.*

Tully

Tully indeed was kill'd by *Herennius* a Centurion, whom the Poet here calls, by way of Ignominy, a *Roman* Sworder; and by *Popilius* a Tribune, who is likewise here call'd a *Bandetto* Slave, probably, because he had formerly murthered his Father, and was defended, upon his Tryal for that Fact, by *Tully*. But would not any Body now, taking Mr. *POPE*'s for a correct and infallible Edition, begin to wonder how *SHAKESPEARE* could be so precise in *Roman* History as to the Death of *Cicero*; and so ignorant, as to lay the Murther of *Pompey* upon *Brutus*? If we were to take this Fact for granted, we should find our Poet guilty of a strange Self-Contradiction, or *Pompey* the Father of a very degenerate Son. For *Sextus Pompeius*, in another of our Author's Plays, gives *Brutus* such a Character and Commendations, as no Man certainly would bestow on his Father's Murtherer. See

ANTHONY and *CLEOPATRA*, pag. 345.

----- I do not know,
 Wherefore my Father should Revengers want,
 Having a Son and Friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
 (Who at *Philippi* the GOOD *Brutus* ghosted,)
 There saw you lab'ring for him. What was it
 That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
 Made thee ALL-HONOUR'D, HONEST Roman *Brutus*,
 With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous Freedom,
 To drench the Capitol, but that they would
 Have but one man, a man? And that is it
 Hath made me rig my Navy: At whose Burthen
 The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
 To scourge th' Ingratitude that despiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble Father.

The Sentiments of filial Piety, and Resolutions of avenging his Father's Murther, are too strongly express'd, to suppose he would in the same Breath bestow an Encomium on the Man who kill'd him

Occasional
Correction.

him. But when I first quoted this Passage, I little suspected it would have furnished fresh Work for Correction. What! were the Conspirators presumed to have kill'd *CÆSAR*, *because they would have but one Man, a Man?* What Mock-reasoning is this? If they would have but *one man, a man*, (*i. e.* a Man *ἄνωγ' ἐξοχόν* a Man eminent above, and over-topping, all others;) it was the Height of *Cæsar's* Ambition to be such a One, and therefore they should rather have let him live. If I understand the Meaning of the Poet, he would infer, that the noble Conspirators stabb'd *Cæsar*, because they would have, or suffer, any one Man to be *but a Man*; *i. e.* they would have no one aim at arbitrary Power, and a Degree of Preheminence above the rest. Restore the Place therefore with the second *Folio* Edition;

----- *but that they would*
Have One Man, but a Man?

But to return again to the Question of *Pompey* being kill'd by *Brutus*. I have before hinted, that our Poet never design'd a Charge of this sort against poor *Brutus*; and in short, *SHAKESPEARE* will presently stand acquitted of this Blunder; and the Fault appear to have arisen from a Negligence of *Revisal*, or rather from the Want of *revising at all*. But that this Suspicion of mine may not appear a meer *gratis dictum*, I'll now give the Reason that induced me to it; and from which, I think, the Source of the Error may be fairly accounted for. 'The Case is, a Material Line is left out, in this Passage, by Mr. *POPE's* Impression; which very Line is left out of another Edition, in *Duodecimo*, likewise publish'd by Mr. *Tonson* about ten Years ago; so that it seems most probable, that the Press was set to Work and corrected by this *Duodecimo* Edition; without any *Collation* with the old Editions mentioned in Mr. *POPE's* Table of Editions at the End of his *Sixth Volume*. This Deduction, I am sure, is fair and natural: for the second *folio* Edition (one of the Editions there mentioned,) exhibits the Passage entire, and as the Poet wrote it: and even the fourth Edition in *folio* (which, indeed, is but a faulty one;) printed no longer ago than
the

the Year 1685, likewise has it as it should be. Restore it therefore with them, and we come back both to the Truth of the History, and the Poet's Text into the Bargain.

That This my Death may never be forgot.

Great Men oft die by vile Bezonians.

A Roman Swordsman, and Bandetto Slave

Murth'rd sweet Tully. Brutus' bastard Hand

STAB'D Julius Cæsar. SAVAGE ISLANDERS

Pompey the Great : And Suffolk dies by Pirates.

I cannot help, tho' this Passage has already taken up some Length, throwing in an Explication upon it, which will be new to *some* Readers, at least, of SHAKESPEARE: and, consequently, I shall not lose all my Labour in it. I had once a Suspicion that the Poet intended to make *Suffolk* reproach *Brutus* with Cowardice, for dishonourably stabbing *Cæsar*; and that the Text, to support this Meaning, should have been alter'd to

*Occasional
Explication.*

----- Brutus' DASTARD Hand

Stab'd Julius Cæsar:

A Mistake of the like kind has happen'd upon the very same Words in another of our Author's Plays. In King *Richard II. Bolingbroke* being required to throw down the Duke of *Norfolk's* Gage, and withdraw his own Challenge, refuses at first upon a point of Honour, and throws out this contemptuous Reflexion against the Duke.

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my Father's Sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my Height,

Before this out-dared DASTARD? ---

Where some of the Editions erroneously express it,

Before this out-dared BASTARD? ---

But

But I have since found Reasons to retract this Opinion, and to be convinced that the Poet, in calling *Brutus* BASTARD, designed a much deeper Contumely than That of *Cowardice*; viz. the blackest *Ingratitude* and most detestable *Parricide* SHAKESPEARE has elsewhere taken Notice of *Cæsar's* excessive Love to *Brutus*, and of the *Ingratitude* of the latter for being concern'd in his Murther.

JULIUS CÆSAR, pag. 271.

*Thro' This, the well-beloved BRUTUS stabb'd,
And, as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away,
Mark how the Blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of Doors to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For BRUTUS, as you know, was Cæsar's ANGEL.
Judge, oh, you Gods, how dearly CÆSAR lov'd him!
This, This, was the unkindest Cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw Him stab,
INGRATITUDE, more strong than Traytors Arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; ----*

But this amounts to no more than a positive Accusation against *Brutus* of *Ingratitude*, because *Cæsar* lov'd him to that Degree. We know Nothing from hence of the Spring of *Cæsar's* Affection, or why *Brutus*, even for assisting in his Murther, should be stigmatiz'd with *Bastardy*. As this Piece of secret History is no where else so much as hinted at, that I know of, or can recollect, throughout all our Author's Works, I shall give it from PLUTARCH in the Life of MARCUS BRUTUS. *Cæsar*, before the great Battle of *Pharsalia*, had order'd his Commanders to spare *Brutus*, and bring him safe to him, if he would willingly surrender himself: But if he made any Resistance, to suffer him to escape, rather than to kill him. " And this he " is believed to have done (says the HISTORIAN,) out of a " Tenderneſs to *Servilia*, the Mother of *Brutus*: For *Cæsar* had

“ had it seems, in his Youth, been very intimate with her,
 “ and she passionately in Love with him. And considering
 “ that *Brutus* was born about that Time, in which their Loves
 “ were at the highest, *Cesar* had some Reason to believe that he
 “ was begot by him. ” --- This SHAKESPEARE knew, and
 therefore reviles *Brutus* with being the Bastard Issue of the Man
 whom he so ungratefully kill'd.

LV. Act 3. Scene 1. Page 399.

*Good Gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose INTO these delights.*

*Various
 Reading.*

But Two Speeches above, *Rosencraus* had informed the Queen,
 that there did seem a kind of Joy in *Hamlet* to hear of the Ac-
 tors Coming, and that they had already Orders to play before
 him: What Occasion, therefore, was there to drive his Purpose
 into these Delights? He already seem'd to give into them; and
 the King desires *Rosencraus* and *Guildestern* to promote and
 further that Bent and Disposition which *Hamlet* shew'd to that
 Sort of Pleasures. I think, therefore, the second Folio Edition
 expresses this Passage more rightly;

*Good Gentlemen, give him a further Edge,
 And drive his Purpose ON TO these Delights.*

And so the Poet expresses himself before in the second Act of
 this Play, where the King entreats *Rosencraus* and *Guildestern*,
 as old School-fellows of *Hamlet*, to stay a while at Court in or-
 der to divert him. See pag. 379.

----- I entreat you Both,
 That being of so young Days brought up with him,
 And since so neighbour'd to his Youth and Humour,
 That You vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court
 Some little Time, so by your Companies
 To draw him ON TO Pleasures, -----

LVI. Act 3. Scene 2. Page 400.

Text Vindicated.

*To be, or not to be? --- That is the question, ---
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a SEA of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? ---*

A late Eminent AUTHOR, I think, took the beginning of this noble Speech to Task, for employing too great a Diversity of *Metaphors*, that have no Agreement with one another, nor any Propriety and Connexion in the Ideas. *To take Arms against a Sea*, literally speaking, would be as unfeasible a Project, as the Attempt (mentioned in a Speech of the Lord Haversham, in a late Reign;) *to stop the Tide at Gravesend with a Man's Thumb*. Mr. POPE subjoins a Note, that instead of a *Sea* of Troubles, it might have been --- *perhaps, siege; which continues the Metaphor of slings, arrows, taking Arms; and represents the being encompassed on all Sides with Troubles*. The EDITOR is not the first who has had the same Suspicion: And I may say, because I am able to prove it by Witnesses, it was a *Guess* of mine, before he had enter'd upon publishing SHAKESPEARE. But, perhaps, the Correction may be, at best, *but a Guess*; considering the great Liberties that this Poet is observed to take, elsewhere, in his *Diction*, and *Connexion of Metaphors*: And considering too, that a *Sea* (amongst the antient Writers, sacred and prophane, in the *Oriental*, as well as the *Greek* and *Latin*, Tongues;) is used to signify not only the great, collected, Body of Waters which make the Ocean, but likewise a vast Quantity, or Multitude, of any thing else. * The Prophet *Jeremiah*, particularly, in one Passage, calls a prodigious *Army* coming up

* *Vid.* Schindleri *Lexic. Pentaglottum*; Kircheri *Concordantias Veteris Testamenti*; Beccmannum *de Origine Linguae Latinae*; Martinii *Lexicon Philologicum*, &c.

up against a City, a Sea. Chap. 51. 42. *The Sea is come up upon Babylon; she is covered with the Multitude of the Waves thereof.* So here, I conceive, to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles, is, *figuratively*, to bear up against the Troubles of human Life, which flow in upon us, and encompass us round, like a Sea.

BUT there is another Passage in this Soliloquy of HAMLET, which, I hinted, in my Remarks upon the last Act, would demand some Consideration in its proper Place; and, therefore, it naturally falls in here.

*But that the Dread of Something after Death
(That undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns;) puzzles the Will;
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to Others that we know not of.*

Self-Contradiction in the Poet examin'd.

The Criticks have, without the least Scruple, accused the Poet of *Forgetfulness* and *Self-Contradiction* from this Passage; seeing that in this very Play he introduces a Character from the other World, the Ghost of HAMLET's Father. I would not be so hardy to assert peremptorily, that SHAKESPEARE was aware of this *seeming Absurdity*, and despised it; any more than I would pretend to justify him against this Charge to all his Objectors. If he foresaw any thing of it, perhaps, he shelter'd himself from their Criticisms under some Reserve like this. 'Tis certain, to introduce a Ghost, a Being from the other World, and to say that *no Traveller* returns from those Confines, is, literally taken, as absolute a Contradiction as can be supposed, & *facto* & *terminis*. But we are to take Notice, that SHAKESPEARE brings his Ghost only from a *middle State*, or *local Purgatory*; a *Prison-house*, as he makes his Spirit call it, where he was doom'd, for a Term only, to expiate his Sins of Nature. By the *undiscovered Country*, here mentioned, he may, perhaps, mean that *last* and *eternal* Residence of Souls in a State of full Bliss or Misery: which Spirits in a *Middle State* (either under *Purgation*, or in the *Prisons of Hope*, as, I think, one of the APOSTLES calls them;) could not be acquainted with, or explain.

plain. So that, if any Latitude of Sense may be allow'd to the Poet's Words, tho' he admits the Possibility of a Spirit returning from the Dead, he yet holds that the State of the Dead cannot be communicated, and, with that Allowance, it remains still an undiscover'd Country. We are to observe too, that even his Ghost who comes, as I hinted above, from Purgatory, (or, whatever else has been understood under that Denomination;) comes under Restrictions: And tho' he confesses himself subject to a Vicissitude of Torments, yet he says at the same time, that *he is forbid to tell the Secrets of his Prison-house*. If these Qualifications will not intitle the Poet to say, that *no Traveller* returns from the Verge of the other World, *i. e.* to disclose any of its Mysteries, without a Contradiction to the Liberty he has taken of bringing Apparitions upon the Stage; it is all the *Salvo* I can put in for him, and I must give him up to the Mercy of the Cavillers. The Antients had the same Notions of our abstruse and twilight Knowledge of an *After-Being*. *VALERIUS FLACCUS*, I remember, (if I may be indulged in a short Digression,) speaking of the lower Regions, and State of the Spirits there, has an Expression which, in one Sense, comes close to our AUTHOR'S *undiscovered Country*; *viz. --- Superis incognita Tellus*. And it is observable that *VIRGIL*, before he enters upon a Description of Hell, and of the *Elysian* Fields, implores the Permission of the Infernal Deities, and professes, even then, to discover no more than *Hear-Say* concerning their Mysterious Dominions. *VIRG. Æneid. VI.*

Dii, quibus imperium est Animarum, Umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia latè,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligineertas.

The Note of *Donatus* upon this Passage is very remarkable to our Poet's Subject: But That the Curious may refer to at their Leisure.

I SHALL conclude all I have to remark on this fine *Soliloquy*, when I have subjoin'd an Explication to *one* Word; in which, perhaps,
I may

I may take the Poet in a Meaning different from what the Generality of his Readers understand him. But if my *Singularity* in this Point be justify'd by a Reason, I hope it will secure me from the Censure of being *idly singular*. He is saying, That were it not for the Dread of an unknown State after this, who would bear the Plagues and Calamities here, when he could himself put an End to them, and his own Life too? His Words are these;

For who would bear the Whips, and Scorns of Time,

*Occasional
Gloss.*

*When as himself might his Quietus make
With a bare BODKIN?*

I know that the Poet is generally interpreted to mean in this Place, When we might give ourselves a Release by *any*, the *least*, Weapon of Offence that can be. 'Tis true, This exaggerates the Thought in that particular; but I can scarce suppose that he intended to descend to a Thought, that a Man might dispatch himself with a *Bodkin*, or little Implement with which Women separate, and twist over their Hair. I rather believe, the Poet designed the Word here to signify, according to the old Usage of it, a *Dagger*. Tho' the *Glossaries* give us no such Interpretation, the use of an Old and Learned Poet, who may weigh against their Comments, I am sure will support me in it. CHAUCER, in his *Monke's Tale*, recounting the Murther of *Julius Cesar*, has this Stanza.

*This Julius unto the Capitol went,
Upon a day, as he was wont to gone,
And in the Capitol anon him hent
This false Brutus, and his other fone,
And sticked him with BODKINS anone
With many a Wound, and thus they let him lie:
But never grutch'd he at no stroke but One,
Or else at two, but if his story lie.*

'Tis

'Tis plain, that the Poet here means *Daggers* by this Word : And no one ever yet thought that *Brutus* and *Cassius*, or any other of the Conspirators, stabb'd *Cæsar* with their *Ladies* Bodkins.

LVII. Act 3. Scene 6. Page 407.

False Pointing.

King. *I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet, these words are not mine.*

Hamlet. *No, nor mine [n]ow, my Lord [.] You play'd once i'th' University, you say?*

HAMLET gives the King an abrupt, gruff, Answer; and immediately applies himself and his Discourse to *Polonius*. Correct it therefore, as the second and fourth *Folio* Editions have it.

King. *I have Nothing with this Answer, Hamlet; these Words are not mine.*

Hamlet. *No, nor mine. --- Now, my Lord, --- You play'd once i'th' University, you say?*

LVIII. Ibid. Page 408.

Omission supply'd.

Hamlet. *Lady, shall I lie in your Lap?*

Ophelia. *No, my Lord.*

[]

Hamlet. *Do you think I meant Country matters?*

Certainly, *HAMLET's* Answer is more natural, and less abrupt, if we restore this Passage from the second *folio* Edition thus:

Hamlet. *Lady, shall I lie in your Lap?*

Ophelia. *No, my Lord.*

Hamlet. *I mean, my Head upon your Lap?*

Ophelia. *Ay, my Lord.*

Hamlet. *Do you think I meant Country Matters?*

But

But, indeed, if ever the Poet deserved Whipping for low and indecent Ribaldry, it was for this Passage ; ill-tim'd in all its Circumstances, and unbefitting the Dignity of his Characters, as well as of his Audience.

LIX. Act 3. Scene 7. Page 408.

Enter a King and Queen very lovingly ; the Queen embracing him, and he her. [] He takes her up, and declines his Head upon her Lap. Omission supply'd.

Mr. POPE here makes the King, as we say upon a different Occasion, *take her up, before she's down.* It must be restor'd as the second folio Edition, and several others, rightly have it.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly ; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes Shew of Protestation unto him : He takes her up, and declines his Head upon her Lap.

LX. Ibid. Page 410.

*And women's fear and love hold quantity,
'Tis either none, or in extremity ;
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is FIX'D, my fear is so.*

Emenda-
tion.

So several of the Editions exhibit this Passage ; but, I think, the Sense of the Context shews it to be wrong. My Quarto Edition of 1637 has it ;

And as my Love is CIZ'D, my Fear is so.

And the Second folio Edition reads,

And as my Love is SIZ, my Fear is so.

Now,

Now, from these two mistaken Readings, and as the Queen evidently is talking here of the *Quantity* of her Love and Fear, their *Proportion*, not their *Continuance* or *Duration*, I am persuaded, the whole Passage ought to be restor'd thus ;

*And Women's Fear and Love hold Quantity,
'Tis either None, or in Extremity ;
Now what my Love is, Proof hath made you know,
And as my Love is SIZ'D, my Fear is so.*

i. e. As you know by Proof the *Quantity* of my Love ; so my Fear for you is of the same *Size* as my Love is.

LXI. Ibid. Page 412.

*False Print -
ing.*

King. *What do you call the Play ?*

Hamlet. *The Mouse-trap. Marry, how ? TOPICALLY.*

This play is the image of a murther done in Vienna ;

Gonzago is the duke's Name, his WIFE Baptista ;

&c

Correct it, as it ought to be.

King. *What do you call the Play ?*

Hamlet. *The Mouse-trap. Marry how ? TROPICALLY.*

This Play is the Image of a Murther done in Vienna ;

Gonzago is the Duke's Name, his WIFE's Baptista ;

&c.

Well ; immediately upon this enters *Lucianus* ; and *HAMLET*, continuing his Relation, tells his Uncle ;

LXII. Ibid.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the KING.

Emendation.

All the Editions whatever, 'tis true, concur in this Reading; and therefore we are to presume the Blunder was original, either in the Poet's Inadvertence, or the Mistake of the first Transcript. *Nephew* to what *King*? The Story of the introduc'd Play is the Murther of *Gonzago*, Duke of *Vienna*: As is plain from the preceding Part of this very Speech. It therefore ought to be corrected, in Spight of all the printed Copies;

This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the DUKE.

So, wherever the *Player-King* and *Queen* are mentioned, it ought to be DUKE and DUTCHESS. The Source of these Mistakes is easily to be accounted for, from the Stage's *Dressing* of the Characters. *Regal* Coronets, perhaps, being by the Poet at first ordered for the *Duke* and *Dutchess*, the succeeding Players, who did not so strictly observe the *Quality* of the Characters, and *Circumstances* of the Story, mistook them for a *King* and *Queen*; and so the Error was deduced down from thence to the present Times.

LXIII. Ibid.

Ophel. *You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.*

Emendation.

Hamlet. *It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.*

Ophel. *Still WORSE and worse.*

Hamlet. *So you must take your Husbands.*

Surely, this is the most uncomfortable Lesson that ever was preached to the poor Ladies: And I can't help wishing, for our own sakes too, it mayn't be true. 'Tis too foul a Blot upon our Reputations, that every Husband that a Woman takes must be *worse* than her *former*. The Poet, I am pretty sure, intend-

O

ed

ed no such Scandal upon the Sex. The Second and Fourth *folio* Editions, and the *Quarto* of 1637, read the latter Part of this Dialogue thus.

Ophel. *Still better and worſe.*

Hamlet. *So you miſtake Husbands.*

Miſtake, in the *Laſt* Line, runs thro' all the printed Copies, that I have ever ſeen, from the ſecond *folio* Edition downwards. Mr. POPE, who very juſtly reſtores the true Reading there, takes no manner of Notice of the Various Reading in the *laſt* Line but *One* : Tho', if I underſtand the Poet's Conceit at all, the whole Smartneſs of the *Repartee* depends upon it. I think, therefore, the entire Paſſage ought to ſtand thus.

Ophel. *You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.*

Hamlet. *It would coſt You a Groaning to take off mine Edge.*

Ophel. *Still BETTER and WORSE.*

Hamlet. *So you muſt take your Husbands.*

In ſhort, *HAMLET* has been all along talking to the young Lady in *double Entendre's*, or, rather, in a Strain of *Freedom* which ſcarce admits of that nice Diſtinction. She tells him once before, that *he's naught*, and *ſhe'll mark the Play*. He ſtill keeps up his Vein of *Drollery*, and throws in ſuch *plain Hints*, that ſhe is forced to parry them by an indirect Answer ; and remarks, as I conceive, that his Wit is *ſmarter*, tho' his Meaning is more *blunt*. This, I think, is the Senſe of her --- *Still better and worſe*, --- and then there is ſome Reaſon and Acute-*neſs* in *HAMLET's* Answer, *So you muſt take your Husbands*. For he certainly alludes to the Words in the Church-Service of *Matrimony*, where the Husband and Wife promiſe alternately to take each other *for BETTER, for WORSE ; for richer, for poorer, &c.*

LXIV. Ibid. Page 413.

Ophel. *The King rises,*

[]

Queen. *How fares my Lord?*

Polon. *Give o'er the play.*

King. *Give me some light, away.*

Omission
supply'd

As *Hamlet* had thrown some apposite Lines into the Play, in Order to sift the King's Conscience as to the Fact of his Father's Murther, and was resolved to watch his Looks and Behaviour narrowly during the Representation; when the Scene comes to touch the Poysoning in the Garden, and the King, struck with the Image of his own Deed, can set it out no longer, methinks, it is very improbable that *Hamlet*, upon this pleasing Stroke of Conviction, should not express his Satisfaction in one half-line at least, upon the Play having a proper Effect, and his being convinced of his Uncle's Guilt. The Passage ought certainly to be supplied from the Second *Folio* Edition, and Three more Impressions now before me.

Ophel. *The King rises.*

Haml. What, frightened with false Fire?

Queen. *How fares my Lord?*

Polon. *Give o'er the Play.*

King. *Give me some Light, away.*

LXV. Act 3. Scene 8. Page 413.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes
turn Turk with me, with two provincial roses on my RAY'D Shoes,
get me a fellowship in a cry of players, Sir?

Conjectural
Emendation.

Hamlet, applauding himself upon the Discovery his additional Lines in the Play have made of his Uncle's Villany, asks *Horatio*, whether he does not think, that his Skill, and a few Thea-
O 2 trical

trical Equipments join'd with it, would not, upon a Shift, help him into a Share among the Players by their own Voices. But, what are we to understand by *ray'd* Shoes? Mr. POPE tells us, at the Bottom of his Page, that in some Books he had found it *rac'd*; in others, *rack'd*. 'Tis true; and no less than three Editions that I know of, (*viz.* the *Quarto's* of 1637 and 1703, and Mr. Hughs's Impression,) have it, *raz'd*: And all the four Readings, I believe, are equally mistaken; tho' the last mentioned, perhaps, will bring us nearest to the *true* one. 'Tis plain to me, *Hamlet*, from the Discovery that his Lines in the Play have extorted, is complimenting himself on his Taste and Judgment in the Powers of Tragedy; and seems to think that he wants Nothing but a Stock of *Plumes*, and *Buskins*, to set him up for one of the Profession. If this be the true Sense of the Passage, as I believe verily it is, I am apt to think the Poet wrote it thus.

Would not This, Sir, and a Forest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turn Turk with Me, with two provincial Roses on my RAIS'D Shoes, get me a Fellowship in a Cry of Players, Sir?

By *rais'd* Shoes, as I take it, he means the Tragedy-Buskin, (or *Cothurnus*, as it was call'd by the *Romans*;) which was as much higher in the Heel than other common Shoes, as the *Chioppines*, worn by the *Venetians*, are, mention'd by our Poet in the foregoing *Act* of this Play. It was the known Custom of the Tragedians of Old, that they might the nearer resemble the Heroes they personated, to make themselves as tall in Stature, and, by an artificial Help to Sound, to speak as big, as they possibly could. But of this I shall have Occasion to speak more at large in the *Dissertation* to be prefix'd to my *Translation* of *ÆSCHYLUS's* *Tragedies*. HORACE, in his short History of the Progress of the Stage, takes Notice of these two Things, as peculiar Supplements to Tragedy; --- *magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno*: And SHAKESPEARE himself, in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, seems to rally the Actors both on Account of stretching their Voices and Persons, (pag. 24.)

And

*And like a strutting Player, whose Conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden Dialogue, and Sound,
'Twixt his STRETCH'D FOOTING and the Scaffoldage;*

LXVI. Ibid.

*For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very very PEACOCK.*

Conjectural
Emenda-
tions.

The Generality of Editions have another Reading, (which is, indeed, a corrupt one as printed,) but Mr. POPE has espoused This, and subjoined a Note for his Reason; that it *alludes to a Fable of the Birds chusing a King, instead of the Eagle, a Peacock.* I suppose, the EDITOR must mean the Fable of *Barlandus*, in which it is said, the Birds, being weary of their State of Anarchy, moved for the setting up of a King. The *Peacock*, on Account of his gay Feathers, put in for the Office; and the Choice upon the Poll falling to him, a *Pye* stood up with this Speech in his Mouth; *May it please your Majesty, says he, we should be glad to know, in Case the Eagle should fall upon us in your Reign, as he has formerly done, how will you be able to defend us?* But, with Submission, in this Passage of SHAKESPEARE, there is not the least Mention made of the *Eagle*, unless, by an uncommon Figure, *Jove* himself stands in the Place of his *Bird*. Then, we do not find that *Hamlet* intends to speak of his Uncle, as of a Person unable to defend the Realm; nor, indeed, do we find that the Realm had been yet attack'd, or wanted a Defender. In short I think, *Hamlet* is here setting his Father's and Uncle's Characters against each other; and means to say, that by his Father's Death, the State was stript of a Godlike Monarch, in Excellence rivalling *Jove*: And that now, in his stead, reign'd the most despicable *Animal* that could be. I say, that *Hamlet* intends a Comparison betwixt his Father and his Uncle; or, at least, to speak greatly to the Disadvantage, and in Contempt of the latter. But the *Peacock*,

Peacock, surely, is too fine a Bird to be thus degraded ; tho' the *Eagle* has the Preference in Strength, Spirit, and Fierceness. Besides, what Features of Resemblance are there betwixt a *tame Peacock*, and a King, who had *Courage* enough to usurp a Crown, to make away with his own Brother to make way for himself, and to juggle his Brother's Son, *Hamlet*, out of the Election, tho' he was a Favourite of the People ?

First Conjecture.

Were it necessary to suppose, that the Poet meant, *Hamlet* should revile his Uncle here for a *tame*, cowardly Spirit, and as one inheriting none of the *masculine* Qualities of his Predecessor ; the Change of a single Letter will give us this Sense, and a Word too that has the Warrant of our Poet, in another Place, to bear that Signification. I would then read,

----- and now reigns here
A very, very, MEACOCK.

Now a * *Meacock* or *Meacock*, besides its proper Signification of a *cravenly* Bird, is taken *metaphorically* to mean a *daftardly* effeminate Fellow : And in that Acceptation we find it used in the *TAMING of the SHREW*, pag. 312.

*Oh, you are Novices ; 'tis a World to see,
How tame (when Men and Women are alone,)
A MEACOCK Wretch can make the curstest Shrew.*

But not to fix ourselves down absolutely to this Reading, let's first have Recourse to the various Reading in some of the Copies, and see what Help we can derive from thence. The Second and Fourth Editions in *Folio*, the *Quarto* of 1637. and, if it be worth mentioning, the *Duodecimo* Impression, publish'd by Mr. Tonson in 1714, all have it ;

Various Reading.

----- and now reigns here
A very, very, PAJOCK.

I must

* Skinner's *Lexicon Etymolog.* in *Meacock*.

I must own, I know no such Term; but there is one so very near it in Sound, and one which suits the Author's Meaning in Sense so aptly, that it is not improbable but he might write originally;

----- and now reigns here
A very, very, PADDOCK.

Second Con-
jecture.

Here you have the old Word itself which *Minshew* derives from *padde*, *Bufo*, a Toad. * Our Author was very well acquainted with the Word, and has used it more than once, or twice. In the First Witch-Scene of his *Macbeth*, we have these Words.

1st Witch. ----- I come, Grimalkin;

2d Witch. PADDOCK calls.

Where the *Haggs* speak of the Screaming of the Cat, and the Croaking of the Toad, which they are supposed to hear from the Organs of their *Familiars*. But what makes it the more probable that this Term should be used here, *Hamlet*, again, afterwards, speaking of his Uncle to the Queen his Mother, among other contemptuous Additions, gives him this very Appellation of *Paddock*.

----- 'Twere good, you let him know;
For who, that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a PADDOCK, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such dear Concernings hide?

But, again: If we will, with Mr. POPE, suppose, that the Poet alludes to the *Eagle*, and some inferior Bird in *Quality* that has got the Start of him; another small Variation from the Text will bring us to all we want for this Purpose. Why, then, might not the Poet make his *Hamlet* say,

Third Con-
jecture.

----- and now reigns here
A very, very PUTTOCK.

i. e.

* Idem, in Paddock.

i. e. a ravenous *Kite*, a mere Bird of Prey ; a Devourer of the State and People ; without any of the Excellencies and *defensive* Virtues of the Royal *Eagle*, his Father ? Here again we have a Word, which the Poet was as well acquainted with, as with the *two* already quoted.

Second Part of King *HENRY VI.* pag. 160.

*Who finds the Partridge in the PUTTOCK's Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kite soar with unbloodied Beak ?*

But what might go a good Way towards supporting a Conjecture that this was our Author's Word here, is, that there is a particular Passage in another of his Plays, where the *Eagle* and *Puttock* are placed comparatively, and in a Light of Opposition to one another.

CYMBELINE. pag. 128.

*Cymb. Thou might'st have had the sole Son of my Queen.
Imog. O blest, that I might not ! --- I chose an EAGLE,
And did avoid a PUTTOCK. ---*

I shall leave these Conjectural Readings entirely to the Arbitration of better Judgments: But, I think, I may with Modesty affirm every one of them to be more just, and better grounded, than that espoused by the Editor ; and that therefore the *Peacock* may e'en be content to wait for another *Election*.

LXVII. Ibid. Page 415.

Various Reading, and Pointing.

Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a Mother [.] But is there no sequel at the heels of this Mother-Admiration ?

Correct, as some of the better Books exhibit it ;

O wonderful Son, that can so astonish a Mother ! --- But is there no Sequel at the Heels of this Mother's-Admiration ?

LXVIII.

LXVIII. Ibid. Page 416.

Hamlet. *Methinks it is like an † Ouzle.*

Pol. *It is black like an Ouzle.*

*Various
Reading.*

† An *Ouzle*, or *Black-Bird*, it has been printed by Mistake a *Weefel*, which is not black.

I have nothing to object against this Alteration made by Mr. POPE; or, why an *Ouzle* may not be as proper as a *Weefel*: But I am afraid his Reasoning, that *it has been printed by Mistake a Weefel, because a Weefel is not black, ---* will not be altogether so incontestible; when we come to see that the Second Edition in *Folio*, and several other of the Copies have a *various Reading*, in which there is not the least Intimation of *Blackness*. There, you read it,

Hamlet. *Methinks, it is like a Weefel.*

Polon. *It is BACK'D like a Weefel.*

LXIX. Ibid.

Hamlet. *Then will I come to my Mother by and by; they fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by. Leave me, friends.* *False Printing.*
I will say so. By and by is easily said.

We have already, in the Course of these Remarks, convers'd with a Place or two, which have given Reason to presume, that, if corrected at all, they could be corrected only by the Servants at the Press. Here again is a Passage so confused, and so indiscriminately printed, that it furnishes a strong Suspicion of never having been revised by the Editor. Could so nice a Judge as Mr. POPE pass over such absurd Stuff as is jumbled here together, and not observe a Fault that is so plain and palpable? Correct it with all the Editions that I have ever seen, except the *Quarto's* of 1637, and 1703. in which the Text is likewise shuffled and faulty;

The Examination and Correction

Hamlet. *Then will I come to my Mother by and by. --- They fool me to the Top of my Bent. --- I will come by and by.*

Polon. *I will say so.* *Exit Polon.*

Hamlet. *By and by is easily said. Leave me, Friends.*

Exeunt Rosen. and Guilden.

LXX. Ibid. Page 417.

Omission
supply'd.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

My Tongue and soul in this be hypocrites !

[] *Exit.*

The Editor might have taken Notice that a *Couplet* follows here, in several of the printed Copies, which he mistrusted not to be SHAKESPEARE'S. I will not warrant the Lines to be his, but they are obsolete enough in the Phrase to be so; neither are they so bad, as to be positively disputed. He has many *Couplets* full as bald and poor in the *Diction*; and These have an Authority as old as the second *Folio* Edition, and have found a place in most of the more modern Copies too. The Verses are these.

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none.

My Tongue and Soul in This be Hypocrites !

How in my Words soever She be † shent,

To give them Seals never my Soul consent.

Exit.

† put to Confusion, roughly treated.

LXXI. Act 3. Scene 9. Page 417.

False Print-
ing.

I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his Madness rage. -----

Restore, with all the Editions.

To let his Madness range. -----

LXXII.

LXXII. Ibid.

*Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many bodies safe, that live
And feed upon your majesty.*

Correction,
from Various
Reading.

The last Line here is *lame*, and shorter by a *Foot* than it should be, without any Necessity. The second *Folio* Edition is likewise faulty, for there the last Line but One is defective, and the Verses are plac'd thus.

*To keep those many Bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your Majesty.*

A different Disposition of the Verses, and of so long a Date, gives a Proof of a Fault, and a sort of Inlet to the Cure. The *Quarto* Edition of 1637, is the only One that I have observ'd, which makes the Verses compleat; and adds a fine and forcible *Emphasis* to the Sentence, by the Repetition of one Word; a Figure (as I have before observ'd in the Remark, N^o. XI.) very familiar with SHAKESPEARE. Restore them thus:

*Most holy and religious Fear it is,
To keep those many, many, Bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your Majesty.*

LXXIII. Ibid. Page 418.

*Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
It bath the primal eldest curse upon it,
[] A Brother's murther. Pray, I cannot, &c.*

Conjecture.

Here again the last Verse halts in the *Measure*, and, if I don't mistake, the *Sense* is a little *lame* too. Was a Brother's Murther the *eldest Curse*? Surely, it was rather the *Crime*, that was the *Cause* of this *eldest Curse*. We have no Assistance, however,

either to the Sense or Numbers, from any of the Copies. All the Editions concur in the Deficiency of a *Foot*; but if we can both cure the Measure, and help the Meaning, without a Disgrace or Prejudice to the Author, I think, the Authority of the printed Copies is not sufficient to forbid a Conjecture. Perhaps, the Poet wrote;

*It has the primal eldest Curse upon't,
THAT OF a Brother's Murther. Pray, I cannot, &c.*

LXXIV. Act 3. Scene 10. Page 420.

Emendation.

*Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid TIME;
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his Rage, &c.*

This, as I take it, is a *sophisticated* Reading, espoused by Mr. POPE from the more modern Editions. The second *Folio* Edition and the *Quarto* of 1637, both read;

Up, Sword, and know Thou a more horrid HENT;

The Editor has taken Notice, at the Bottom of his Page, of this Word, as a *various Reading*; but, as I humbly presume, without guessing at the Reason of it. 'Tis true, there is no such Substantive, I believe, as *Hent*; and yet the true Word of the Poet, I am satisfied, lies hid under it, by a slight literal Corruption. Restore it therefore;

Up, Sword, and know Thou a more horrid BENT;

i. e. *Drift, Scope, Inclination, Purpose, &c.* and there is scarce any Word more frequent than This with our Poet, where he has Occasion to express himself in those Senses.

(1.) MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. pag. 510.

*They have the Truth of This from Hero, they seem to pity
the Lady: it seems, her Affections have the full BENT.*

(2.)

- (2.) WINTER'S TALE. pag. 559.

*To your own BENTS dispose you ; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky.*

- (3.) JULIUS CÆSAR, pag. 243.

*----- Leave me to work ;
For I can give his Humour the true BENT :
And I will bring him to the Capitol.*

- (4.) TROILUS and CRESSIDA, pag. 28.

*I bring a Trumpet to awake his Ear,
To set his Sense on that attentive BENT,
And then to speak.*

- (5.) CYMBELINE. pag. 123.

*----- But not a Courtier,
(Altho' they wear their Faces to the BENT
Of the King's Looks ;) but hath a Heart that is not
Glad at the Thing they scowl at.*

- (6.) ROMEO and JULIET, pag. 274.

*If that thy BENT of Love be honourable,
Thy Purpose, Marriage ;*

- (7.) So twice before in HAMLET ; as, pag. 380.

*----- But we Both obey,
And here give up ourselves in the full BENT,
To lay our Service freely at your Feet.*

- (8.) And again, pag. 416.

They fool me to the Top of my BENT :

I am

I am surpriz'd the Editor could remember this Word from None of these Instances, and a Number more that lie interspers'd in our Poet; especially as it is a Word of his *own* too in his Preface to the Edition, pag. 4. *He hits upon that particular Point, on which the BENT of each Argument turns, or the Force of each Motive depends.* I did not think, when I began this Work, to collate the more recent Folio Editions, especially the fourth, publish'd in 1685, for I had it not then by Me; but upon throwing my Eye over it lately, I find it is there printed, as I have here corrected it — a more horrid BENT. I thought myself obliged to make this Confession, that I might not be accus'd of Plagiarism, for an Emendation which I had made, before ever I saw a single Page of That Book.

LXXV. Ibid. Page 421.

*Various
Reading.*

Queen. *Have you forgot me?*

Hamlet. - - - - - *No, by the Rood, not so;*

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,

A N D (*would it were not so*) *you are my mother.*

If I understand at all what *Hamlet* should be presum'd to say here, I think, the Editor has adopted a Reading directly opposite to the Sentiment the Poet would express. Surely, *Hamlet* does not so much wish that the Queen was not his Mother, as that She was not his Uncle's Wife. He loves and honours her as his Mother; and therefore, out of those Regards, wishes She had not that Disgrace upon her Character, of having married his Uncle, whom he knew to be his Father's Murtherer. The Passage, certainly, ought to be distinguished as the second Folio Edition, and several other of the better Copies, lead the way.

Queen. *Have you forgot me?*

Hamlet. - - - - - *No, by the Rood, not so;*

You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife,

BUT, *'would you were not so! - - - - You are my Mother.*

LXXVI. Ibid. Page 422.

----- *Ha ! have you eyes ?*

Omission
supply'd.

*You cannot call it love ; for at your age,
The hey-day of the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment
Would step from this to this ? [*

*] what devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind ?*

There is an Addition, in several of the Copies, which, tho' it has not the Sanction of any older Edition, that I know of, than the *Quarto* of 1637. yet has so much of the Style, Diction, and Cast of Thought peculiar to our Poet, that, I think, we may warrant it to be his, and not an Interpolation of the Players without that Authority. Perhaps, it was not written when he first finish'd the Play ; or it was left out in the shortening the Play for the *Representation*, and so lost its Place in the first Editions, which were printed from the Players Copies. The Verses are these ;

----- *Ha ! have you Eyes ?*

*You cannot call it Love ; for at your Age
The Hey-day of the Blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the Judgment ; and what Judgment
Would step from This --- to This --- ? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have Motion ; but That Sense
Is apoplex'd : for Madness would not err ;
Nor Sense to Ecstasie was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some Quantity of Choice
To serve in such a Difference. What Devil was't, &c.*

The same Book exhibits another small Addition, which is so much inferior to the former, that I dare not so boldly vouch for it's being genuine.

---- *What*

The Examination and Correction

----- *What Devil was't,*
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
 Eyes without Feeling, Feeling without Sight,
 Ears without Hands or Eyes, Smelling fans all,
 Or but a sickly Part of one true Sense,
 Could not so mope.

LXXVII. Ibid. Page 423.

*Various
 Reading
 restored, and
 explained.*

----- *Nay, but to live*
In the rank sweat of an INCESTUOUS bed,
Stew'd in corruption, bonying and making love
Over the nasty sty.

Here again, as I conceive, we have a *sophisticated* Reading palmed upon us, probably, from the Players first, who did not understand the Poet's *Epithet*, and therefore conscientiously substituted a *new* one. If we go back, however, to the second *folio* Edition (which is one of those collated by the *Editor*) we have there a *various Reading*, of which he is not pleased to take the least Notice, tho', as I verily believe, it restores us the Poet's own Word.

----- *Nay, but to live*
In the rank Sweat of an ENSEAMED Bed,
Stew'd in Corruption, bonying and making Love
Over the nasty Sty.

i. e. gross, fulsome, swinish Bed. For, not to dwell too long upon an *unfavoury* Image, the Sweat of any *other* Bed of Pleasure will be as *rank* as that of an *incestuous* Bed. But besides, when we come to the *Etymology*, and *abstracted* Meaning of *enseam'd*, we shall have a Consonancy in the *Metaphors*, and a Reason for the Poet's calling the Bed a nasty Sty. In short, the Glossaries tell us,

us, that *Seam* † is properly the *Fat*, or *Grease*, of a *Hog* : And tho' I do not remember the *compound Adjective* from it used in any other Place of the Poet than this before us ; yet he has elsewhere employ'd the *Substantive* ; and making *Ulysses* speak contemptuously of *Achilles*, who had sequester'd himself from the *Græcian* Captains and the War, he compares him tacitly to a Hog in his Sty, feeding on his own Pride, and Self-sufficiency.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA pag. 49.

----- Shall the proud Lord,
That bafts his *Arrogance* with his own SEAM,
And never suffers *Matters of the World*
Enter his *Thoughts*, save such as do revolve
And ruminatè himself; Shall He be worshipp'd
Of That we hold an *Idol* more than Him?

That were t' enlard his *Pride*, already fat, &c.

LXXVIII. Ibid. Page 426.

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape []
To try conclusions [;] in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down. - - - -

False Point-
ing,

The Ape crept into the Basket, to try Conclusions ; that is the Meaning of the Poet : But by the *Semicolon*, wrong-placed, the Sense is interrupted, and the *Substantive* divided from its *Verb*. It ought to be pointed, as some of the Editions rightly have it ;

Q

--- and

† Seam is derived from a Contraction of *Sebum*, or *Sevum*, among the Latins ; which Words *Isidore* brings à Sue, quasi Suebum, vel Suevum ; quia Animal hoc pingue. So *Arvina* is a Ram's Fat, from the old Word *Arvix* (i. e. Aries) a Ram. Vid. VOSSII Etymolog. Latinum.

----- and like the famous Ape,
To try Conclusions, in the Basket creep,
And break your own Neck down. ---

I have at last, I think, got thro' all the Errors of this long *Act*, save a slight one, in which *SHAKESPEARE* is no ways concern'd, committed by Mr. *POPE*, in a *Note* of his own, upon the last Speech of it. The ten following Verses, says he, are added out of the old Edition. It must for the future be printed, The Nine following Verses, &c. for no more than that Number are restored either from the old Edition, or those modern ones which have inserted them.

LXXIX. Act 4. Scene 1. Page 428.

Various
Reading.

*We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, LETS it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life.*

The Syntax of this Passage is evidently bad, for *WE* is the *Nominative* to both *Verbs*, and therefore they both must be *Plural*. Three of my Impressions, viz. the *Quarto's* of 1637, and 1703, and that by Mr. *Hughs*, have it as it ought to be.

*We would not understand what was most fit ;
But like the Owner of a foul Disease,
To keep it from divulging, LET it feed
Ev'n on the Pith of Life.*

LXXX.

LXXX. Ibid. Page 429.

*Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest Friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: [*

] O come away,

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

Omission
supply'd, and
Text conjecturally
restored.

The *Quarto* Edition of 1637 has an Addition in this Place, which has been admitted into most of the *modern* Editions; tho' it has not the Authority of any earlier Date in *Print*, as I know of, than that *Quarto*; and yet seems to bear the very Stamp of *SHAKESPEARE* upon it. The Coin, indeed, has been clipt from our first receiving it; but it is not so diminished, but that, with a small Assistance, we may hope to make it pass current. The Reading, as it has hitherto come to us, is thus;

*Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest Friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And What's untimely done.*

*Whose Whisper o'er the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his Blank,
Transports his poyson'd Shot, may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless Air: O, come away;
My Soul is full of Discord and Dismay.*

'Tis plain here the *Sense* is defective, as well as the *Verse* imperfect, which introduces it: and from the Additional Lines beginning with the *Relative* WHOSE, without any preceding *Nominative* of which it is govern'd, it is as plain that the latter Part of the foregoing *Hemistich* fell out in the *printing*, or was so blind in the *Copy* as not to be guess'd at, and therefore necessarily came to be omitted. I wonder, Mr. *HUGHS*, who inserted this Passage in his Impression, and could not but see that

something was wanting, did not at the same time endeavour to supply it. We have not, indeed, so much as the Footsteps, or Traces, of a corrupted Reading here to lead us to an Emendation; nor any Means left of restoring what is lost but Conjecture. I shall therefore offer only what the Sense of the Context naturally seems to require. I am far from affirming that I shall give the Poet's very Words, but 'tis probable that they were, at least, very near what follows in Substance.

*Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest Friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Happily, * Slander,
Whose Whisper o'er the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his Blank,
Transports his poyson'd Shot, may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless Air. O, come away;
My Soul is full of Discord and Dismay.*

** Or Rumour.*

'Tis evident, This restores us the Sentiment seemingly requisite, and there is the more Room to suppose it the very Sentiment of our SHAKESPEARE. The Poet, I remember, has the same Thought about the diffusive Powers of *Slander* in another of his Plays; tho' he has express'd it with some Difference, as well as with greater Diversity of *Metaphor* and *Allusion*.

CRUELTY, pag. 176.

-----No, 'tis SLANDER,
*Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile, whose Breath
Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye
All Corners of the World.*

LXXXI. Act 4. Scene 3. Page 432.

----- Thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign Process, which imports at full []
By letters CONGRUING to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet.

False Point-
ing; and Va-
rious Read-
ing restored.

Methinks, there is an unnecessary Tautology in this Term *Con-
gruing*, which is avoided by the Various Reading that possesses
many of the Editions, and is taken Notice of by the *Editor*
at the Bottom of his Page. If the *Letters*, importing the
Tenour of the Process, were to *that* Effect, they were certain-
ly *congruing*; but of no great Use, when the sovereign Pro-
cess imported the *same* Thing. Now a Process might import a
Command, and Letters *conjuring* a Compliance with it be sent,
and be of great Efficacy, where the Execution of the Com-
mand was to be doubted of, or might admit of a Demur. I
cannot therefore but think the other Reading the truest; and
the Passage ought to be pointed thus;

----- Thou may'st not coldly set
Our Sovereign Process, which imports at full,
By Letters CONJURING to that Effect,
The present Death of Hamlet; ----

Hamlet, who put a Change upon his Uncle's Commission, and
reversed the Substance of it, 'tis likely, kept to the Model of
it in That which He drew up: And, where he recounts the
Contents of it to *Horatio*, we find him beginning his Com-
mand by forcible Conjurations implying the Necessity of it.
See pag. 460.

The Examination and Correction

Hamlet. *Wilt Thou know*

Th' Effect of What I wrote?

Hor. *Ay, my good Lord.*

Hamlet. *An earnest CONJURATION from the King,
As England was his faithful Tributary,
As Peace should still &c.*

Perhaps, the Editor might dislike the word *conjuring* here, because the Cadence of the Verse requires that the Accent should lie upon the *Antepenultima*; and the Sense, that it should lie upon the *Penultima*. To explain this Difference; when we intend by *conjure*, to signify a *solemn Adjuration* only, we lay the Accent upon the *last* Syllable; where we mean by it a *magical Invocation* or *Effect*, the Accent falls upon the *first*. But our Poet uses the Word in both these Senses promiscuously, without regard to this Difference in the Pronunciation; and, I believe, generally, if not always, will be found to lay the Stress upon the *first* Syllable. So, again, in

H A M L E T. pag. 457.

. *What is He, whose Griefs*

Bear such an Emphasis? whose Phrase of Sorrow

Conjures the wand'ring Stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded Hearers?

So, in M A C B E T H, pag. 568.

I conjure You by That which you profess,

Howe'er you come to know it, answer Me.

So, in R O M E O and J U L I E T, pag. 268.

I conjure Thee by Rosaline's bright Eyes,

By her high Forehead, &c.

And,

And, again, in the next Page ;

----- my Invocation is
Honest and fair, and in his Mistress' Name
I conjure only but to raise up Him.

Indeed, but three Lines before the last quoted Instance, he seems to lay the Accent upon the *last* Syllable of this Word by the Necessity of the Numbers ; tho' the Sense and Acceptation, which it carries, require it to be pronounced with the Accent on the *first*.

----- letting it there stand,
Till She had laid it, and conjur'd it down.

But, perhaps, either the *Copyists*, or the *Prefs*, by Mistake, made a small Variation from the Author here ; and this wrong Cadence is easily cur'd by only taking out the first *it*, which is of no Use there ; and extending the Second Verb to three Syllables, by pronouncing it, without the *Apostrophe*, at length ; than which Nothing is more frequent throughout our Author's Works : As,

Till She had laid, and conjured it down.

LXXXII. Act 4. Scene 7. Page 440.

It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye.

[A Noise within.]

Enter Ophelia fantastically drest, &c.

Laert. Let her come in. How now ? what noise is that ?

O heat [] dry up my brains [,] tears [] seven times salt []

Burn O N the sense and vertue of mine eye.

False Pointing ; and Correction from Various Reading.

Had I never seen any other Edition of SHAKESPEARE than Mr. POPE's, I could not but have suspected Something wrong here, tho' I should not, perhaps, have known so easily how
to

to rectify it. Just before the Entrance of *Ophelia*, a Noise is heard behind the Scenes, viz. of Some, that would have the Young Lady admitted; and of Others, that would keep her out. *Laertes's* Friends, as we may observe at the Beginning of the preceding Scene, where he rushes in by force upon the King, are set to guard the Door; and they might be solicitous that *Laertes* should see his Sister in her Madness, to heighten his Resentments for the Death of his Father. But it is certainly very absurd that *Laertes* should know who it is *without*, upon the Noise made; that *Ophelia* should come in; and then that he should desire, that She may come in; and then after all, that he should enquire into the Meaning of the Noise. I think, the second *Folio* Edition sets the whole Passage right; and it seems to Me that it ought to be corrected as *that* Copy, and several Others, which come after, exhibit it with more Propriety thus;

*It shall as level to your Judgment pierce,
As Day does to your Eye.*

[A Noise within, *Let her come in.*

Laert. *How now? What Noise is that? ---*

Enter Ophelia fantastically drest, &c.

*O Heat, dry up my Brains; Tears, sev'n times salt,
Burn OUT the Sense and Virtue of mine Eye.*

'Tis natural for *Laertes*, who was in a riotous Proceeding against the King, to be alarm'd at the Tumult *without*, least his Party could not maintain the Door: And as soon as he sees the Occasion of the Noise, in the Admission of his distracted Sister, his deep Concern makes him wish at once that he were depriv'd both of Sense and Sight. But why, *burn ON the Sense*? This Reading, in Mr. *POPE's* Impression, is, as I apprehend, a literal Mistake of the Press instead of *burn OUT*; and it is a Mistake so easy to happen, that I think in another Place the same Error has passed thro' all the Editions of *SHAKESPEARE*; and, as I suppose, was not so much as suspected

suspected by our Editor, because he has given us the Passage as he found it.

In the *WINTER'S TALE*, *Florizel*, Prince of *Bohemia*, in a pastoral Habit, addresses *Perdita*, an Outcast Princess of *Sicily*, but supposed of mean Extraction; who was taken up an Infant, in a Desert of *Bohemia*, by a Shepherd, and educated as his Daughter. As the Prince is courting, caressing, and whispering her at a Sheep-sheering Feast, *Polixenes* his Father, and an old Courtier attending him, come to the rural Entertainment. They fix their Eyes on the young amorous Couple, and observing Something in the Virgin above her outward Seeming and Rank, fall to making these Observations on them.

*Occasional
Emendation.*

*Polix. This is the pettiest low-born Lass that ever
Ran on the Green-sward; Nothing She does, or seems,
But smacks of Something greater than herself,
Too noble for this Place.*

*Winter's
Tale. Act 4.
Sc. 5. p. 613.*

*Camil. ----- He tells her Something,
That makes her Blood look O N 'T.*

In the first Verse a literal Error is committed at Press, for the other Editions all read, as it ought to be;

This is the prettiest low-born Lass -----

But what Sense is there in *Camillo's* Speech, that *the Prince* tells her *Something which makes her Blood look on't*? This to me seems obscure even to the Degree of being unintelligible. The *SPECTATOR*, if I remember right, tells us somewhere a Story of a Climate so cold at one Season, that it congealed Words even in the Pronunciation; and so soon as a Thaw came, they were distinctly repeated and heard: But, I must own, I never heard of any Words so condens'd as to be visible to the Eye, much less to the Blood. If I understand any thing of the Poet's Meaning here, he certainly wrote;

R

----- He

----- He tells her Something,
That makes her Blood look OUT.

i. e. that calls the Blood up into her Cheeks, and makes her blush. *PERDITA*, but a little before, in the self-same Page, uses a like Expression to describe the Prince's Sincerity, which appear'd in the honest Blood rising on his Face.

*Your Praises are too large ; but that your Youth
And the true Blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd, &c.*

LXXXIII. Act 4. Scene 9. Page 444.

Various Reading
restored.

*I lov'd your father, and we love YOUR self ;
And that I hope will teach you to imagine,---*

My *Quarto* Editions of 1637 and 1703, have a different Reading of this Passage, which is espoused too by Mr. *HUGHES*, and which I take to comprehend the genuine Meaning of our Poet.

*I lov'd your Father, and We love OUR self ;
And That, I hope, will &c.*

I'll now give the Reasons for my being on this Side of the Question. *Laertes* is complaining, that (because the King durst not pursue *Hamlet* to Death for killing *Polonius*, but had only sent him out of the way ;) he has lost a Father, and the Opportunity of being reveng'd on his Murtherer. The King bids *Laertes* not break his Sleep about the Want of his Revenge ; for, says He, *I lov'd your Father, and I love my self ; and both These are my Motives to That End.* But how did the King's Love of himself contribute to his Desire of Revenge on *Hamlet* ? for thereon lies the Stress of the Alteration. Now there are two Speeches of the King in this very Scene, that perswade me to espouse this

this Reading, and believe it preferable to That of the Editor: For the King says exprefsly, that *Hamlet* had fought *his* Life too; and that He was not fo unapprehenfive of Danger, as to be negligent in defending himfelf from it.

Page 443.

*Sith you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That He, which hath your noble Father slain,
Pursued my Life.*

And pag. 444.

----- *You must not think
That We are made of Stuff fo flat and dull,
That We can let our Beard be shook with Danger,
And think it Pastime.*

LXXXIV. Ibid. Page 444.

And that I hope will teach you to imagine -----
Enter Messenger.

Omission
supply'd.

[]

Mess. *These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.*

King. *From Hamlet? who brought them?*

The King, as the Text here ftands, had no other way of knowing that his Letter was from *Hamlet*, than by knowing his Character upon the Superfcription. And he had very little Reason to credit the Similitude of the Hand, or to expect a Salutation from *Hamlet*; whom, he knew well, he had difpatch'd away for *England*, with an abfolute Order for his Execution as foon as ever He fhould fet Footing there. The fecond *Folio* Edition, I think, fets right this Passage, by a fmall Addition, which, tho' it fhould have no earlier Authority from the Prefs, we have no Reason but to think came from the Poet's own Hand.

R 2

And

And That, I hope, will teach you to imagine -----

Enter Messenger.

How now? what News?

Mess. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet*.

These to your Majesty: This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? *Who brought them?*

Now here the King asks the Question, as he naturally might, with a Surprise, and a reasonable Distrust, Circumstances considered, that he could have any Letter from *Hamlet*: And, perhaps, the Pointing would be juster, if the first *Interrogation* was turn'd into a Note of *Admiration*.

King. From *Hamlet*! ---- *Who brought them?*

LXXXV. Ibid. Page 445.

False Printing.

----- *I will work him*

To an Exploit now ripe in my devise,

Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:

It must be restor'd, as all the Editions have it;

----- *I will work him*

To an Exploit now ripe in my Device,

Under &c.

To *devise*, the *Verb*, is written with an *s*; but the *Substantive* from it always with a *c*.

LXXXVI.

----- He made Confession of You,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence;
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out 'twould be a FIGHT indeed,
If one could match you.

*Various
Reading.*

All the Editions, that I have seen, except the *Duodecimo* published by Mr. Tonson in 1714, with a small Variation in the Pointing, read this Passage thus;

----- He made Confession of You,
And gave You such a masterly Report
For Art and Exercise in your Defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'Twould be a SIGHT indeed,
If One could match You.

LXXXVII. Ibid.

The *Quarto* Edition of 1637, has an Addition immediately following the last quoted Passage, which has been inserted in the *Quarto* of 1730, and Mr. HUGHs's Impression; and which, if an Interpolation by the Players, has such a Resemblance of SHAKESPEARE, and exaggerates the Description of *Laertes's* Excellence at the Sword so aptly, that I think it may be given to our Author without any Injury.

*Omission
supply'd.*

That

*That he cry'd out, 'Twould be a Sight indeed,
If One could match You. The * SCRIMERS of their Nation,
He fwore, had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,
If You oppos'd them. Sir, this Report of his, &c.*

The two latter Editions, which, as I said, have inserted this Addition, instead of *Scrimers* substitute *Fencers*. Perhaps, they might understand the *first* Term, (but thought it too obsolete to be retained;) for the Alteration is just and pertinent to the Sense. SHAKESPEARE, I am well satisfied, knew the Propriety of the old Word, and its Derivation. I think, his Acquaintance with the *Italian* Tongue neither has been, nor can be, disputed; as he has founded so many of his *Plots* on *Italian* Novels, and so often scatters Remnants of *that* 'Tongue thro' his Plays.

LXXXVIII. Ibid. Page 447.

*And then this should is like a Spend-thrift's sigh
That hurts by easing;*

False Printing.

I look upon this to be a slight Error of the *Press* and *Revisal*: For how does a *Spendthrift's* Sigh hurt more than any *other* Body's? All the Editions that I have seen, which insert this Passage, concur in reading it, as undoubtedly it ought to be;

*And then this should is like a spend-thrift Sigh,
That hurts by easing.*

* *Scrimmer* is properly a Gladiator, Fencer, or One that stands on his Guard. SKINNER'S Etymolog. (in the Word, *Skirmish*;) gives us a Number of Derivations of it, but All cent'ring in the same Point. Among the rest, he tells Us, that the Ars Gladiatoria, or Science of Defence, was call'd by the DUTCH, *Scher*; by the ITALIANS, *Scherma* and *Scrima*; and by the FRENCH, *Escrime*: As the ANGLO-SAXONS of Old used to call a Fencer or Swordsman, *Scrimbre*; which (the b being left out, and a small Metathesis made in the Letters of the last Syllable;) is the very Word used by our Author.

LXXXIX. Ibid.

----- He being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils ; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A sword UNBATED, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Conjectural
Emendation.

We meet this Word again, afterwards, in pag. 468.

The treach'rous Instrument is in thy hand,
UNBATED and envenom'd.

The Generality of the Editions consent in reading, as the Derivation of the Word seems to require, UNBAITED. But still, I must confess, I want to be taught how *unbaited* comes to signify *baited*? *An* is a negative Particle (equivalent to the ἀνεῦ of the Greeks ;) which is prefixed to Thousands of English Words, and always deprives them of their native Sense, making them signify the direct contrary. And whenever it is so prefixed, I don't know an Instance either in our Poet, in SPENCER, or in CHAUCER, that the compound Word signifies what the simple Word did before it was annexed. If I am not mistaken in this Observation, or it has not its particular Exceptions to which I am a Stranger, perhaps, we may with a very slight Change set our two Passages right. Why might not the Poet write,

A Sword IMBAITED,-----

And so in the other Passage,

IMBAITED and envenom'd,-----

To imbait, is exactly what the Latines express by their *inescare*, or *escâ illinere* ; and we have a Multitude of Words, in our own Idiom,

Idiom, compounded in the self same Manner; as, *imbargo, imbark, imbaise, imbattle, imbellish, imbezzle, imbibe, imbody, imbolden, imboss, imbowel, imbroid, imbrue, imbue, imburse, immerge, immit, immolate, immure, impact, impair, impale*: Cum multis aliis, &c.

Occasional
Conjecture.

I can remember but a single Passage, in all the Works of SHAKESPEARE, where a Word, with the Particle *un* prefixed to it, should seem to signify the same Thing as the *simple* Word would do; and even there I violently suspect the present Reading. It is in his King JOHN, pag. 151. where Lady CONSTANCE advises the Dauphin of France not to sacrifice his Oath and Conscience to the Temptations of a young fair Bride. Her Words are these;

Lewis, stand fast; the Devil tempts thee here
In Likeness of a new UNTRIMMED Bride.

I cannot conceive what the Poet is supposed to mean here by *untrimm'd*, unless its opposite, as I take it, in Sense, *trim*; i. e. neat, spruce, fine. But I cannot admit it, without some Proof for Conviction, to carry that Signification. Again, there is no Room surely to imagine that the Poet intends to compare the Lady BLANCH, as *unmarried*, to a Vessel wanting either the Proportion of her Ballast or Rigging, or not being *complete in her Trim*, as the Sea-phrase is; and therefore calls her *untrimmed*. This would be a remote *Allusion* with a Vengeance; and, especially, when it is put in the Mouth of a Woman too.

First
Conjecture.

As I profess my self to have suspected the Passage, so I endeavour'd as far as an unsupported Conjecture, or two, would go, to reconcile it to an intelligible Meaning. I say, a Conjecture or two, for which I have no Warrant or Assistance from the Copies; and therefore I shall urge them barely as such, and leave them to be embraced, or renounced, at Pleasure. If it did not depart too widely from the present Text, to make such a Correction reasonable, it is not impossible but the Poet might have wrote;

----- the Devil tempts thee here
In Likeness of a new UNTAMED Bride.

i. e. a *Virgin-Bride*; a Bride yet *unbedded*. I cannot, indeed, recollect any Instance, in which the Poet has ever taken the Liberty of using this *Epithet* in that *metaphorical* Sense: But it is a Sense, in which I am sure he may be born out, and justified, by the Usage of other Languages. An *untamed Bride* exactly amounts to what the *Latines* call'd *Virgo indomita*; which I believe they borrow'd from the *παρθένος ἀδάμωτος* of the *Greeks*; that is, a Bride *untasted, unenjoy'd*. And it will be no new Doctrine, to say, that Temptation and Desire are generally heighten'd in Men by that Circumstance.

But I observe that *trim* is used as an *Epithet* by our Author, to signify not only *neat, spruce, &c.* but *substantively* too, for a peculiar Quaintness and Elegance of Habit.

So in the *First Part* of *HENRY IV.* pag. 200.

*When I was dry with Rage, and extream Toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat, TRIMLY dress'd;
Fresh as a Bridegroom, &c.*

So in *CRMBELINE.* pag. 181.

----- and forget
*Your labour some and dainty TRIMS, with which
You made great Juno angry.*

And he employs it besides to signify personal Beauty, and the Hue and Brightness of Colours. So in his *Poem* of *VENUS* and *ADONIS*, pag. 41.

*The Flow'rs are sweet, their Colours fresh and TRIM,
But true sweet Beauty liv'd, and dy'd, in Him.*

It is not improbable therefore, that the Passage before us ought to be restor'd thus; *Second Con-
jecture.*

*Lewis, stand fast; the Devil tempts thee here
In Likeness of a new BETRIMMED Bride.*

i. e. adorn'd, and deck'd with Charms. It is familiar with our Poet to use the word *betrim* in these Senses; and it is certainly of Saxon Derivation; among whom *getrymmed* signified *neat, fine, finished, &c.* The Transmutation of *g* into *b* was customary in Words of Saxon Original; as *gewarian*, to *beware*; *geleafan*, to *believe*, &c. Of which Changes, thro' all the Letters of the Alphabet, SKINNER has discours'd at large in his *Prolegomena Etymologica*.

Third
Conjecture.

But if *betrimmed* may seem to any to depart too far from the Traces of the Text, as it now stands, I'll propose another Correction, that requires but a very minute Change, and comes up to the Sense of the former; As,

*Lewis, stand fast; the Devil tempts thee here
In Likeness of a new AND TRIMMED Bride.*

i. e. of a new Bride, and one, as I said before, deck'd with all the Charms of personal Beauty.

I have hinted above, that I remember'd but a single Passage in our Author, where a Word, with the Particle *un* prefixed to it, should seem to signify the same Thing as the *simple* Word would do: But I find since, there are some other Instances of this kind; One, at least, in which *Shakespeare* is countenanc'd by the Usage of other Writers: Some, in which his present Reading is certainly to be disputed, and therefore ought to be corrected. See King HENRY VIII. pag. 487.

----- *for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, &c.*

'Tis evident here, that *unloos'd* signifies *loos'd*; and so we find it used by other Writers. To go no farther for Authorities than the Translation of our New Testament, there is a Passage where, in three of the *Evangelists*, the Word *unloos'd* is made to mean *loosed*; --- *Whose Shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose, &c.* This Term therefore, without any more ado, must be admitted equivocal

equivocal in its Signification. But let us try our Author upon another doubtful Passage, and then I have done with this Remark. I observe he uses the Term, to *bonnet*, in the Sense of ---- to *pull off the Cap to*.

CORIOLANUS, pag. 130.

He hath deserv'd worthily of his Country; and his Ascent is not by such easy Degrees as Those who have been supple and courteous to the People, bonnetted without any further Deed to heave them at all into their Estimation and Report.

i. e. that have won the People's Hearts, only by Submission, and pulling off the Hat to them. Now as *bonnetted* here manifestly signifies *pulling off* the Hat; so, on the other hand, if you can believe our Author's Text, *unbonnetted* is in another place employ'd to mean *having the Hat on*.

OTHELLO, pag. 482.

----- *I fetch Life and Being
From Men of royal Siege; and my Demerits
May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune,
As This that I have reach'd.*

Will any Body pretend that the Idiom of our Tongue can admit *unbonnetted* here to intend, *with the Hat on*, as the Sense of the Place necessarily requires? I cannot help saying with HORACE,

----- *Credat Judæus apella,
Non ego. -----*

Occasional
Emendation.

In short; I dare affirm, the Press, or the Transcribers, have palm'd a Reading upon the Author contrary to his Intention. I am of Opinion, that, to *bonnet*, is equivocal, and signifies, as the Context may require, either to *pull off*, or *put on*, the Hat; but that, to *unbonnet*, is always to *pull it off*. I make no Scruple, therefore, but that the Author wrote thus;

The Examination and Correction

----- *I fetch Life and Being*
From Men of royal Siege; and my Demerits
May speak, and bonnetted, to as proud a Fortune,
As This that I have reach'd.

i. e. may speak with the Hat on, without shewing any Degrees of Deference, or Inequality to: Which small Alteration restores us the plain Sense of the Poet.

XC. Act 5. Scene 1. Page 450.

Correction,
 from Various
 Reading.

For here lies the point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches. It is AN ACT TO DO, and TO PERFORM, argal, &c.

Very notably made out! If an Act has *Three* Branches, as the honest Clown here defines it to have, it would puzzle a good Arithmetician to find them out from this Reading. 'Tis true, the *Folio* Editions exhibit it thus; and so, indeed, does the *Duodecimo* Edition publish'd by Mr. Tonson in 1714. But, surely, to *do*, and to *perform*, can be but two Branches; and if we admit This for the true Reading, then we ought to correct the Passage: --- *And an Act hath Two Branches; it is an Act to do, and to perform.* But the *Quarto* Edition of 1637, I believe, will instruct Us to read the Place exactly as the Poet intended it.

For here lies the Point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches; it is, --- to ACT, --- to DO, --- and to PERFORM, --- argal, &c.

XCI. Act 5. Scene 2. Page 456.

False Printing.

----- *What is that they follow,*
And with such maimed RIGHTS?

The Church-Ceremonies, that are ordered either in Marriages or Funerals, are always written *Rites*, (from *Ritus*, in the *Latine*;) and not *Rights*. Correct therefore,

---- *What*

----- What is That they follow,
And with such maimed RITES?

The same literal Mistake, I find, is made in the *TEMPEST*,
pag. 55.

If Thou dost break her Virgin Knot, before
All sanctimonious Ceremonies may
With full and holy RIGHT be minister'd, &c.

Occasional
Correction.

Where, likewise it must be restor'd, RITE. And so Mr. Pope
at other times takes care to spell this Word; as thrice in this
very Play of *Hamlet*.

Page 442.

No noble RITE, nor formal Ostentation,

And, pag. 457.

Yet here She is allowed her Virgin RITES,

And again, pag. 471.

----- And for his Passage,
The Soldier's Musick, and the RITES of War,
Speak loudly for him. -----

And so in *ROMEO and JULIET*, pag. 274.

If that thy Bent of Love be honourable,
Thy Purpose Marriage, send me Word to morrow,
By One that I'll procure to come to Thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the RITE.

And in many other Places.

XCII. Act 5. Scene 3. Page 461.

Various
Reading.

Horat. ----- How was this seal'd?

Hamlet. Why ev'n in that was Heaven ORDINATE.

So the *Folio* Editions write this Passage with the *Editor*; and so I find, Mr. T O N S O N's *Duodecimo*, so often mention'd, likewise exhibits it. But why a *Passive* Participle here, when the Sense, I think, plainly requires an *Active*? *Ordinate*, must signify order'd, directed, agreed to; not ordering, directing, concurring with, as the Poet's Meaning seems to demand. My *Quarto* Editions, which are follow'd by Mr. H U G H S in his *Impression*, read, as I verily believe the Passage ought to be restor'd.

Horat. ----- How was This seal'd?

Hamlet. Why ev'n in That was Heaven ORDINANT.

XCIII. Ibid.

Omission
supply'd.

Horat. So Guildenstjerne and Rosencraus go to't.

Hamlet. []

*They are not near my Conscience; their Defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow.*

The second *Folio* Edition begins Hamlet's Speech with a Verse, which we have no Reason to believe is not SHAKESPEARE's; and which, I think, is very essential to explain the two Verses that follow it. I don't know whether Mr. P O P E suspected, or overlook'd it; but, I am sure, it may be restor'd without any Detriment.

Horat. So Guildenstern and Rosencraus go to't.

Hamlet. Why, Man, they did make Love to this Employment:

*They are not near my Conscience; their Defeat
Doth by their own Insinuation grow.*

XCIV. Act 5. Scene 4. Page 464.

Ham. *It is but Foolery ; but it is such a kind of Game-giving as would perhaps trouble a Woman.*

Various Reading restored, and explained.

Hor. *If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.*

I do not know whether the Editor designed this Reading, which, I find, possesses some of the Editions besides ; or whether it be a literal Error of the Press only. I must own, I am at a Loss to understand the Meaning of *Game-giving*. The *Quarto* Edition of 1703, and Mr. Hughs agree in reading, *But it is such a kind of boding, &c.* 'Tis certain, they express the Author's Sense exactly in this Word ; but they have put a Change upon him, for Want of understanding his Original. The second *Folio* Edition reads the Passage, as it ought to be restor'd ;

It is but Foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a Woman.

To *Gain-give*, is to *distrust*, or, as we more vulgarly express it, to *misgive*. It is of *Saxon* Derivation, among whom *gean* signified *against* ; and so we at this day use *gain-say*, to imply *contradict*, say *against*.

XCV. Act 5. Scene 5. Page 466.

*And in the Cup an ONYX shall be throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have wore.*

Various Reading restor'd, and asserted.

So again, pag. 468.

Drink off this potion : is the ONYX here ?

I find

The Examination and Correction

I find, this Reading possesses several of the Editions, and even That of the accurate Mr. *HUGHS*. I don't know upon what Authority it first obtain'd; but it seems evident to Me, whoever introduced it, did not mind to expound the Author by himself; which is the surest Means of coming at the Truth of his Text. The second *Folio* Edition has it in both places.

*And in the Cup an UNION shall be throw,
Richer than That, &c.*

And so in the second Passage;

Drink off this Potion; Is thy UNION here?

Mr. *Pope*, indeed, takes Notice of this as a Various Reading, but in Both places substitutes *Onyx*. I am clearly for the *Union* being restor'd; and shall submit my Reasons for it to Judgment. An *Onyx*, as we may find from *PLINY* and the other *Naturalists*, was a small Stone-Gemm; and was likewise a coarser Species of *lucid* Stone, of which they made both Columns and Pavements for Ornament. An *Union* is a fine Sort of *Pearles*, so call'd, either because they are found *single*, or because they resemble an *Onion* in Shape, &c. But the Etymology of the Name is of no Consequence here. I'll transcribe the King's whole Speech, by which it will appear for what, and upon what Terms, he promises to throw a Jewel into the Cup; and after that Another short Speech, from which I believe it will be apparent, that *Union* ought to be restor'd instead of *Onyx*.

*Set me the Stoops of Wine upon that Table:
If Hamlet give the first or second Hit,
Or quit in Answer of the third Exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ord'nance fire:
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better Breath;
And in the Cup an Onyx shall be throw,*

Richer

of the Tragedy of HAMLET.

129

*Richer than That which four successive Kings
In Denmark's Crown have worn.*

Well; *Hamlet* and *Laertes* immediately fall to play with the Foils; *Hamlet* gives *Laertes* the first Hit; and the King thereupon, in Performance of his Promise, says;

*Stay, give me Drink: Hamlet, this PEARL, is thine;
Here's to thy Health; give him the Cup.*

Now if an *Union* be a Species of *Pearl*, as it certainly is; and if an *Onyx* be a transparent Gemm, quite differing in its Nature from *Pearls*; the King saying that *Hamlet* has earn'd the Pearl, I think, amounts to a Demonstration, that it was an *Union-pearl* he meant to throw into the Cup; and that therefore, as I said before, *Union* ought to be restor'd into the Poet's Text; and *Onyx* casheer'd as a spurious Reading. Besides, if I am not mistaken, neither the *Onyx*, nor *Sardonyx*, are Jewels, which ever found Place in an Imperial Crown.

XCVI. Act 5. Scene 6. Page 470.

----- *Oh proud death!*

*What feast is tow'rd in thine ETERNAL Cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily ha'st strook?*

*Various
Reading.*

I can see no great Propriety here in this Epithet of *eternal*; nor does it communicate any Image suitable to the Circumstance of the Havock, that *Fortinbras* looks on, and would represent in a Light of Horror. He, upon the Sight of so many dead Bodies, exclaims against Death, as an execrable, riotous Destroyer; and as preparing to make a savage and hellish Feast. The *Quarto* Edition of 1637 seems to give us an Epithet more forcible, and peculiar to this Scene of Action.

The Examination and Correction

----- *O proud Death!*

*What Feast is tow'rd in thine INFERNAL Cell,
That Thou so many Princes at a Shot
So bloodily ha'st strook?*

XCVII. Ibid. Page 471.

Correction,
from Various
Reading.

Fortinb. ----- *Let four captains*

Bear Hamlet like a soldier OFF the stage;

As Errors made their Appearance very early in this Play, so they keep their Ground to the very Close of it. Why *bear Hamlet OFF the Stage?* I meet with this Reading no where but in the fourth Folio Edition; and in the *Duodecimo* publish'd by Mr. TONSON, which does not much out-do the Other in Correctness. Surely, *Fortinbras* cannot be supposed to consider either himself, or *Hamlet*, here, as *Actors* before an *Audience*; and upon the *Stage* of a Theatre. The Poet must very strangely forget himself, to be guilty of such an Absurdity: But I dare say, he may be clear'd from a Suspicion of it. In short, the Case is This: *Hamlet*, upon the Point of Death, conjures *Horatio*, who was desirous to have poison'd himself, to relinquish those Thoughts, and to live, and by a true Representation of Occurrences, rescue *his* Character and Memory from Scandal.

Page 469.

*Oh, good Horatio, what a wounded Name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind Me!
If Thou did'st ever hold me in thy Heart,
Absent thee from Felicity awhile,
And in this harsh World draw thy Breath in Pain,
To tell my Tale.*

Horatio,

Horatio, in Obedience to this Command, desires *Fortinbras* will order, that the dead Bodies may be placed on a *publick Stage*, or Scaffold, and he will speak to the Business of their disastrous Deaths.

Page 470.

----- Give Order that these Bodies
High ON A STAGE be placed to the View,
And let Me speak to th' yet unknowing World
How these Things came about.

Nay, and he desires that This may be done with al possible Dispatch, lest, thro' a Delay, any farther accidental Mischief might intervene.

Page 471.

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Ev'n while * Mens Minds are wild, least more Mischance
On Plots and Errors happen.

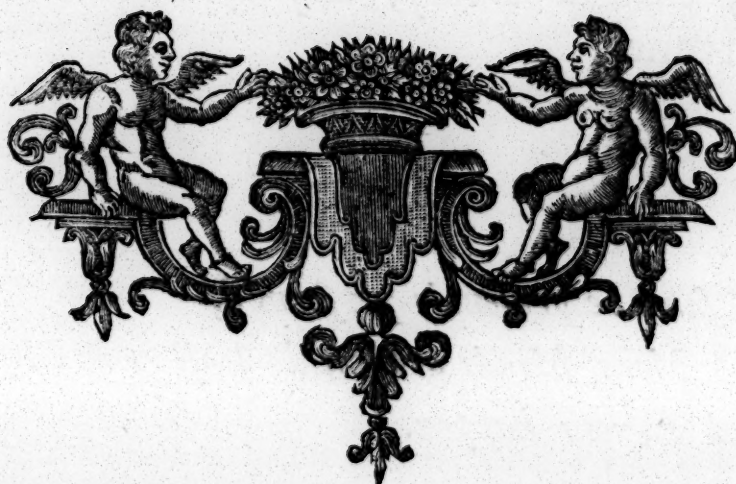
Fortinbras likes the Proposal, expresses himself in Haste to hear what *Horatio* has to say ; and is for convening the Noblest Persons of the State to the Audience of it. There is no doubt, therefore, but we ought to restore this Passage, as all the better Editions have it ;

It is in Mr. Pope's Edition, by a Fault of the Press, men minds.

Fortinb. - - - - - *Let four Captains*

Bear Hamlet like a Soldier TO the Stage;

that is, to the Stage, or Scaffold, from whence Horatio desired to explain the casual and plotted Calamities, that had befall'n them in the Persons of their Princes.



THE



T H E A P P E N D I X.



THE Examination of this single Play has drove out into such a Length, that I am almost afraid to think of an *Appendix* to it. But I have tied my self down by express Engagement, at my setting out; and I am satisfied, unless an Author acquits himself very badly, the Publick never care to bate him his Promises. I undertook, I think, boldly to prove, That, whatever Errors occur'd in HAMLET, Errors of the same Sorts should be found in the other Plays, throughout all the Volumes. 'Tis evident, the *Faults* of that Play have branched out into many *Classes*: And I have an ample Stock of Matter before Me, to make good my Assertion upon every individual *Species*.

As this is but a *Specimen*, I shall be excused from pointing out those innumerable *literal* Faults of the Press, which every Reader can correct, that does but throw his Eye over the Passages. As to the Faults of *Pointing* too, I shall confine my self to remark on Such only, in which the Sense is palpably injured; in which the *Editor* has followed the old printed Copies, and in which he has either not seem'd to suspect a Fault, or not understood how to rectify it.

The Design of this Work was an honest Endeavour to restore SHAKESPEARE from the Corruptions, that have taken Place in all his Editions: And, to this End, I gave it as my Opinion, that an *Editor* of Him, ought to be a *Critick* upon him too. The Want of *Originals* reduces us to a Necessity of *guessing*, in order to amend him; but these Guesses change into Something of a more *substantial* Nature, when they are tolerably supported by *Reason* or *Authorities*. There is certainly a Degree of Merit in a good Conjecture; tho' it be not so thoroughly satisfactory and convincing, as the Party, who advances it, flatters himself it must be. This calls to my Mind a Sentiment in an old *Latin* Verse, though I do not remember at present to what Author we owe it;

Benè qui conjiciet, Vatem hunc perhibebo optimum.

I am far from entertaining so vain an Hope, that every Conjecture, which I have ventur'd to make, shall be followed with the Concurrence and Applause of the Readers: But I may dare to assert, Some of them are so well-grounded and certain, that They renew in Me a Wish, that Mr. POPE had propos'd to himself to enter upon this Province. This would naturally have led him to weigh every Line of his Author with that Care and Judgment, that, I believe, *Then* he would have *retracted* some few of those Conjectures which he has made; and in which he seems to have err'd, either from Want of duly considering the Poet, or of a competent Knowledge of the Stage. The Cause of SHAKESPEARE is here engaged, and the Restitution of Him concern'd; and therefore I must beg Mr. POPE's Pardon for contradicting Some of his Conjectures, in which he has mistaken the Meaning of

our

our Author. No other Cause, but This, should provoke me to run so bold a Risque; and if I have the ill Fortune to deceive my self in the Attempt, I shall willingly submit to own my self, (as HAMLET says to LAERTES,) *his Foil in my Ignorance*.

The exceptionable Conjectures of the Editor, I think, may be ranged under these Heads; as, where he has substituted a *fresh Reading*, and there was no Occasion to depart from the Poet's Text; where he has maim'd the Author by an unadvis'd *Degradation*; where he has made a *bad Choice* in a *Various Reading*, and degraded the better Word; and where he, by *mistaking* the *Gloss* of any Word, has given a wrong Turn to the Poet's Sense and Meaning.

Of the first Species of These I shall produce but a single Instance, because my Defence of the Poet will take up some Room: But, I am in hopes, the Novelty of the Subject, and the Variety of the Matter, will make it not appear too tedious. The Passage, upon which I make my Observation, is This:

New Reading
disputed, and
Text defended.
* Vid. infra.

I. TROILUS and CRESSIDA, p. 42.

Paris and Troilus, you have Both said well:

* And on the Cause and Question now in hand

Have gloss'd but superficially; not much

Unlike Young Men, whom GRAVER SAGES think

Unfit to hear moral Philosophy.

† Page 22.

The EDITOR, I remember, in his Preface, † speaking of the Method taken in his Edition, tells us that *the Various Readings are fairly put in the Margin, so that every one may compare them; and those he has preferr'd into the Text are CONSTANTLY ex fide Codicum, upon Authority*. I heartily beg the Pardon of this Gentleman, if, thro' Ignorance, I shall assert a Falshood here, in being bold to say, that This may be call'd an Exception to his Rule; that *Graver Sages* is preferr'd into the Text without any Authority, and that all the printed Copies read the Passage thus;

----- not much

Unlike Young Men, whom ARISTOTLE thought

Unfit to hear moral Philosophy.

Anachronism
consider'd.

'Tis certain, indeed, that *Aristotle* was at least 800 Years subsequent in Time to *Hector*; and therefore the Poet makes a remarkable Innovation upon Chronology. But Mr. POPE will have this to be One of those palpable Blunders, which the Illiteracy of the first Publishers of his Works has father'd upon the Poet's Memory, and is of Opinion that it could not be of our Author's penning; *it not being at all credible, that these could be the Errors of any Man who had the least Tincture of a School, or the least Conversation with such as had.* 'Tis

* Pref. Page
14.

for this Reason, and to shelter our Author from such an Absurdity, that the Editor has expung'd the Name of ARISTOTLE, and substituted in its place *graver Sages*. But, with Submission, even herein he has made at best but half a Cure. If the Poet must be fetter'd down strictly to the Chronology of Things, it is every whit as absurd for *Hector*, to talk of PHILOSOPHY, as for him to talk of *Aristotle*. We have sufficient Proofs, † that *Pythagoras* was the first who invented the Word *Philosophy*, and call'd himself *Philosopher*: And he was near 600 Years after the Date of *Hector*, even from his beginning to flourish. 'Tis true, the Thing, which we now understand by *Philosophy*, was then known; but it was only till then call'd *Knowledge* and *Wisdom*. But to dismiss this Point; I believe this Anachronism of our Poet, (and, perhaps, all the Others that he is guilty of,) was the Effect of Poetick Licence in him, rather than Ignorance.

† Diogenes La-
ertius, and Ci-
cero, from He-
raclides Ponti-
cus; Iambli-
chus, in the Life
of Pythagoras,
etc.

Anachronisms
familiar with
Shakespeare.

* Troilus, Page
51.

† Strabo, Au-
lus Gellius, etc.

‡ Page 120.

§ Page 123.

It has been very familiar with the Poets, of the Stage especially, upon a Supposition that their Audience were not so exactly inform'd in Chronology, to anticipate the Mention of Persons and Things, before either the first were born, or the latter thought of. SHAKESPEARE again, in the same Play * compares the Nerves of AJAX with those of bull-bearing MILO of Crotona, who was not in Being till 600 Years after that Greek; and was a Disciple of *Pythagoras* †. Again, *Pandarus*, at the Conclusion of the Play, ‡ talks of a *Winchester-Goose*: Indeed, it is in an Address to the Audience; and then there may be an Allowance, and greater Latitude for going out of Character. Again, in § CORIOLANUS, *Menenius* talks of *Galen*, who was not born till the second Century of the Christian Era: And

And the very Hero of that Play talks of the Grievance that he must sloop to, in begging Voices of *Dick* and *Hob**: Names which I dare say the *Editor* does not imagine, that SHAKESPEARE believ'd were ever heard of by that *Roman*. From his many Plays founded on our *English* Annals, and the many Points of History accurately transmitted down in them, I suppose it must be confess'd that he was intimately versed in that Part of Reading: Yet, in his King *LEAR*, he has ventur'd to make † *Edgar* talk of the *Curfew*, a Thing not known in *Britain*, till the *Norman* Invasion: In his King *JOHN* he above fifty times mentions *Cannons*, tho' *Gunpowder* was not invented till above a Century and an half after the Death of that Monarch; and what is yet more singular, (as he could not be a Stranger to the Date of a remarkable Man, who liv'd so near his own Time;) twice in the Story of *Henry VI.* he makes Mention of *Machiavel* as a subtle Politician: Tho', 'tis very well known, He was chief Counsellor to the wicked *Cesar Borgia*, and a Favourite to the Popes *Leo X.* and *Clement VII.* the latter of whom did not come to the Papal Chair till the 15th Year of K. *Henry VIII.*

* Page 139.

† Page 62.

All these Transgressions in Time therefore, as I said before, are Liberties taken knowingly by the Poet; and not Absurdities flowing from his Ignorance. There is one Passage, I remember, in our Author, in which, if I am not mistaken, he may be presum'd to sneer at his own Licentiousness in these Points. It is in his *LEAR*: The King's Fool pronounces a sort of Dogrel Prophecy; and as soon as he has finish'd it, cries, ‡ *This Prophecy Merlin shall make; for I do live before his time.*

‡ Page 58.

Nor have these Liberties been taken alone by SHAKESPEARE among our own Poets: In the *Humorous Lieutenant* of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, all the Characters of which Play are the immediate Successors of *Alexander the Great*: *Demetrius*, Prince of *Macedon*, comes out of his Chamber with a *Pistol* in his Hand, above 1500 Years before *Fire-Arms* were ever thought of. So, in the *Oedipus* of DRYDEN and LEE, there is a Mention of the *Machines* in the *Theatre at Athens*; tho' neither *Plays*, nor *Theatres*, were so much as known to the World till above 500 Years after that Prince's Days. And yet I dare say, neither *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* ever supposed, or thought to make their Audiences believe, that *Pistols* were used in *Demetrius's* Time; nor were *Dryden* and *Lee* so ignorant in Dramatical Chronology, as to suppose *Tragedy* of as early a Date as *Oedipus*.

But that the Poets of our own Nation may be justified in these Liberties by Examples of the Antients, I'll throw in a few Instances of the like sort from their Predecessors in the Art at *Greece*. The Great SOPHOCLES, in his *Electra*, supposes that *Orestes* was thrown from his Chariot, and kill'd, at the *Pythian Games*; which Games, as the Scholiast tells us, were not instituted till 600 Years afterwards by *Triptolemus*. And frequent Instances occur in *Athenæus*, that shew, beyond Exception, how free the Comick Poets made with Chronology. ALEXIS, in his Comedy call'd *Hesione*, introduces *Hercules* drinking out of a *Thericlean Cup*: Now this was a Species of Cups, invented by *Thericles* a *Corinthian* Potter, who was Contemporary with *Aristophanes*, above 800 Years after the Period of *Hercules*. ANAXANDRIDES, in his *Protesilaus*, a Hero that was kill'd by *Hector*, brings in *Hercules* again, and talks of *Iphicrates* the *Athenian* General, and *Cotys* the *Thracian* King, both living in the Poet's own Days. And DIPHILUS, in his *Sappho*, makes *Archilochus*, and *Hippanax*, both address that poetical Lady, tho' the first was dead a Century before *She* was born; and tho' *She* was dead and rotten before the latter was born.

If these Instances of Transgression in Time may go any Way towards acquitting our Poet for the like Inconsistencies, I'll at any Time engage to strengthen them with ten Times the Number, fetch'd from the Writings of the best Poets, ancient and modern, foreign and domestick.

II. I come now to consider a *Degraded Passage*, by which I think we may safely affirm the Poet's Sense to be main'd. It may be very justly said of SHAKESPEARE's Style, as He himself says of the Web of human Life, *it is of a mingled Yarn, good and ill together*. And therefore it must be own'd, Mr. POPE has very often with great Judgment thrown out of the Text such low Trash, as is unworthy of the Poet's Character, and must disgust a Reader who is desirous to be pleas'd. But if unhappily some of his mean Conceits are so intermingled either with the Business, or the Sense of the Context, that they cannot be rejected without leaving an Imperfection, there we must dispense with them; and content ourselves to be sorry for the Levity of the Author's Pen, or the Vice of the Times that forc'd him to bring in such bald Witticisms. Let us now examine the *Editor's* Rule in making these *Degradations*. Some suspected Passages, says He, ‡ which are excessively bad, (and which seem Interpolations, by being so inserted that one can intirely omit them without any Chasm or Deficiency in the Context,) are degraded to the Bottom of the Page; with an Asterisk referring

Degraded Page restor'd.

‡ Pref. Page 22.

The APPENDIX.

to the Places of their Insertion. I am afraid, all the degraded Passages are not thrown out with that due Care, but that there is left an actual Deficiency in the Context for want of their Insertion. As for Example;

In TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 87. *Antenor* the Trojan, a Prisoner to the Greeks, being agreed to be exchange'd for *Cressida* the Daughter of *Calchas*, *Diomedes* is sent from the Greeks to bring her from Troy; and upon her Arrival at the Grecian Camp with him, she receives a Welcome from the Princes.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressida?

Diom. ----- Ev'n She.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet Lady. *

Diom. Lady, a Word, --- I'll bring you to your Father.

Nest. A Woman of quick Sense.

[Diomedes leads out Cressida, then returns.]

If I am not deceiv'd, no less than Three Blunders are committed in this Scene on Account of *Cressida*. To set them right methodically, we must go back to the Beginning of the Scene, and examine the Parties entering.

Page 86. Scene VIII.

The GRECIAN Camp.

Enter Ajax arm'd, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, CALCHAS, &c.

Now here the Editor, for want of due Care, runs into an Error with the printed Copies. If *Diomedes* leads *Cressida* off, as the Poet certainly means he should, in order to deliver her up to her Father, 'tis plain, as the Sun at Noon-day, that *Calchas* cannot be supposed upon the Stage: His Name therefore must be expung'd from among the Names of Those that are said to enter.

In the second Place, is it not very absurd for *Diomedes* to bring her on where so many Princes are present, and preparing to give her a Welcome, and then to lead her off abruptly, so soon as ever *Agamemnon* has said a single Line to her? But it is still more absurd, when *Cressida* is made to be led off without uttering one single Syllable, for *NESTOR* to observe, that *She is a Woman of quick Sense*; as if she had said several witty Things. The Truth is, in the old Copies, *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, and *Menelaus*, all kiss *Cressida*; and, after the Line at which the Asterisk is plac'd, there follows the Quantity of a Page of Repartee betwixt *Menelaus*, *Patroclus*, *Ulysses* and *Cressida*; in which *Cressida* bears her full Share. Indeed, the Matter of the Dialogue is but poor, and consists of Conundrums and low Conceits; yet it contains so much Raillery on the Part of *Cressida*, that there is some Colour for *Nestor* to say, *She is a Woman of quick Sense*. This Dialogue therefore, mean as it is, must be restor'd, or *Nestor's* Character of her Wit, from her saying *Nothing*, will be as extraordinary as the two Kings of *Brentford* hearing the *Whisper*, tho' they are not present, in the REHEARSAL.

And, in the third Place, *Diomedes* is said to lead out *Cressida*, and then return. Now, no Re-entry of him being mark'd in the Books, this Note, according to the Custom of the Stage, implies, that He only goes with *Cressida* to the Scene, and comes back immediately; but it is intended that he should surrender her to her Father's Hand at his Tent; which, let it have been ever so near to that of *Agamemnon*, must take up some little Space of Time; and therefore, I think, it ought to be said only thus, ---- Exit *Diomedes*, leading *Cressida*: --- and that, immediately before this Verse in Page 89.

Agam. Here is Sir *Diomedes*: Go, gentle Knight; &c.

the Re-entry of *Diomedes* ought to be mark'd: For thus above Thirty Verses are allowed for the Interval of his Absence; and the Beginning of *Agamemnon's* Speech seems to intimate, that *Diomedes* comes back, and joins them, at the very Instant he is uttering his Words.

III. But

III. But if (as in marking the Entrance of *Calchas*, when he ought not to be brought on) Mr. POPE has err'd once by following all the printed Copies, I'll produce another Instance from the same Play, in which, I think, he is as plainly mistaken by departing from the whole Set of Editions.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 12.

Pand. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of? * How do you, Cousin? When were you at Ilium?

* Good morrow Alexander, is added in all the Editions very absurdly, PARIS not being on the Stage.

This is the Note Mr. POPE has subjoin'd as his Reason for throwing those Words out of the Text. I confess, I want a better Reason, before I can think of following the Editor's private Opinion, in this Case, against the Authority of all the Impressions. I am very well persuaded, notwithstanding Paris is not on the Stage, there is no such Absurdity as Mr. Pope has suspected, but that the Words, *Good morrow, Alexander*, ---- ought to be honestly restor'd to the Poet's Text. In short, before the Entrance of *Pandarus*, *Cressid* and her Man are upon the Stage together, discoursing about *Hector's* Resentment against *Ajax*, and for what Cause. And why might not *Alexander* be the Name of *Cressid's* Man? *Paris* had no Patent, I suppose, for engrossing the Name to himself. Besides, *Pandarus* being of a busy, fiddling, insinuating Character, 'tis natural for him, as soon as he has given his Cousin the good Morrow, to pay his Civilities too to her Attendant. And to this I'll add another Observation, which falls out very unluckily for the Editor's Remark; that tho' *Paris* is, for the Generality, in HOMER call'd ALEXANDER, yet, in this Play of our Author, by any one of the Characters introduced, he is call'd Nothing but PARIS. I gave the Play a fresh Reading all through, on Purpose to confirm my self in this Observation: And it convinces me that, by *Alexander*, the Poet here intended *Cressid's* Man. Restore the Passage therefore, as all the Editions before read it;

Pand. Good morrow, Cousin Cressid: What do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander; -- How do you, Cousin? When were you at Ilium?

IV. I'll now proceed to consider a Conjecture of the Editor's, which I am very free to own is ingeniously urg'd: But there is Something more than Ingenuity requir'd, to guess for the Stage rightly. His Conjecture is grounded upon a marginal Interpolation, that had crept into the Text of some later Editions, in Dame *Quickly's* admirable Description of the Manner in which *Falstaffe* dy'd. Conjecture refuted.

K. HENRY V. Page 422.

For after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his Finger's End, I knew there was but one way; for * his nose was as sharp as a Pen.

* His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields.

These Words, and a table of green fields, are not to be found in the old Editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following Editions by a pleasant mistake of the Stage-Editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written Parts in the Play-house. A Table was here directed to be brought in, (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting,) and this Direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the Property-man in that time who furnish'd implements, &c. for the actors. A Table of Greenfield's.

So far, the Note of the EDITOR. Something more than Ingenuity is wanting, as I said before, to make these Conjectures pass current; and That is, a competent Knowledge of the Stage and its Customs. As to the History of Greenfield being then Property-Man, whether it was really so, or it be only a gratis dictum, is a Point which I shall not contend about. But allowing the marginal Direction, and supposing that a Table of Greenfield's was wanting; I positively deny that it ever was customary (or, that there can be any Occasion for it) either

either in the *Promptor's* Book, or piece-meal Parts, where any such Directions are marginally inserted for the *Properties*, or *Implements* wanted, to add the *Property-Man's* Name whose Business it was to provide them. The Stage-Necessaries are always furnish'd between the *Property-Man* and the *Scene-Keeper*; and as the Direction is for the *Promptor's* Use, and issued from him, there can be no Occasion, as I said, for inserting the Names either of the one, or the other.

But there is a stronger Objection yet against this Conjecture of the *Editor's*, in the Manner he supposes it: Which he must have foreseen, had he had that Acquaintance with Stage-Books, which it has been my Fortune to have. Surely, Mr. POPE cannot imagine, that when Implements are wanted in any Scene, the Direction for them is mark'd in the Middle of that Scene, tho' the Things are to be got ready against the Beginning of it. No; the Directions for *Entrances*, and *Properties* wanting, are always mark'd in the Book at about a Page in Quantity before the *Actors* quoted are to enter, or the *Properties* be carried on. And therefore GREENFIELD's *Table* can be of no Use to us for this Scene.

I agree, indeed, with Mr. Pope, that these Words might be a *Stage-Direction*, and so crept into the Text from the Margin: But, I insist, that they must be a Direction then for the *subsequent* Scene, and not for the Scene in *Action*. I don't care therefore if I venture my Conjecture too upon the Passage: I'll be sure at least, if it be not altogether right, it shall not be liable to the *Absurdity* of the *Objection* last struck at. I suppose, with the Editor, that over-against the Words of the Text, there might be this Marginal Quotation so close to them, that the Ignorance of the Stage-Editors might easily give them Admittance into the Text.

----- his Nose was as sharp as a
Pen.

Chairs, and a Table off. Green
Fields.

The Scene in Action is part of Dame *Quickly*, the Hostess, her House; and Chairs and Table were here necessary: The following Scene carries us into the *French* Dominions. I therefore believe This was intended as a Direction to the *Scene-Keeper*, to be ready to remove the *Chairs* and *Table* so soon as the *Actors* went off; and to shift the Scene, from the *Tavern*, to a Prospect of *green Fields*, representing Part of the *French* Territories.

But what if it should be thought proper to retract both Mr. POPE's and my own Conjecture, and to allow that these Words, corrupt as they now are, might have belong'd to the Poet's Text? I have an Edition of *Shakespeare* by Me with some Marginal Conjectures of a Gentleman sometime deceas'd, and he is of the Mind to correct this Passage thus;

for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a' talked of green Fields.

It is certainly observable of People near Death, when they are delirious by a Fever, that they talk of moving; as it is of Those in a Calenture, that they have their Heads run on green Fields. The Variation from *Table* to *talked* is not of a very great Latitude; tho' we may still come nearer to the Traces of the Letters, by restoring it thus;

----- for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a' babled of green Fields.

To *bable*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately, like Children that cannot yet talk, or dying Persons when they are losing the Use of Speech.

Conjecture disputed, and supplied.

V. The next Conjecture, which I shall produce of the *Editor's*, is likewise upon a corrupted Passage of the Author; but I am afraid his Attempt to cure it is questionable for more than one Reason.

First Part of HENRY IV. Page 211.

I am join'd with no foot-land rakers, no long-staff-sixpenny strikers, none of those mad-mustachio-purple-hued-malt worms; but with Nobility and Tranquillity; Burgomasters and great * ONE-EYERS, &c.

* Perhaps, Oneraires, Trustees or Commissioners.

I must

I must own, I am at a Loss about this Conjecture of Mr. POPE's. *Gadshil*, the Highwayman, is here boasting to the Chamberlain of the Inn, that he is in no Fear of hanging; because he is not link'd with a Gang of common little Rogues, but countenanced and born out in his Occupation by the Society of Persons of great Rank; alluding, to Prince Henry's sometimes joining with them in their Robberies. But the Prince was no *Trustee* or *Commissioner*; nor had they any such link'd with them in their Gang, as I can find any where hinted by the Poet. Nor can I, indeed, conceive how *Oneraire* comes to signify (or, by Whom besides the *Editor* it is so interpreted) *Trustees* or *Commissioners*. The Word is apparently of *French* Termination; and must have its Derivation from *Onus* of the *Latines*: And accordingly the *French* say *Nefs oneraires*, to signify *Ships of Burthen*, for *Carriage*, &c. and it is always an *Adjective*, and is only used, as I know, in those Senses. There is another *French* Word, which I think would have much more nearly serv'd Mr. POPE's Purpose, tho' not have amounted directly to his Gloss; and that is, *honoraires*, i. e. honourable Persons, Persons worthy of honour; and so *Chevaliers honoraires*, we find, were Such as were Knights by the Privilege of their Birth, and not in the Right of any Order. But I am of Opinion that not even this Word restores us the Poet's Text. For supposing SHAKESPEARE himself acquainted with the Meaning of the Term, *honoraire*; we have no Reason to think he would have put it in the Mouth of so mean a fellow as *Gadshil*: No other Part of his Dialect favours of so much Politeness, or Knowledge in Language. If I may interpose my Conjecture, I believe the Poet's Word here was One much more vulgarly known, and adopted familiarly into our Tongue; and besides, not greatly differing in the *literal* Part, and much less in the *Sound*, from the present corrupted Reading. I can't help suspecting that he wrote,

----- but with Nobility and Tranquillity; Burgomasters, and great SEIGNIORS, &c.

As I have exprest my self desirous, as often as may be, to expound the Author by himself, I espouse this my Conjecture with the more Willingness, because I find him coupling the same Terms in another of his Plays. See,

Merchant of VENICE. Page 5.

Your Mind is tossing on the Ocean,
There, where your Argosies with portly Sail,
Like SEIGNIORS and rich BURGHERS on the Flood, &c.

VI. I'll next proceed to examine a few Passages, in which, as I conceive, Mr. POPE has adopted a Various Reading for the worse, and rejected the better Term. So, in

Various Reading disputed and supplied.

CYMBELINE, Page 197.

----- I do note,
That Grief and Patience, rooted in him Both,
Mingle their * POW'RS together.

* Spurs.

I must own, I cannot tell for what Reason, unless he did not remember the Signification of the Term, Mr. POPE has degraded *Spurs* here, and substituted *Powers* in its Place. I am sure, there is much greater Consonancy of the Metaphors, in *rooted* and *Spurs*; than in *rooted* and *Powers*. For *Spurs* do not only signify those sharp Irons which we wear at our Heels to make a Horse mend his Pace; and those horny Substances upon a Cock's Legs, with which he wounds his Antagonist in fighting; but likewise the *Fibres*, or *Strings*, which shoot out from the Roots of *Plants* and *Trees*, and give them a Fixure and Firmness in the Earth. Neither *Skinner*, *Cotgrave*, nor *Baily*, remember to mention the Word in this Sense; but SHAKESPEARE knew the Propriety of the Term, and, as Mr. POPE might have observed, has used it in this Signification in his very first Play.

The TEMPEST, Page 66.

----- *The strong-bas'd Promontory*
Have I made shake; and by the SPURS pluck'd up
The Pine and Cedar.

I think This therefore a sufficient Authority to restore this Term in the Passage now before us, as the most proper, and expressive of the Poet's Meaning.

The Like.

VII. K. LEAR. Page 47.

----- *Strike her young Bones,*
 † INFECTING *Airs, with Lameness*
 † *You taking Airs.*

Here again, I think, the *Editor* has espoused the worse Reading, and degraded a Term, that has the Authority of most of the Copies, as well as is peculiar to the Author's Sense, and frequently used by him to signify, *blasting, bewitching, &c.*

So, afterwards, in the very Play before us, Page 61.

Edg. *Bless thee from Whirlwinds, Star-blasting, and TAKING!*

So, in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Page 300.

And there he blasts the Tree, and TAKES the Cattle.

And so in HAMLET, Page 351.

The Nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy TAKES, -----

And in several other Places: From which it is plain, that *to take*, of old, not only signified to receive; but was equivalent to the *attaquer* of the *French*, and *invadere* of the *Latins*; to lay hold on, attack, invade.

The Like.

VIII. K. LEAR, Page 55.

I tax not You, you Elements, with Unkindness;
I never gave you Kingdom, call'd you Children,
You owe me no ‡ SUBMISSION.

‡ Subscription.

Here again the *Editor* has degraded a Term, which takes Possession of the greatest Part of the printed Copies; and one which the Poet chuses to use in other Places, at least the *Verb* of it, rather than the more common Word *submit*.

So afterwards in this very PLAY, Page 71.

If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, Good Porter, turn the Key; ---
All Cruels else SUBSCRIBE.

So in TITUS ANDRONICUS, Page 485.

Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will All SUBSCRIBE to thy Advice.

And

And so, in TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 90.

For Hector in his Blaze of Wrath SUBSCRIBES
To tender Objects; but † He in Heat of Action
Is more vindictive than jealous Love.

† Troilus

IX. LEAR, Page 26.

The Like.

----- Blasts and Fogs upon Thee!
Th' * UNTENDER Woundings of a Father's Curse
Pierce ev'ry Sense about thee!

* Untented.

I cannot help thinking here again, but that the *degraded* Word, which is likewise in most of the Copies, is the most expressive, and conveys an Image exactly suiting with the Poet's Thought. 'Tis true, *untender* signifies *sharp, severe, harsh*, and all the Opposites to the Idea of *tender*. But as a Wound *untented* is apt to *rankle* inwards, smart, and *fester*, I believe, *Shakespeare* means to intimate here, that a Father's Curse shall be a Wounding of such a *sharp, inveterate* Nature, that Nothing shall be able to *tent* it, i. e. to search the Bottom, or assist in the Cure of it.

X. K. LEAR, Page 109.

The Like.

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man ---
Lear. I'll see that strait.
Kent. That from your Life of Difference, and Decay,
Have follow'd your sad Steps.
Lear. ----- You're welcome hither.
Kent. * 'T WAS no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly;
* Nor.

I am mightily deceiv'd if Mr. POPE here again, by espousing this Reading, enters into the Poet's Thought, which seems to me to be This. *Kent* having convinced the old King first that he was *Kent*, and then that he had attended him in Disguise under his Misfortunes, as his Servant *Caius*; *Lear*, pleas'd with the Information, says, You're welcome hither; but *Kent*, reflecting on the dismal Accidents that surrounded them, says;

NOR no Man else; ---

i. e. Neither I, nor any Man, can be said to be welcome hither, where the Scene is all Calamity. And I want no better Proof to persuade Me this is the Genuine Meaning, than the Reasons which *Kent* immediately subjoins for his saying so: There can be no such Thing as Welcome *here*; for

----- all's cheerless, dark, and deadly;
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desp'rately are dead.

XI. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. Page 145.

Thes. Now is the † MOON used between the two Neighbours.
Dem. No Remedy, my Lord, when Walls are so wilful to hear without Warning.
† Now is the ‡ Moral down between the two Neighbours. Old Edit.
‡ mural.

A Burlesque Representation is made, in this odd Play, of the Loves of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; and one *Flute* a Bellows-mender, properly equipp'd, plays the Part of the Wall, thro' a Cranny of which the two Lovers were used to whisper their Passion. This Part of the Interlude being over, the *Wall*, for which there was no further Occasion, goes decently off; upon which, the Passage now under Consideration immediately follows. But how can *Thesens* be

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be supposed to speak of the *Moon*, which has never yet entred? Or, what Relation has *Demetrius's* Reply, concerning *Wall's* being wilful, to *Theseus's* Speech about the *Moon*? Sure, this would be playing at Cross-purposes. But I am very apt to think the Poet wrote the Passage thus;

Thef. *Now is the MURE ALL down between the two Neighbours.*

And then *Demetrius's* Reply is apposite enough. What confirms me that it should be restor'd thus, is another Passage afterwards in Page 149.

Thef. *Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.*

Dem. *Ay, and Wall too.*

Bot. *No, I assure you, the WALL is down, that parted their fathers.*

The *Mure* (or, *Wall*) perhaps is a Substantive of the Poet's own coining from *murus* of the *Latines*. But whether he first employ'd this Word in *English*, or no, 'tis certain he has used it in another of his Plays; and, possibly oftner than once.

Second Part of K. HENRY IV. Page 366.

*Th' incessant Care and Labour of his Mind
Hath wrought the MURE that should confine it in,
So thin, that Life looks through, and will break out.*

And so, in the Prologue to *TROILUS and CRESSIDA*, he files the Walls of *Troy*, the *Immures*.

----- and their Vow is made
*To ransack Troy, within whose strong IMMURES
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps: and That's the Quarrel.*

Various Read-
ing restor'd.

XII. OTHELLO, Page 490.

*Of being taken by the insolent Foe,
And sold to Slav'ry; of my Redemption thence,
And WITH IT ALL my Travels History: **

* This Line is restored from the old Edition: It is in the rest, ----- And PORTANCE in my Travel's History; &c.

If *Portance* be in it self a proper and significant Term, and a Term of our Author's too, as it possesses all the other Editions but the first, we have great Reason to believe it was an Alteration of the Poet's own, and which he thought better than the first Reading. SHAKESPEARE was a fond Imitator of SPENSER's Diction, who uses this Word in the very Sense requir'd for it in the Passage before Us. See his *Fairy Queen*, Bo. 2. Can. 3. Stanz. 21.

----- Eftsoon there stepped forth
*A goodly Lady, clad in Hunter's Weed,
That seem'd to be a Woman of great Worth,
And, by her stately PORTANCE, born of heav'nly Birth.*

Mr. HUGHS, in his *Glossary* upon this Author, very rightly tells us that *Portance* signifies *Behaviour*; from the *French*, *se porter*, to behave one's self. What does *Shakespeare* make his *Othello* say more than this, that he told his Mistress of his being taken a Prisoner, his Redemption, and his *Behaviour* in the whole History of his Travels? In the like Signification we find him using this Word in Another of his Plays.

CORIOLANUS, Page 142.

*With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd You! But your Loves,
Thinking upon his Services, took from You
The Apprehension of his present PORTANCE, &c.*

I think therefore *Portance* ought to be restor'd, as a Reading of the Poet's own Choice.

XIII. I cannot say that in the Passage, which now comes under Consideration, the Editor *The Like.* has designedly chose the *worse* Term; for though there be a Various Reading, as he has taken no Notice of it, we cannot say, certainly whether he overlook'd or despis'd it: But whichever was the Case, I think, we may affirm, without Scruple, that it ought to be restor'd to our Author's Text.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 9.

*When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye INTRENCH'D.*

Besides that, to *intrench by Fathoms*, is a Phrase which we have very great Reason to suspect; what Agreement in Sense is there betwixt *drown'd*, and *intrench'd*? The first carries the Idea of Destruction, and the latter of Security: And this Discordance, if I at all understand the Author, absolutely destroys his Meaning. All the Editions, that I have seen, read the Passage, as there is no Question but it ought to be restor'd;

*When I do tell thee, there my Hopes lye drown'd;
Reply not, in how many Fathoms deep
They lye INDRENCH'D.*

Indrench'd corresponds exactly with *drown'd*, and signifies *immers'd* in the Deep, or, as the Poet in another Place calls it, *ensteep'd*.

OTHELLO, Page 501.

*The gutter'd Rocks, and congregated Sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless Keel;)*

The Editor, here, I don't know for what Reason, subjoins a Doubt whether it ought not to be --- *Traitors enur'd to clog*, &c. I cannot see that there is any Need to disturb the Poet's Text; his own Word is very expressive, and his Meaning as obvious, to wit, That Rocks, and Shoals, lurk under, and lye cover'd by the Deep, treacherously to destroy Vessels which happen to be thrown upon them.

XIV. I shall now address my self to consider a few of the Editor's *Glosses*, in which he *Mistaken Gloss;* has either mistaken the Meaning of the Words he would explain, or, where they are *equivocal*, has taken the wrong Interpretation to the Prejudice of the Author's Sense. *and Emendation.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Page 8.

*O my Anthonio, I do know of Those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying Nothing; who, I'm very sure,
If They should speak, would almost † DAMM those Ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their Brothers Fools.*

† daunt

I cannot pretend to account where Mr. POPE has met with the Word *damm* to signify, *daunt*. I cannot find it ever so interpreted: But granting it should be ever used in that Acceptation

ception, I dare affirm that neither the Word itself, nor its Gloss, ought to have a Place here. Why should one Man's speaking foolishly be presum'd to *daunt* another's Ears? The Discourse of a Fool naturally makes us laugh at, or despise him, but does not, as I conceive, put a Damp upon our Spirits. I cannot but wonder the Editor did not trace the Author's Thought in this Place, as it is evident he did not, both by the Text, and Gloss upon it; but it leaves me the Pleasure of explaining, beyond Exception, a Passage, which this ingenious Gentleman did not so much as guess at. Upon the first Reading, I immediately suspected it should be restor'd, as I since find the fourth folio Edition, and some other more modern Ones, happen to exhibit it;

----- who, I'm very sure
If They should speak, would almost DAMN those Ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their Brothers Fools.

The Author's Meaning is directly this; That some People are thought wise, whilst they keep Silence; who, when they open their Mouths, are such stupid Praters, that their Hearers cannot help calling them *Fools*, and so incur the Judgment denounced upon them in the *Gospel*. It is very familiar with *Shakespeare* to allude to Passages of Scripture; and it is plain to me, even to Demonstration, that he had here before his Eye this Text of St. MATTHEW, Ch. 5. v. 22. *And whosoever shall say to his Brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the Council: But whosoever shall say, thou Fool, shall be in danger of Hell-fire.*

Because I would not assert any Thing, but what I would be willing to second with a Proof, I'll subjoin a few Instances, out of a great Number that may be collected, in which our Poet has an Eye to *Scripture-History*; and Others, in which he both alludes to, and quotes the very *Texts* from *Holy-Writ*.

In *All's well that ends well*, Page 445. he talks of *Nebuchadnezzar's* eating Grass; in *Love's Labour lost*, Page 104. of *Sampson's* carrying the City Gates on his Back; in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Page 308. of *Goliath*, and the Weaver's Beam; in K. *Richard II.* Page 162. of *Pilate's* Washing his Hands; in the *First Part of K. Henry IV.* Page 261, 262. *Falstaff's* Soldiers are compar'd to *Lazarus*, and to the *Prodigal Son*; and in the third Part of *Henry VI.* Page 7. and in *Hamlet*, Page 391. there is an Allusion to *Jephthah's* Daughter.

I'll now quote a few Passages, in which Texts are either, as I said, evidently alluded to, or literally quoted.

(1.) ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Page 445.

S. Mat. vii. 13,
14.

*I am for the House with the narrow Gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter:
Some, that humble themselves; may; but the Many will be too chill and tender, and they'll
be for the flowry way that leads to the broad Gate, and the great Fire.*

(2.) MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Page 548.

Genes. iii. 8.

All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the Garden.

(3.) LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Page 136.

S. Matt. vii. 3:

*You found his Mote, the King your Mote did see;
But I a Beam do find in Each of Three.*

(4.) K. RICHARD II. Page 180.

S. Matt. xix.
24.

*It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the Postern of a Needle's Eye.*

(5.) First Part of K. HENRY IV. Page 195.

Prov. i. 20;

Thou didst well, for Wisdom cries out in the Street, and no Man regards it.

(6.) K. HENRY. V. Page 448.

Prov. xxvi. 11,
and 2 Pet. ii.
22.

Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, and la truie lavée au borbier.

(7.) HAM-

(7.) HAMLET, Page 464.

There's special Providence in the Fall of a Sparrow.

S. Matt. x. 29.

XV. First Part of K. HENRY IV. Page 270.

The Like.

Worc. ----- For I do protest,
I have not fought the Day of this Dislike.

King. You have not fought it, Sir? how comes it then?

Fals. Rebellion lay in his Way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, * CHEVET, peace.

* Chevet, a bolster.

I entirely accord with Mr. POPE, that *Chevet* is the French Word for a Bolster; but I can't so easily agree that *Chevet* is SHAKESPEARE'S Word here. Why should Prince Harry call *Falstaffe* Bolster, for interposing in the Discourse betwixt the King and *Worcester*? With Submission, He does not take him up here for his unreasonable Size, but for his ill-tim'd, unseasonable Chattering. I much rather think it ought to be restored, as the Generality of the Editions have it, and as the Gentlemen of the Stage, I know, constantly repeat it;

Prince. H. Peace, CHEWET, Peace. ---

A *Chewet*, or *Chuet*, is a noisy chattering Bird; That sort of *Pie* which by the French is call'd *Gonbelet*. This carries a proper Reproach to *Falstaffe* for his meddling and impertinent Jest; and besides, if the Poet had intended that the Prince should flee at *Falstaffe* on Account of his Corpulency, I doubt not but he would have call'd him Bolster in plain English, and not have wrapp'd up the Abuse in the French Word *Chevet*.

XVI. K. HENRY VIII. Page 478.

The Like.

----- and which gifts
(Saving your mincing,) the Capacity
Of your soft * CHIVEREL Conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

* i. e. Tender, from *Cheverillus*, a young Cock, a Chick.

It ought to be restored --- *Cheveril Conscience*. --- This Word recurs in another Place of our Author concerning a wanton, playing Wit.

ROMEO and JULIET, Page 281.

Oh, here's a Wit of CHEVERIL, that stretches from an Inch narrow to an Ell broad.

But in neither of these Passages is *Cheveril* deriv'd as the Editor supposes. 'Tis true, in BAIN'S Dictionary, we are told that *Cheverillius* was an old Latine Word for a Cockling, or young Cock. I don't know from what Authority he says This; for neither *Calepine*, *Stevens*, *Vossius*, *Martinus*, *Decimator*, *Buchner*, (the old Glossaries, nor the modern Dictionaries that I have look'd into,) take any Notice of such a Word. And to this I'll produce a third Passage from our Author, which I presume will make it evident beyond a Doubt, that *Cheveril* must have a different Derivation.

TWELFTH-NIGHT. Page 505.

A Sentence is but a CHEVERIL Glove to a good Wit; how quickly the wrong Side may be turn'd outward.

I never yet heard of any Leather made of a Cockrel's Skin, and believe it will hardly come into Experiment in Mr. POPE's, or my Time. In short, *Skinner*, *Cotgrave*, and *Baily* too, might

might have inform'd the Editor, as the Truth is, that *Cheveril* Leather is made of the Skin of a *Kid*, or *Goat*; which was call'd by the *LATINS* *Caprillus*, *Caprellus*, and *Capreolus*; by the *ITALIANS*, *Ciaverello*; and by the *FRENCH*, *Chevereul*; from which last, our Word *Cheveril* is immediately deduced; so that *Cheveril* is tender, or stretching, from *Chevereul*, a *Kid*, or wild *Goat*.

The Like.

XVII. This Appendix insensibly stretches out to such a Compass, that I must be obliged to pass over from mistaken *Glosses*, to Faults of other Kinds. I shall produce one more, however, which is made upon a Word of a double Signification, and where the Editor has happen'd to take it in a Sense, which I believe is very contrary to the Poet's Intention.

Second Part of K. HENR. IV. Page 326.

Fals. Pistol, *I would be quiet.*

Pist. Sweet Knight, *I kiss thy* † *NEIF.*

† neif, from *nativa*, i. e. a *Woman Slave that is born in one's house.*

I admit, with Mr. POPE, that This is one of the Constructions of the Word *neif*; and, admitting it to be the proper One here, Mr. POPE must understand that *Pistol* would kiss *Falstaffe's* domestick Mistress, *Dol Tearsheet*. But I appeal to every One that shall but read the Scene over, whether This could possibly be the Poet's Meaning. There is a perfect Fray betwixt *Dol* and *Pistol*; She calls him an hundred the worst Names She can think of; He threatens to murder her Ruff, and says, He could tear her: *Bardolfe* would have him begone; but He says, he'll see her damn'd first: and *Dol*, on the other Hand, wants him to be thrust down Stairs, and says, She cannot endure such a Fustian Rascal. I should very little expect that these Parties, in such a Ferment, should come to kissing: And I am persuaded SHAKESPEARE thought of no Reconciliation: For the Brawl is kept on, till it rises to drawing Swords; and *Pistol*, among 'em, is hustled down Stairs.

I cannot think any more is intended by the Poet than This; that *Falstaffe*, weary of *Pistol's* wrangling, tells him He would be quiet; and that *Pistol*, who had no Quarrel with Sir *John*, but a Sort of Dependence on him, speaks the Knight fair and tells him, *that he kisses his Fist*; for so, it seems, the Word *Neif* likewise signifies. * I wonder Mr. POPE did not remember This, when the same Word (with a small Variation in the Orthography) had past him in the second Play of our Author, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Page 129.

* See Ray of North and South Country Words.

Bott. Give me thy NEAFE, *Monsieur Mustard-Seed*; ---

And the Editor there tells us, that *Neafe*, was a *Yorkshire* Word for *Fist*.

The Identity of Sound may easily deceive us in the Sense of two *English* Words so almost the Same; as well as the different Termination of any two similar Words, in any other Language, may, without a particular Care, and Application to the Context. For Want of this Caution and Guard, I believe, I can name a signal Instance, in which Mr. POPE has suffer'd himself to be deceiv'd in his Translation of HOMER.

In the *Eighth* Book of the *ILIAD*, just as *Teucer* has drawn his Arrow to the Head, and is going to let it fly, *Hector* discharges a large Stone at him, which both prevents its Flight, and disables the Archer:

----- τὸν δ' αὖ κορυθαίολος ἔκλινε

Ἄνδρ' ἐρύοντα, παρ' ὤμων, ὅθι κληῖς ἀποέρχεται

Ἀυχένα τὲ, σῆθος τε, μάλα δὲ καίριον ἔστι,

τῇ δ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶτα βάλεν λίθον ὀκρυόεντι,

ῬΗΞΕ ΔΕ Οἱ ΝΕΙΦΗΝ ἄρμυσε δὲ χεῖρ ἐπὶ καρπῷ.

Which Passage Mr. POPE has thus translated;

*There, where the Juncture knits the Chancel-bone,
The furious Chief discharg'd the craggy Stone:
The TENDON burst beneath the pond'rous Blow,
And his numb'd Hand dismiss'd his useless Bow.*

Enst.

Eustathius, Spondanus, Barnes, and all the learned World, concurred in a different Construction of the Passage, viz. that *Hector* with the Stone broke *Teucer's* Bowstring, and numb'd his Hand violently into the Bargain. And, indeed, when I first read Mr. POPE's Translation, I imagin'd that by a Poetical Licence he had call'd the *Bowstring* the *Tendon*, as in another Place he takes the Liberty to call it the *Nerve*: But his Note, subjoin'd to shew that *Hector* struck *Teucer* just about the Articulation of the Arm with the Shoulder, which cut the *Tendon*, or wounded it so, that it lost its Force, soon convinced me that the Translator had mistaken the Meaning of his Original.

It happens very unluckily, for the Discovery of this Mistake, that the same Accident again happens to *Teucer* in the fifteenth Book of the *ILIAD*: His Bowstring, indeed, is not broke by the Stroke of a Stone; but as he is directing his Shaft against *Hector*, *Jupiter*, by an invisible Means, causes it to burst, and the Bow to fly out of his Hand.

Ὅς οἱ εὐσπεφέα ΝΕΤΡΗΝ ἐν ἀμύμονι τύξῃ
'ΡΗ'Ε' ἐπὶ τῷ ἐρύοντι.

Here again the very same Words -- ῥήξε οἱ νευρὴν -- are repeated, but the Translator has render'd them as they ought to be.

*At his full Stretch as the tough STRING he drew,
Struck by an Arm unseen IT burst in two.*

Teucer, immediately dishearten'd at the Disaster, complains of the Loss of a Bowstring, with which he hop'd to do so much Execution, and which he had but that Morning affix'd for the Service of the Day:

----- ἦν οἱ ἔδησα
Πρώτον.

Eustathius says Something so remarkable upon this Place, that Mr. POPE could not possibly have made the Mistake upon the former Passage, if he had attended to the Commentator's Words here. *Teucer observing that he had new-strung his Bow that morning*, says he, *calls to his Remembrance his former Misfortune of having his Bowstring burst by the*

Τὸ δὲ πρῶτον, εἰς μνήμην ἄγει καὶ ἑτέρας δυστυχίας τὸν Τεῦκρον. δῆλον γάρ, ὅτι πρῶτον ἐνέδησε τὴν νευρὰν, διὰ τὸ προῖαγῆναι τὴν ἑτέραν λίθῳ βολῇ.
Eustath. Romæ. Pag. 1025.

Stroke of a Stone. It is plain in the first Passage Mr. POPE understands νευρὴν in the Sense of νεῦρον or the Nerve of the Body. I cannot remember that it is ever employ'd in that Signification by any Author whatsoever: But This I know well and can assure Mr. POPE, if he has not yet observ'd it, that, as often as HOMER has used νευρὴ either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, it signifies in Him nothing but a *Bowstring*.

This is a Digression from the *Business* of SHAKESPEARE, but One that a Sameness of Error naturally introduc'd; and I hope it will be pardonable, as it sets right a Passage, in which Many may be misled by the Authority of the Translator's Name.

XVIII. I shall now proceed to give a Specimen of some few Passages, in which the *Point-Bad Pointings* is so unsufferably bad, that the Poet's Sense is not only maim'd, but quite stifled. And yet as the Editor in These has follow'd the Pattern set him in the old Editions, the Continuation of Error cannot be supposed thro' Negligence, but because he would not please either to suspect a Fault, or to indulge his private Sense in curing it. There are so many signal Blots of this Sort left, that, to point at them all, would be to extend this Work to ten Times the Compass it has already taken up: I shall therefore only cull out such a Parcel, as may demonstrate how far SHAKESPEARE wants restoring in this Particular.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 74.

Æne. *And thou shalt hunt a Lion that will flie
With his Face back in human gentleness:
Welcome to Troy --- Now, by Anchises' Life,
Welcome indeed ---*

X 2

Thus

Thus this Passage has all along been read, and never understood, as I suppose, by any of the Editors. The second and fourth Folio Editions make a small Variation of the Pointing, but do not at all mend the Matter. I don't know what Conception the Editors have had to themselves of a *Lion's flying in humane Gentleness*: To Me, I confess, it seems strange Stuff. If a Lion fly with his Face turn'd backward, it is fighting all the Way in his Retreat: And in this Manner it is *Aeneas* professes that He shall fly, when he's hunted. But where then are the Symptoms of *humane Gentleness*? Mr. DRYDEN, in his Alteration of this Play from SHAKESPEARE, has acted with great Caution upon this Passage: For not giving himself the Trouble to trace the Author's Meaning, or to rectify the Mistake of his Editors, he closes the Sentence at --- *with his face backward*; and entirely leaves out, *in humane Gentleness*. In short, the Place is flat Nonsense as it stands, only for Want of true Pointing. I think, there is no Question to be made, but that SHAKESPEARE intended it thus;

*And Thou shalt hunt a Lion, that will flee
With his Face back. --- In humane Gentleness,
Welcome to Troy; --- Now, by Anchises' Life,
Welcome indeed: ---*

Aeneas, as soon as ever he has return'd *Diomedes*' Brave, stops short and corrects himself for expressing so much Fury in a Time of Truce; from the fierce Soldier becomes the Courtier at once; and, remembring his Enemy as a Guest and an Ambassador, welcomes him as such to the *Trojan Camp*. This Correction, which I have here made, slight as it is, not only restores good Sense, but admirably keeps up the Character which *Aeneas* had before given to *Agamemnon* of his *Trojan Nation*, Page 27.

*Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their Fame in peace:
But when they would seem Soldiers, they have Galls,
Good Arms, strong Joints, true Swords, and Jove's Accord,
Nothing so full of Heart.*

Occasional Correction.

This Quotation obliges me to make a short Stop, to set right the latter Part of this Passage; whose Sense is likewise bad, thro' a small Defect in the Pointing. Can the Poet be supposed to mean, that the *Trojans* had *Jove's Accord*, whenever they would seem Soldiers? No; certainly he would intimate, that Nothing was so full of Heart as They, when that God did but shew himself on their Side. This Circumstance added, brings no Impeachment to their Courage: Valour would become Presumption and Impiety in them, if they trusted to it, when *Jove* manifestly declared himself on the other Side. It ought to be pointed and understood thus;

*But when They would seem Soldiers, they have Galls,
Good Arms, strong Joints, true Swords; and, Jove's Accord,
Nothing so full of Heart.*

i. e. *Jove's Accord*, and Concurrence, seconding them, Nothing so full of Heart as They.

The Like.

XIX. TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 9.

----- I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, she is fair,
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my Heart;
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice
Handlest in thy discourse --- O that! her hand! --

Any Body with half an Eye must perceive the Pointing to be disturb'd here; and that the Semicolon at the End of the third Verse quite destroys the Meaning of the Passage. Restore it thus;

--- I

----- I tell thee, I am mad
*In Creffid's Love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
 Pour'st in the open Ulcer of my Heart
 Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice;
 Handlest in thy Discourse -- O that! her Hand!*

i. e. When I am already wounded to the Heart with her Beauties, you inflame my Wound with the Repetition and Praise of their Particulars; or to use the Poet's own Words in the Close of the Speech;

*But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st, in ev'ry Gash that Love has giv'n me,
 The Knife that made it.*

But I cannot dismiss the Passage, whose Pointing I have cur'd, without subjoining a Conjecture on the last Line of it.

Handlest in thy Discourse -- O that! her hand!

*Occasional
 Conjecture.*

I have always (notwithstanding the whole Set of printed Copies support the Reading;) suspected this odd *Interjection* of Rapture, -- *O that!* and cannot help thinking it is an elegant Break, as I am sure it is an ill-founding one. Without departing very widely from the Letters of the Text, I must own I should like it better, if it stood thus;

Handlest in thy Discourse -- how white her hand!

And then, methinks, by the Repetition of the Term, the Verse immediately following acquires a double Beauty.

*In whose Comparison all whites are Ink,
 Writing their own Reproach!*

XX. CYMBELINE, Page 170.

The Like,

----- You good Gods,
*Let what is here contain'd relish of Love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
 Some Grievs are medicinable, that is one of them,
 For it doth physick love of his Content,
 All but in that.*

Certainly this Passage could not be understood by the Editor, or he would never have pointed it thus: The Foundation of the Speech is this: *Imogen*, a young Princess, receiving a Letter from her banish'd Lord whom she passionately lov'd, before she opens it, prays that the Contents of it may shew that her Lord still loves her, that he is in Health, and that he tastes Content: Yet, says She, as it were recollecting her self, let him not taste a full and absolute Content; let it give him some Grief, that Fate has divided Him and Me; for That's a Grief which will exercise and support his Love; but in every other Circumstance let him enjoy Content at Heart. This, I dare say, is directly the Author's Meaning; and that the Pointing ought to be restored thus.

--- You

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----- You good Gods,
 Let What is here contain'd relish of Love,
 Of my Lord's Health, of his Content, -- (yet not,
 That We Two are asunder; let That grieve Him:
 Some Grievs are med'cinable; That is One of Them,
 For it doth physick Love.) -- of his Content,
 All but in That!

Imogen, as it is very frequent with our Poet upon other Occasions, breaks in upon the Thread of her own Address to the Gods, interposes a Reflection, and moralizes upon it; and then resumes the Substance of her Prayer at the very Words where She left it off. She catches herself up in the same manner in the very next Page.

----- Then, true Pisanio,
 Who long'st like Me to see thy Lord; who long'st,
 (Oh! let me bate) -- but not like Me; yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind: -- Oh! not like Me.

The Like,

XXI. TIMON of ATHENS, Page 52.

You Fools of Fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
 Cap-and-knee Slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks
 Of man and beast; the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er! ---

I always suspected the Pointing of this Passage; Mr. SHADWELL, who alter'd this Play, seems not to have understood it, and therefore has left out Part. But in what Sense were these ungrateful Senators *Minute-Jacks* of *Man* and *Beast*? The Poet just before calls them Vapours, and I dare say means to inforce that Image, by saying they were *Jacks* not of a Minute's Trust, or Dependance. Then what does *the infinite Malady* signify, without Something following to give us a clearer Idea of it? I am in no Doubt, but the Poet ought to be restor'd thus;

You * Fools of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Time-flies,
 Cap-and-knee Slaves, Vapours, and Minute-jacks, --
 Of Man and Beast the infinite Malady
 Crust You quite o'er!

* Perhaps, Tools.

i. e. May the whole Catalogue, the infinite Number of Distempers that have ever invaded either Man or Beast, all be join'd to plague You.

The Like,

XXII. *Ibid.* Page 54.

----- Slaves and fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads to general filths.
 Convert o'th' instant, green, Virginity,
 Do't in your parents eyes.

This Passage is so disfurnish'd of all Sense by the bad Pointing, that I am willing to think it One of Those which were never revised by the Editor. 'Tis true, the old Copies are faulty too in the Pointing; but if Mr. POPE had cast his Eye on Mr. SHADWELL here, he would not have wanted Direction for reforming it in Part. Restore the whole thus;

--- Slaves

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----- Slaves and Fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their Steads. -- To gen'ral Filths
Convert o'th' instant, green Virginitie;
Do't in your Parents Eyes.

i. e. You Virgins, that are scarce ripe for Man, turn at once such shameless Prostitutes, as to commit Whoredom even before your Parents faces.

XXIII. CORIOLANUS, Page 107.

The Like.

All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome; you herds; of boils and Plagues
Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, ---

Here, again, the old Copies are defective in the Pointing, by which the Sense is so maim'd, that this too must be a Passage which either was not revis'd by Mr. POPE, or in which he would not indulge his private Sense to make it intelligible. Mr. DENNIS, who has alter'd this Play, was obliged, by a different Disposition of the Fable, to leave out this Passage, otherwise, I am persuaded, there would have been no Room for my making a Correction upon it. The meanest Judges of *English* must be aware, that no Member of any Sentence can begin with a *Genitive* Case, and a preceding *Nominative* be wanting to govern That and the *Verb*. Where, therefore, is the *Nominative* to -- of Boils and Plagues plaister You o'er? Or what Sense or Syntax is there in the Passage, as it now stands? Restore it without the least Doubt,

All the Contagion of the South light on you,
You Shames of Rome, You! -- Herds of Boils and Plagues
Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen! ---

It is not infrequent with SHAKESPEARE to redouble his Pronouns, as in this Place; So,

ANDRONICUS, Page 513.

Oh, why should Wrath be mute, and Fury dumb?
I am no Baby, I; that with base Pray'rs
I should repent the Evil I have done:

So, ROMEO and JULIET, Page 290.

Mens Eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no Man's Pleasure, I.

And so in a Number of Instances more.

XXIV. *Ibid.* Page 128.

The Like.

----- This, as you say, suggested
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, which (time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easie,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

As

As in the last Instance a Nominative was wanting to the Verb, so, on the other hand, as this Passage is pointed, we have a Redundance; for Both the Pronouns, *this* and *which*, stand as Nominatives to *will be*: The whole Passage ought to be rectified thus;

----- *This, as you say, suggested*
At some Time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall teach the People, (which Time shall not want,
If He be put upon't; and That's as easy
As to set Dogs on Sheep :) will be the Fire
To kindle their dry Stubble; and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Occasional
Conjecture.

There is one Word, however, still in this Sentence, which, notwithstanding the Concurrence of the printed Copies, I suspect to have admitted a small Corruption. Why should it be imputed as a Crime to *Coriolanus*, that he was prompt to *teach* the People? or how was it any soaring Insolence in a *Patrician* to attempt this? I believe rather that the Poet wrote;

----- *When his soaring Insolence*
Shall reach the People,

i. e. When it shall extend to impeach the Conduct, or touch the Character of the People

The Like.

XXV. ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, p. 410..

----- *Look you, sad friends:*
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

*From Plutarch we ought to write it *Dercetæus*. But this Play is very faulty in the proper Names: We meet with Thidias for Thyreus, Torus for Taurus, Sossius for Soffius, Hiparchus for Hipparchus, Bochus for Bocchus, Polemen for Polemon, &c.

This Speech is made by *Octavius Cæsar*, on * *Dercetæus's* bringing him Word of *Antony's* Death, and bringing the Sword which he had drawn forth from his Wounds. Is there any Reason in This, why *Octavius* should call his Friends *sad friends*? The Poet's Sense, methinks, is very obvious, and the Cure easy. *Octavius* enjoins his Friends to be concern'd at the News; and tells them it is a Calamity, that ought to draw Tears even from the Eyes of Princes. Correct therefore,

----- *Look You sad, Friends: ---*
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a Tidings
To wash the Eyes of Kings.

XXVI. JULIUS CÆSAR, p. 263.

Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you Antony the Son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

The Like.

The true Pointing of this Place must likewise be obvious at the first View, but the Neglect of it puts such a Change upon our Poet's Sense, that it makes him suppose *Cæsar* had a Son whose Name was *Antony*; a Point of History altogether new to the World. It must be restored;

That were You, Antony, the Son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

The Like.

XXVII. Another Negligence of this Sort occurs in the *MERCHANT of VENICE*, by which a Civilian and Pleader is turn'd into a Lord, p. 68.

Duke. *Came You from Padua, from Bellario?*
 Ner. *From both: my Lord Bellario greets your Grace.*

The

The Duke within half a Page above tells us the Profession of this *Bellario*, and that, unless he comes, he may by his own Power put off the Tryal.

*Upon my Power I may dismiss this Court,
Unless Bellario, a learned DOCTOR,
Whom I have sent for to determine This,
Come here to day.*

The Passage before Us, therefore, must be restored thus;

Duke. *Came You from Padua, from Bellario?*

Ner. *From Both, my Lord: --- Bellario greets your Grace.*

XXVIII. As in the last Passage, by the false Pointing, a Doctor of Laws was promoted *The Like*. to the Peerage; so in King LEAR, by the same Accident, a Physician rises to the same Honour, p. 93.

Cordel. ----- *Then be it so.*

My Lord, how does the King?

Phyf. *Madam, sleeps still.*

Cordelia entering with the Earl of *Kent* and the King her Father's Physician, desires *Kent* to shift out of his Disguise of Servitude; who begging to go his own way a little longer, *Cor- delia* consents it shall be as his Lordship pleases; and then addressing herself to the Physician, enquires after her Father's Health. It ought to be restor'd thus;

Cord. ----- *Then be it so,*

My Lord. --- How does the King?

Phyf. ----- *Madam, sleeps still.*

XXIX. But before I dismiss the Errors of false Pointing, I'll produce one Instance of *The Like*, and more Importance; because it is plain the Editor has not made common Sense of it; and be- Emendation. cause, I believe, it has never yet been understood by any body, since the first Corruption of it in the old Copies.

CYMBELINE, p. 181.

----- *Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, before Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service; tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him KNOW,
If that his head have ear in musick, doubtless
With joy he will embrace you;*

It is evident, I say, that this Passage is faulty both in the Pointing and the Text. *Which will make him know --- What? --- What Connection has This with the rest of the Sentence?* Surely, SHAKESPEARE can't be suspected of so bald a Meaning as This; *If you'll tell him wherein you're happy, that will make him know wherein you're happy: ---* and yet This is the only Meaning, I think, the Words can carry, as they now stand. In short, I take the Poet's Sense to be This. *Pisanio* tells *Imogen*, if she would disguise herself in the Habit of a Youth, present herself before *Lucius* the Roman General, offer her Service, and tell him wherein she was happy, i. e. what an excellent Talent she had in Singing, he would certainly be glad to receive her. Afterwards in p. 196, 7. *Bellarinus* and *Arviragus*, talking of *Imogen*, give this Description of her.

Bell. *This Youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good Ancestors.*

Arv. -- *How Angel-like he sings!*

Y

I

I doubt not therefore but, upon this Foundation, the entire Passage ought to be restored thus;

----- *Would you in their Serving,
And with what Imitation you can borrow
From Youth of such a Season, before Lucius
Present your self, desire his Service, tell him
Wherein You're happy; (which will make him SO,
If that his Head have Ear in Musick,) doubtless
With Joy he will embrace You:*

Transpositions. XXX. I must now pass over to another Species of Errors, not infrequent in this Edition, which I cannot otherwise distinguish than by the Title of Transpositions; that is, either where the Verses are so transposed and taken to Pieces, that the Numbers are unnecessarily disjointed; where wrong Names have been prefix'd to the Parties speaking, or Parts of Sentences plac'd to one Speaker, that ought to belong to the Person answering; or where Stage-Directions are either misplac'd, or erroneously adopted into the Text. I shall content my self with very few Instances, in present, of each Sort, because I am hastening to conclude; and because this Work has already swell'd beyond the Size of a reasonable Specimen.

Transposition of Numbers. The dismounting a few Verses, indeed, where the Sense of them remains unbroken, is not a matter of the greatest Consequence; yet, I think, ought not to have been done, where it is altogether unnecessary, and might easily be prevented. I shall quote but two Examples, and Both of them out of the same Play; where 'tis plain there was no Occasion for breaking the Numbers.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 38.

Hector. *Brother, She is not worth
What She doth cost the holding.*
Troil. *What's ought, but as 'tis valued.*

Here are three Hemistichs made out of Words that, with a very slight Variation, naturally fall into two compleat Verses.

Hect. *Brother, She is not worth what She doth cost
The holding.*
Troil. ----- *What is aught, but as 'tis valued?*

So again, afterwards, Page 89.

*'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.*
Æne. *If not Achilles, Sir, what is your Name?*
Achil. *If not Achilles, nothing.*

Here two Hemistichs are made by a Break in the Versification altogether unnecessary: Restore the Numbers thus;

*'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.*
Æne. --- *If not Achilles, Sir,
What is your Name?*
Achil. --- *If not Achilles, nothing.*

XXXI. TIMON OF ATHENS, Page 68, 9.

Tim. *Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.*
Apem. *A Plague on thee. Thou art too bad to curse.*

Transpositions
of Persons
Names.

It seems clear to Me that the Division of these Speeches is mistaken: There is such a Contradiction in Sense in the second Line. If *Timon* was too bad to curse, why then does *Apemantus* curse him? I think, it would be more reasonable to split the Speeches thus;

Tim. *Would Thou wert clean enough to spit upon.*
A Plague on Thee! ---

Apem. *----- Thou art too bad to curse.*

XXXII. TITUS ANDRONICUS, Page 497.

Aaron. *Touch not the Boy, he is of royal Blood.*
Luc. *Too like the Sire for ever being good.*
First hang the Child, that he may see it sprall,
A Sight to vex the father's Soul withal.
Aaron. *Get me a Ladder, Lucius, save the Child; &c.*

The Like.

Why should *Aaron*, the Moor, here ask for a Ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his Child sav'd? Unless the Poet is suppos'd to mean for *Aaron*, that if they would get him a Ladder, he would resolutely hang himself out of the Way, so they would spare the Child. But I much rather suspect there is an old Error in prefixing the Names of the Persons, and that it ought to be corrected thus;

Aar. *Touch not the Boy, he is of royal Blood.*
Luc. *Too like the Sire for ever being good.*
First hang the Child, that he may see it sprall,
A Sight to vex the Father's Soul withal.
Get me a Ladder. ---

Aar. *----- Lucius, save the Child; &c.*

XXXIII. TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 89.

Agam. *----- Which way would Hector have it?*
Æne. *He cares not; He'll obey Conditions.*
AGAM. *Tis done like Hector, but securely done,*
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. *----- If not Achilles, Sir,*
What is your Name?
Achil. *----- If not Achilles, Nothing.*
Æne. *Therefore, Achilles; but whate'er, know this,*
In the Extremity of great and little
Valour and Pride excel themselves in Hector.

be Like.

I must confess I could not read this Passage at first without stopping, and a Suspicion that the Names of the Characters were not all rightly prefix'd to these Speeches. It seem'd very absurd to Me, however the Editor has taken it upon Content, that *Agamemnon* should make a Remark to the Disparagement of *Hector* for Pride, and that *Æneas* should immediately say, If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your Name? and then desire him to take Notice that *Hector* was as void of Pride as he was full of Valour. Why was *Achilles* to take Notice of This, if it was *Agamemnon* that threw this Imputation of Pride in *Hector's* Teeth? I was fully satisfied

fied that this Reproach on *Hector* ought to be plac'd to *Achilles*: And consulting Mr. DRYDEN's Alteration of this Play, (which, I suppose, Mr. POPE did not look into, while he was publishing *Shakespeare*,) I was not a little pleas'd to find that I had but seconded the Opinion of That Great Man in this Point: Correct the Passage therefore,

Agam. ----- Which Way would *Hector* have it?

Æneas. He cares not; He'll obey Conditions.

ACHIL. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done;
A little proudly, &c.

The Like.

XXXIV. MEASURE for MEASURE, Page 325.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where *Madam Mitigation* comes.
I have purchas'd as many Diseases under her Roof
As come to ---

2d. Gent. To what, pray?

Lucio. Judge. ---

2d. Gent. To three thousand Dollars a Year.

1st. Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French Crown more.

1st. Gent. Thou art always figuring Diseases in Me; but Thou art full of Error; I am found.

Not to dwell upon Explanation here, whoever reads this Passage but once over, I dare say, will be convinc'd from the last Speech in it quoted, that all which is plac'd to *Lucio* in his first Speech could never be intended to belong to him. It must be restor'd, as the Sense of the Context requires.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where *Madam Mitigation* comes.

1st. Gent. I have purchas'd as many Diseases under her Roof,
As come to, &c.

The Like.

XXXV. TAMING of the SHREW, Page 317.

Hort. ----- I'll watch you better yet.

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not: For sure *Æacides*

Was Ajax, call'd so from his Grandfather.

I must believe my Master, else I promise You, &c.

Here, indeed, the Names are so shuffled and displaced, that I must be obliged to explain the Business of the Scene, before I can convince that there has been a manifest *Transposition*. *Bianca* is courted by two Gentlemen, *Hortensio* and *Lucentio*, who make Way for their Addresses under the Disguise of Masters, the One to instruct her in *Latine*, the other in *Musick*. *Lucentio*, as he is teaching her Language, informs her who he is, and to what Purpose he comes: She says, She'll construe the Lesson her self, and, in so doing, she tells him, She does not know him, does not trust him, bids him take Heed that *Hortensio* do not overhear them, and neither to presume, nor to despair. *Hortensio* is jealous that *Lucentio* is, like himself, a Lover in Disguise, and says he'll watch Him. After this, *Bianca* and *Lucentio* proceed in their Discourse, under Colour of continuing the Lesson; and there is no doubt but that the Speeches ought to be distinguish'd thus;

Hort

Hort. ----- I'll watch You better yet.

BIAN. In Time I may believe; yet I mistrust.

[To Luc.

LUC. Mistrust it not: ---- for sure Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his Grandfather.

BIAN. I must believe my Master, else &c.

XXXVI. ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, Page 311.

The Like.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'n mend.

ALEX. Come, his fortune, his fortune. O let him marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet
Isis, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, &c.

This I dare pronounce to be so palpable, and signal a *Transposition*, that I cannot but wonder it should slip the Editor's Observation. *Alexas* brings a Fortune-Teller to *Iras* and *Charmian*, *Cleopatra's* Women, and says himself, *We'll know all our Fortunes*. Well; the Soothsayer begins with the Women, and some Joakes pass upon the Subject of Husbands and Chastity; after which, as I apprehend, the Women hoping for the Satisfaction of having Something to laugh at in *Alexas's* Fortune, call to him to hold out his Hand, and wish heartily he may have the Prognostication of Cuckoldom upon him: Restore therefore the Passage:

Char. Our worser Thoughts Heav'n mend! *Alexas*, -- come, his fortune, his fortune. --

I think, there needs no stronger Proof of this being a true Correction, than this Observation which *Alexas* immediately subjoins on their Wishes and Zeal to hear him abused.

Alex. Lo now! if it lay in their hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't!

XXXVII. The EDITOR has complain'd in his Preface, Page 18. that, often in the old Impressions, the Notes of *Direction* to the *Property-Men* for their *Moveables*, and to the *Players* for their *Entries*, are inserted into the Text, thro' the Ignorance of the Transcribers. I am afraid, he has not taken Care to remove all these wrong Insertions; and I believe the Instance I am about to subjoin will be determined One of Those which ought not to have escap'd his Observation.

Stage-Direction crept into the Text.

MACBETH, Page 594.

I'gin to be a weary of the Sun,
And wish the State o'th'World were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell, blow wind, come Wrack,
At least we'll dye with Harnefs on our Back.

Macbeth, seeing that he cannot be safe within his Fortifications, resolves to issue out upon the Enemy. But in a besieg'd Town, is it ever customary to order an Alarum, or Sally, by the ringing of a Bell? Or rather is not this Business always done by Beat of Drum?

Hieronymus Magius, I know, in an accurate and scarce Tract of his upon the Antiquity and various Use of BELLS, speaks, among the rest, of a *Tintinnabulum Castrense*, or Great Bell used in Camps. "Within the Period of Christianity, says He, and after Great Bells obtain'd in Churches, the Commanders of Armies employ'd Such a One slung in a Wooden Turret at the Top of a large Chariot; which Chariot was always plac'd near the Pavilion, and every day, at the Rising and Setting of the Sun, this Bell was rung out as a Notice to the Army to perform their Devotions; instead of Sounding the Charge, likewise, the Soldiers were call'd to Arms by this Bell; and in the Battle, it was placed in the Middle of the Army, and defended with the same Care as they are used to do a Standard."

The Author concludes his Account of this Military Bell, with saying, *That if any other Nations*

tions

tions, besides the Italians, made use of such a Machine in their Camps, it was more than he knew. * We may dare assert, at least, that it never found an Introduction into Scotland; and that therefore the Poet could not make *Macbeth* employ it, instead of the customary Way of directing a Charge upon the Enemy.

In short, I believe these Words were a *Stage-Direction* crept from the Margin into the Text, thro' the last Line but One being deficient without them; occasion'd probably by a Cut that had been made in the Speech by the Actors. They were a Memorandum to the Prompter to ring the *Alarum-bell*, i. e. the Bell, perhaps at that Time used, to warn the *Tragedy-Drum* and *Trumpets* to be ready to sound an Alarm: And what confirms me in this Suspicion, is, that for the four Pages immediately following, it is all along quoted in the Margin, *Alarum; Fight, and Alarum; Alarums continued.*

It may be objected, indeed, to this Observation of mine, that the same Expression is to be met with before in this very Play; and therefore we must examine that Passage;

Ibid. Page 543.

Macd. Ring the Alarum Bell --- Murther, and Treason!
Banquo, and Donalbaine! Malcolme! awake!

I do not dispute these Words here being a genuine Part of the Text; because the Reason for them is very different. The Scene is in *Macbeth's* Castle at *Inverness*; whither the King goes to pay a Visit. *Macduff* rises early, being so order'd, to call up the King; and discovering him to be murther'd, orders the Bell to be rung out, to wake his Master's Sons, and the rest of the Court, to apprize them of the dismal Accident. The Bell was entirely proper upon this Occasion; as it is, to this day, employ'd in great Houses to call together Assistance in Cases of *Thieves* or *Fire*.

Stage-Direction
transpos'd.

XXXVIII. We come now to a *Stage-Direction* very unluckily misplaced; in which the Editor seems to have been misled by the small Edition, formerly publish'd by Mr. Tonsen, for want of a competent Knowledge of the Customs of the Stage.

Second Part of K. HENRY VI. Page 120.

FLOURISH. Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbroke.

This is the first Instance, as I take it, where Conjurers and common Witches are supposed to be usher'd into the Scene by the Sound of Trumpet; which is signified by the Word *Flourish*. The Truth of the Case is this; whenever a King enters or goes off with his Court it is the constant Practice of the Stage to flourish him on and off. In the Scene immediately preceding This of the Conjurers, K. Henry VI. and his Court are upon the Stage; and when they quit it, in the second folio Edition, and other old Books, we find it mark'd thus, as it most certainly ought to be restor'd;

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbroke.

As the Editor, in the above Instance, committed a Mistake by departing from the older Copies; I believe, I can point out another Place, in which he has err'd with some of those Copies, by prefixing the Word *flourish* where it ought by no Means to be admitted.

K. RICHARD III. Page 349.

The Court.

FLOURISH. Enter King Edward SICK, the Queen, &c.

This is one prevailing Instance of the Theatrical Custom, as I above hinted, of flourishing their Kings on and off. But certainly this Custom is most absurdly maintain'd in this Place. The King is here brought in sick, nay, and to such a Degree, that upon his very Entrance, he says, he expects every day to be released from Life. Can Trumpets be proper under this Circumstance? The Stage generally takes its Rules from the World, and 'tis known, when-

ever

* *An alia Nationes, prater Italos, hujusmodi Curru in Castris uterentur, mihi adhuc est innotitum.*

ever a King is sick, all *Martial* Sounds are forbid at Court, and even the Guard are reliev'd without Beat of Drum.

XXXIX. The Editor (who tells us, that in the oldest *Folio* Edition, where the *Acts* and *Scenes* are first distinguish'd, they were divided according as they play'd them, often where there was no Pause in the Action, or where they thought fit to make a Breach in it) has sometimes taken Care to regulate the *Shufflings* and *Transpositions* of the *Scenes*, and rectify the injudicious Divisions of the *Acts*: But this Part of Criticism does not display itself thro' the whole Work. I shall subjoin one Passage, for Example, in which he seems to have employ'd none of this Skill in marking the Division of an *Act*, viz. the End of the Second *Act* of King JOHN, Page 145. 'Tis true, he errs here in following the old Copies; as he did, in the last Instance but one, by contradicting them. The Lady *Constance*, her Son *Arthur*, and Lord *Salisbury*, are upon the Scene; *Constance* bids *Salisbury* be gone, and leave her to her Woes: He tells her, he must not go without her to the two Kings of *England* and *France*. She absolutely refuses to go with him; says, her Sorrow shall keep its State, and the Kings may come to it. Her concluding Lines are these;

----- For my Grief's so great,
That no Supporter, but the huge firm Earth,
Can hold it up. Here -- I and Sorrow sit;
Here -- is my Throne; bid Kings come bow to it.

It is evident, I think, beyond Contradiction, that *Constantia* here, in her Despair, seats her self upon the Floor of the Stage: And can she be supposed immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the *Act* decently? And if she does not, how can the *Act* end here? There is but one other Method for it; and that is, of the foremost *flat-scene* shutting her in from the Sight of the Audience, an Absurdity never once practis'd by SHAKESPEARE. In the very next Scene which follows, and stands as the first Scene of the Third *Act*, the Kings are introduc'd, and *Constantia* is likewise upon the Stage, and speaks within eight Lines of the Scene's beginning. We must therefore either suppose an *Unity* of the two Scenes, and that They come in to her so soon as she sits down on the Floor; or rather, (which I think has been an Opinion of long Standing,) that an *intermediate* Scene or two have been lost, whereby we cannot now be certain how the *Act* ended; and that an *Hiatus in Manuscripto* ought to be mark'd to signify the Imperfection.

XL. The faulty Passages which I have hitherto alledged, I think, are mostly such, as call for the Assistance of *Judgment* to set them right: There are other Places again, which are corrupted in our Author, that are to be cur'd by a strict Attention to the Author himself, and by taking *History* along with us, wherever his Subject is *historical*. Diligence in this Respect is certainly the Duty of an Editor: And yet that a due Care, even in this Part, has been hitherto wanting, the Instances I am now going to subjoin will manifestly prove.

Faults of Inaccuracy.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Page 95.

Did'st Thou not lead him thro' the glimm'ring Night
From PEREGENIA, whom he ravished?

Mr. POPE confesses in his *Preface*, * that No one is more a Master of the Poetical Story, or has more frequent Allusions to the various Parts of it than SHAKESPEARE. It must be own'd; and the Passage before us is a signal Instance. He touches upon a minute Circumstance in the Story of *Theseus*; but, indeed, None of the old *Classicks* tell us of such a Person as *Peregénia*, with whom that Hero had an Affair: Restore therefore the Place, from the Authority of the *Greek Writers*.

* Page 10.

Did'st thou not lead him thro' the glimm'ring Night
From PERIGUNE, whom he ravished?

Here

Here we have the Name of a famous Lady, by whom *Theseus* had his Son *Melanippus*. She was the Daughter of *Sinnis*, the cruel Robber, and Tormentor of Passengers in the *Isthmus*; and *PLUTARCH* and *ATHENÆUS* are Both express in the Circumstance of *Theseus's* ravishing her, which is so exactly copied by our Poet. The former of Them adds, (as *Diodorus Siculus*, *Apollodorus*, and *Pausanias*, likewise tell us,) that he kill'd her Father into the Bargain.

The Like.

XLI. K. JOHN, Page 139.

For ANGIERS, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that We upon this Side the Sea,
Except this City now by us besieg'd,
Find liable, &c.

Here we have an Instance of the like Carelessness in a Point of *English* History. King *John* consenting to match the Lady *Blanch* with the *Dauphin*, agrees, in Part of her Dowry, to give up all he held in *France*, except the City of *Angiers*, which he now besieg'd, and laid Claim to. How can it be thought then, that he should at one and the same Time give up all except *Angiers*, and give up *That* too? The Error is transmitted from the old Copies, and must be corrected thus;

For ANJOU, and fair Touraine, &c.

This was one of the Provinces, as Mr. *Pope* might have remember'd, which the *English* held in *France*, and which the *French* King by *Chatilion* claim'd of K. *John* in Right of Duke *Arthur*, at the very opening of the Play, Page 116.

----- Poitiers, ANJOU, Touraine, Maine.

Occasional E-
mendations.

But *Angiers*, instead of *Anjou*, has been printed in more Places than That already quoted; and some other Errors been transmitted down to boot. See Page 129.

Aust. King LEWIS, determine what we shall do streight.

LEWIS. Women and Fools, break off your Conference.

King John, this is the very Sum of All:

England and Ireland, ANGIERS, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt Thou resign them, and lay down thy Arms?

K. John. My Life, as soon. I do defy thee, FRANCE.

Here again, instead of *Angiers*, we must restore ANJOU. But who is it makes this Claim upon the *English* King? 'Tis plain, both from the Verse quoted of the Duke of *Austria's* Speech, and from the other of K. *John's*, that the King of *France* was the Demandant. But the King of *France's* Name was not *Lewis*. In both Lines therefore where *Lewis* is printed, it must be restor'd PHILIP.

The Like.

XLII. Will. Under what Captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir JOHN Erpingham.

Will. A good old Commander, &c.

Here again History and our Poet's Text are made to disagree; nor was there any such Gentleman as Sir *John Erpingham* in Being in K. *Henry Vth's* Reign: Restore it, as it ought to be;

Will. Under what Captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir THOMAS Erpingham, &c.

This

This is one of the Characters introduc'd in the Play; and he entring but three Pages before, the King salutes him thus;

*Good Morrow, old Sir THOMAS Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head
Were better than a churlish Turf of France.*

That this was his Name, we have the Authority of our Chronicles; and They, and our Poet from them, in his *Richard II.* Page 121, tell us, that Sir *Thomas Erpingham* was One of those who embark'd from *Bretagne* to espouse the Interest of *Bolingbroke* the Father of *K. Henry V.*

XLIII. *Ibid.* Page 475.

Alarum. Enter *K. Henry* and *BOURBON* with Prisoners, Lords, &c.

The Like.

This is likewise an Error transmitted from the Old to the Modern Editions; *Bourbon* was one of the *French* Party, and therefore could not make a Part of *K. Henry's* Train. Restore it;

Alarm. Enter *K. Henry*, and *GLOUCESTER*, with Prisoners, &c.

But may it not be said, that *Bourbon* is brought in here amongst the *French* Prisoners? To This, I reply, that our Poet would hardly have introduc'd a Character of that Dignity, crowded him amongst the common Prisoners, and neither made him speak to the King, nor the King to him. Besides, I have another Exception yet stronger to add, why *Bourbon* cannot be supposed to enter here: In a few Pages after, (*viz.* Page 481.) the King asks the Duke of *Exeter* (who enter'd with him, and had been all along in the Presence) what Prisoners of Rank were taken, and *Exeter* replies;

*Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King;
John Duke of BOURBON, and Lord Bouchiquald.*

I submit it therefore to the most common Judgments, whether 'tis probable, if *Bourbon* was among the Prisoners introduc'd in the King's Train, that the Duke of *Exeter* could have been guilty of such an Absurdity, to tell the King that *Bourbon* was taken Prisoner.

XLIV. *First Part* of *K. HENRY VI.* Page 17.

The Like.

Winch. How now, ambitious *UMPIRE*, what means This?

These Words are spoken by the Bishop of *Winchester* to the Duke of *Gloucester*, who is forcing his Way into the Tower to survey it. But why, *Umpire*? or, of what? *Gloucester* was Protector of the Realm in the King's Minority; but not an *Umpire* in any particular Matter that We know of. I am persuaded the Duke's Christian Name lurks under this Corruption, and the very Traces of the Letters convince me that our Poet wrote, as it ought certainly to be restor'd.

Winch. How now, ambitious *HUMPHREY*, what means This?

XLV. *Second Part* of *K. HENRY VI.* Page 127.

The Like.

Sim. God knows of pure Devotion, being call'd
A hundred Times, and oftner, in my Sleep,
By good *St. Alban*; who said, *SIMON*, come,
Come, offer at my Shrine, and I will help thee.

The APPENDIX.

The Editions here again are at Odds with the History. Why, *Simon*? The Chronicles, that take Notice of the Duke of *Gloucester*'s detecting this pretended Miracle, tell us, that the Impostor, who asserted Himself to be cur'd of Blindness, was call'd *Saunder Simpcox*. --- *Simon* is therefore a Corruption, thro' the Negligence of the Copyists; and we must restore it,

----- *Who said, SIMPCOX, come,
Come, offer at my Shrine, and I will help thee.*

But we have no need of going back to *Chronicles* to settle this Point, since our *Poet*, in the very next Page, gives us the Fellow's Names, which correspond with the History.

Glouc. *What's thine own Name?*

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox, an' if it please you, Master.*

Glouc. *Saunder, sit there, &c.*

The Like.

XLVI. *Ibid.* Page 132.

The Fifth was EDWARD Langley, Duke of York.

Having an Eye to History, as I hinted before, would easily have discover'd an Error in the Copies here, and that the Passage ought to be restor'd;

The Fifth was EDMOND Langley, Duke of York.

The Poet is here enumerating the Issue Male of K. *Edward III.* and the whole Tenour of History is express, that his fifth Son was *Edmond of Langley*, and created Duke of *York*.

The Like.

XLVII. *Ibid.* Page 155.

Marg. *God forbid, any Malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a Nobleman:
'Pray God, he may acquit him of Suspicion.*

K. Hen. *I thank thee, NELL, these Words content me much.*

I remember, our Poet, in his King *JOHN*, makes *Falconbridge* the Bastard, upon his first stepping into Honour, say, that he will study to forget his old Acquaintance;

*And if his Name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made Honour doth forget Mens Names.*

But, surely, this is wide of K. *HENRY*'s Case, and it can be no Reason why he should forget his own Wife's Name, and call her *Nell* instead of *Margaret*. Perhaps, it may be alledg'd, that the Blunder was Original in the Poet; that his Head was full of another Character, which he introduces in this Play, *Eleanor* Dutche's of *Gloucester*, whom her Husband frequently calls *Nell*: and thence thro' Inadvertence he might slip into this Mistake. Were this to be allow'd the Case, is not the Mistake therefore to be rectified? As the Change of a single Letter sets all right, there's very little Reason to accuse our Poet of such an Inadvertence: I am much more willing to suppose it came from his Pen thus;

K. Hen. *I thank thee. -- WELL; these Words content me much.*

K. *Henry* was a Prince of great Piety and Meekness, a great Lover of his Uncle *Gloucester*, whom his Nobles were rigidly persecuting, and to whom he suspected the Queen bore no very good Will in her Heart: But finding her, beyond his Hopes, speak so candidly in the Duke's Case, he is mightily comforted, and contented at her impartial Seeming. I believe, Every body in their Conversation must have observ'd, that the Word, *Well*, -- is used to express an Air of Satisfaction, when any Incident in Life goes to our Wish; or any Purpose, that was dreaded, happens to be disappointed.

XLVIII

XLVIII. K. RICHARD III. Page 432.

The Like.

*And who doth lead them but a paltry Fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at OUR Mother's Cost?*

This is spoken by *Richard III.* of *Henry Earl of Richmond*; but They were far from having any *common Mother*, but *England*; and the Earl of *Richmond* was not subsisted abroad at the Nation's publick Charge. He fled with the Earl of *Pembroke* into *Bretagney* in *K. Edward IVth's* Reign: And many Artifices were tried both by That King first, and *K. Richard* afterwards, to get him deliver'd up by the *French King*, and Duke of *Bretagney*: But he happily escap'd all the Snares laid for him. But during the greatest Part of his Residence abroad, he was watch'd and restrain'd almost like a Captive, and subsisted by Supplies convey'd from the Countess Dowager of *Richmond*, his Mother: Restore therefore the Poet thus;

*And who doth lead them but a paltry Fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at HIS Mother's Cost?*

XLIX. K. HENRY VIII. Page 448.

The Like.

----- Here is a Warrant from
The King t'attach Lord Montague, and the Bodies
Of the Duke's Confessor, John de la Car,
ONE Gilbert Peck, his COUNSELLOR.

Besides a slight Corruption in the Beginning of the last Line, which makes the Connection faulty, this Passage labours with another Error, which the Editor might have amended either from having an Eye to the real History, or to the Words of the Poet afterwards: Correct the Whole thus;

----- Here is a Warrant from
The King t'attach Lord Montague, and the Bodies
Of the Duke's Confessor, John de la Car,
AND Gilbert Peck, his CHANCELLOR.

Sir *Gilbert Peck*, (or *Perk*, as it is in some Copies,) the Chronicles tell us, was *Chancellor* to the Duke of *Buckingham*; and so we afterwards find him styled by our Author in the Play before us, Page 466.

*At which appear'd against him his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his CHANCELLOR, and John Car,
Confessor to him, with that Devil-Monk
Hopkins, that made this Mischief.*

The Mention of this Monk naturally calls upon me to correct a Passage or two, in which all the Copies have hitherto been faulty, with Regard to his Name. See Page 449. *Occasional
Emendation.*

Buck. ----- So, so,
These are the Limbs o'th' Plot: No more, I hope.
Brand. A Monk o'th' Chartreux.
Buck. ----- MICHAEL Hopkins?
Brand. He.

Here again, from the Concurrence of our Historians, we are warranted to correct the Poet;

Bran. *A Monk o'th' Chartreux. ---*

Buck. ----- NICHOLAS Hopkins?

But what shall we then do with another Passage, where the Duke's Surveyor is under his Examination before the King and Council?

P. 455. Surv. ----- *He was brought to This*
By a vain Prophecie of Nicholas HENTON.

King. *What was that HENTON?*

Surv. ----- *Sir, a Chartreux Fryar, &c.*

2d Occasional
Emendation.

'Tis evident, *Brandon* and the Surveyor are in two Stories; as the Poet's Text now stands; but, I am persuaded, it is corrupt: For in Fact there was but One Monk concern'd with, or Evidence against the Duke; and his Name was *Nicholas Hopkins*. Our Poet therefore must be restor'd;

By a vain Prophecy of Nicholas HOPKINS.

King. *Who was That HOPKINS?*

But how came *Henton* to find a Place at all in the Text? It will be no great Difficulty to account for This, when we come to consider, that *Hopkins* was a Monk of the Convent call'd *Henton* near *Bristol*; and might, according to the Custom of those Times, be call'd as well *Nicholas* of *Henton* by Some of the Historians from the Place, as *Hopkins*, by Others, from his Family. And This, as I take it, is sufficient Ground for the Mistake from the Hands of a negligent Transcriber.

The Like.

L. I shall add but one more Error at present (but It shall be a signal One) transmitted by the EDITOR thro' Indiligence, and a Want of due Application to the Meaning of the Author and the Sense of the Passage.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Page 503.

Borach. *Go then find me a meet Hour to draw on Pedro, and the Count Claudio, alone; tell them that you know Hero loves ME; ----- Offer them Instances which shall bear no less Likelyhood than to see Me at her Chamber Window, hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me CLAUDIO; and bring them to see this the very Night before the intended Wedding.*

I am obliged to give here a short Account of the Plot depending, that the Emendation, which I am about to make, may appear the more clear and unquestionable. The Business stands thus: *Claudio*, a Favourite of the *Arragon* Prince, is, by his Intercessions with her Father, to be married to the fair *Hero*; *Don John*, a natural Brother of the Prince, and a Hater of *Claudio*, is in his Spleen zealous to disappoint the Match. *Borachio*, a rascally Dependant on *Don John*, offers his Assistance, and engages to break off the Marriage by this Stratagem. "Tell the Prince and *Claudio* (*says He*) that *Hero* is in Love with *Me*, they won't believe it; offer them Proofs, as that they shall see me converse with her in her Chamber Window: I am in the good Graces of her Waiting-Woman *Margaret*; and I'll prevail with *Margaret*, at a dead Hour of Night, to personate her Mistress *Hero*; do you then bring the Prince and *Claudio* to over-hear our Discourse, and they shall have the Torment to hear me address *Margaret* by the Name of *Hero*, and her say sweet Things to me by the Name of *Claudio*." ---- This is the Substance of *Borachio's* Device to make *Hero* suspected of Disloyalty, and to break off her Match with *Claudio*. But, in the Name of Goodness, could it displease *Claudio* to hear his Mistress making Use of his Name tenderly? If he saw another Man with her, and heard her call him *Claudio*, he might reasonably think her betray'd, but not have the same Reason to accuse her of Disloyalty. Besides, how could her naming *Claudio*, make the Prince and *Claudio* believe that she lov'd *Borachio*, as He desires *Don John* to insinuate to them that She did. The Circumstances consider'd, I have no Doubt but the Passage ought to be corrected thus;

Borach.

Borach. *Go then, find me a meet Hour to draw on Pedro, and the Count Claudio, alone; tell them that you know Hero loves ME; ----- Offer them Instances which shall bear no less Likelihood than to see Me at her Chamber-Window; hear Me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me BORACHIO; and bring them to see this the very Night before the intended Wedding.*

LI. But it is high Time now that I turn my Pen to one promised Part of my Task, which is yet in Arrears, viz. an Endeavour to restore Sense to Passages, in which, thro' the Corruption of successive Editions, no Sense has hitherto been found: Or to restore, to the best of my Power, the Poet's true Text, where I suspect it to be mistaken thro' the Error of the Press or the Manuscripts. The utmost Liberty that I shall take in this Attempt, shall generally confine it self to the minute Alteration of a single Letter or two: An Indulgence which, I hope, I cannot fear being granted me, if It retrieves Sense to such Places as have either escaped Observation, or never been disputed or understood by their Editors. I'll dispatch this remaining Part of my Appendix with all the Brevity that the Nature of the EMENDATIONS will admit; as *Such*, they are humbly propos'd: But wherever better Judges are pleased to think *that* Word too peremptory, I am very well content to soften it into CONJECTURES.

As the MERCHANT of VENICE happens to furnish three or four remarkable Ones, they shall stand the foremost in this List.

MERCHANT of VENICE, Page 12.

Ner. *First, there is the Neapolitan Prince.*

Port. *Ay, that's a COLT indeed, for he doth Nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great Appropriation to his own good Parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my Lady his Mother play'd false with a Smith.*

Portia here discoursing with her Waiting-Woman about her Suitors, Nerissa runs over the Catalogue of them, with Design to found the Affections of her Lady. But how does talking of Horses, or knowing how to shoe them, make a Man e'er the more a Colt? Or why, if a Smith and a Lady of Figure were to have an Affair together, should a Colt be the Issue of that Conjunction? I make no Doubt but this is simply Portia's Meaning: *What do you tell me of the Neapolitan Prince? he is such a stupid Duncie, that instead of saying fine Things to me, he does Nothing but talk of his Horses. -----* Now; This is some Reason for suspecting that his Mother should have play'd false with a Smith: People generally talk most in their own Professions, or in Those of their Family; and Farriers, I presume, will be allowed to talk more of Horsemanship than any other Subject. I do not question therefore to restore it;

Port. *Ay, That's a DOLT indeed; for he doth Nothing but talk of his Horse, and he makes it a great Appropriation to his own good Parts, that he can shoe him himself, &c.*

A Dolt is properly one of the most stupid and blockish of the Vulgar; and in this Signification it is used by our Author himself. See his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Page 398.

*Follow his Chariot, like the greatest Spot
Of all thy Sex; most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st Diminutives, for DOLTS ---*

i. e. become the Gaze of the most vile Plebeians, the most sordid ignorant Rabble.

And so, again, in OTHELLO, Page 583.

*----- Oh, Gull! Oh, DOLT!
As ignorant as Dirt;*

LII. *Ibid.* Page 24.

*What a Beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more Hair on thy Chin, than
Dobbin my PHIL-horse has on his Taile.* EMENDATION.

I should have pass'd this over as a Literal Error, occasion'd by the Oversight of the Editor, but that I find it is copied from the old Editions: And yet even there originally it is but a literal Error. It must be restor'd;

----- *Thou hast got more Hair on thy Chin, than Dobbin my THILL-horse has on his Tail.*

A *Thill*, as it is very well known, is the Beam or Draught-Tree of a Cart or Waggon; and the *Thill-Horse*, consequently, is that Horse which is put under the *Thill*. SKINNER, indeed, mentions the *Fill-Horse*, i. e. the last Horse in the *File*; but he confesses it, a Term, which he derived from the Information of a learned Clergyman.

EMENDATION. LIII. *Ibid.* Page 21. *Morockius*, a black Prince, among the rest of *Portia's* Suitors, putting in his Pretensions, and preparing to decide his Fate by the Choice of the Casket, reflects upon the Conditions to which he is subjected: That he, who had slain a *Sophy* with his Scimitar, won three Battles of a *Sultan*, who could outstare and outbrave the sternest and most daring Creatures upon Earth, pluck the Cubs from a She-Bear, and mock the roaring of a hungry Lion, might be baffled and worsted in this Adventure by the Caprice of blind Fortune.

----- *But, alas the while!*
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his RAGE,
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Tho' the whole Set of Editions concur in this Reading, and it has pass'd wholly unsuspected by the Learned Editor, I am very well assur'd, and I dare say the Readers will be so too anon, that it is corrupt at Bottom. Let us look into the Poet's Sentiment, and the History of the Persons represented. If *Hercules* (says he) and *Lichas* (for so is his Name to be spelt, if we may take *Sophocles*, *Ovid*, &c. for our Guides) were to play at Dice for the Decision of their Superiority; *Lichas*, the weaker Man, might have the better Cast of the Two. But how then is *Alcides* beaten by his Rage? To admit This, we must suppose a Gap in the Poet; and that some Lines are lost in which *Hercules*, in his Passion for losing the Hand, had thrown the Box and Dice away, and knock'd his own Head against the Wall for meer Madness. Thus, indeed, might he be said, in some Sense, to be beaten by his *Rage*. But SHAKESPEARE had no such Stuff in his Head. He means no more than, if *Lichas* had the better Throw, so might *Hercules* himself be beaten by *Lichas*. In short, *Lichas* was the poor unfortunate Servant of *Hercules*, who, unknowingly brought his Master the envenom'd Shirt, dipp'd in the Blood of the Centaur *Nessus*, and was thrown headlong into the Sea for his Pains. The Poet has alluded to some Parts of this Fable in another of his Plays; and there indeed a reasonable Intimation is made of *Hercules* worsting himself thro' his own Rage. See *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Page 398.

Anth. ----- *Eros, ho,*
The Shirt of Nessus is upon Me; -- teach me,
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy Rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the Horns o' th' Moon,
And, with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest Club,
Subdue my worthiest Self.

But to return to the Place before Us: Can we desire more than to know this one Circumstance of *Lichas's* Quality to set us right in the Poet's Meaning, and put an End to all the present Absurdity of the Passage? Restore it, without the least Scruple, only with cutting off the Tail of a single Letter; --- But

----- But, alas, the while!
 Should Hercules and Lichas play at Dice
 Which is the better Man, the greater Throw
 May turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his PAGE;
 And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
 Miss That which an Unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

It is scarce requisite to hint here, it is a Point so well known, that *Page* has been always used in *English* to signify any Boy-Servant; as well as what latter Times have appropriated the Word to, a Lady's *Train-Bearer*. And so *Falstaffe's* Boy, in our Poet, is frequently called *his Page*. So much in Explanation of this new-adopted Reading. The very excellent Lord LANSDOWNE, in his Alteration of this Play, tho' he might not stand to make the Correction upon the Poet, seems at least to have understood the Passage exactly as I do: And tho' he changes the Verse, retains the Sense of it in this Manner;

So were a Giant worsted by a Dwarf!

Tho' I had made the *Emendation*, before I thought to look into his *Lordship's* Performance, it is no small Satisfaction to me, that I have the Authority of such a *Genius* to back my Conjecture.

LIV. *Ibid.* Page 71.

EMENDATION.

Port. *Is he not able to discharge the money?*
 Bass. *Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,*
Yea, twice the Sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down TRUTH. ----

This is a Passage which has ever pass'd unsuspected, and yet, I dare say, does not yield us the Poet's Text. The Case is this; *Shylock*, a Jew, lends *Anthony*, a *Venetian* Merchant, 3000 Ducats on Bond, with Condition, that if he did not pay them at a Day certain, the Jew might claim the Forfeiture of a Pound of *Anthony's* Flesh to be cut from the Parts nearest to his Heart. The Bond becomes forfeited; and the Jew rigidly insists upon the specifick Penalty, and will accept no Sum whatever to remit that. But how does *Malice* bear down *Truth* in this Process? Or what one Circumstance is there in the Cause, whereby *Truth* or *Falshood* can come into the Question? I cannot suppose that by *Truth* the Poet means *Justice*, and the Equity of the Thing; if That had been his Thought, there is a Monosyllable so much more proper and intelligible at hand to answer that Sense, that he would unquestionably have said *That Malice bears down Right*. ---- But I am persuaded that SHAKESPEARE intended *Bassanio* should intimate, if the Jew would come to no Terms, nor take his Debt though tender'd with such large Advantage, it was plain, he was so blood-thirsty that his Malice had got the better of his Passion of Interest, and extinguish'd all Sentiments of *Remorse*, *Tenderness*, and *human Charity*. The Stress of the Affair lies betwixt the Jew's Malice, and the Intercessions of the Court to him to be merciful. This is the Tenour of the whole Scene; and consonant to this Meaning, the *Duke* addresses himself to *Shylock*, so soon as he appears at the Bar, in these Words; Page 64.

Shylock,

Shylock, *the World thinks, and I think so too,*
That thou but lead'st this Fashion of thy Malice
To the last Hour of Act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy Mercy and Remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent Cruelty.

The Duke's Speech is directly a Persuasive to *Compassion*, and this Topick is so often reinforced in several Passages of the Scene, that I make not the least Question but our Poet made his *Bassanio* say, the Jew not complying to accept such an extravagant Return for his Debt,

If This will not suffice, it must appear
That Malice bears down RUTH. --

i. e. Mercy, and Compassion. So this Word is explain'd by the *Etymologists*; and so it is used both by CHAUCER and SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE's two Great Originals in Language. I could quote Instances almost without Number, where our Poet uses *ruthful* and *ruthless*: Nor was the Substantive it self so obsolete, or uncommon, but that he has frequently chose to employ it.

K. RICHARD II. Page 154.

Here did She drop a Tear, here in this Place
I'll set a Bank of Rue, sow'r Herb of Grace:
Rue, ev'n for RUTH, here shortly shall be seen,
In the Remembrance of a weeping Queen.

SO TROILUS and CRESSIDA, Page 109.

Let's leave the hermit Pity with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armours buckled on,
The venom'd Vengeance ride upon our Swords,
Spur them to rueful Work, rein them from RUTH.

And so, CORIOLANUS, Page 97.

Would the Nobility lay aside their RUTH,
And let me use my Sword, &c.

EMENDATION. LV. *Ibid.* Page 68.

Bass. *Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?*
 Shyl. *To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.*
 Grat. *Not on thy SOUL! but on thy SOUL, harsh Jew,*
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; ---

I don't know what Ideas the Editor had affix'd to himself of the Poet's Sense here; for my own Part I can find None, as the Text stands now. I dare venture to restore Him, from the Authority of some of the *Folio* Editions; tho' I am obliged at the same Time to restore such a Sort of Conceit, and Jingle upon two Words, alike in Sound but differing in Sense, as our Author ought to have blush'd for. But be That upon his own Head. If I restore his Meaning, and his Words, he himself is accountable to the Judges for writing them.

Bass.

Bass. *Why dost thou whet thy Knife so earnestly?*

Shyl. *To cut the Forfeit from That Bankrupt there.*

Grat. *Not on thy SOLE, but on thy SOUL, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy Knife keen; ---*

i. e. Tho' thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy Knife on the Sole of thy Shoe, yet it is upon thy Soul, thy immortal Part, that Thou doest it, mistaken, inexorable Man! The bare Intention of thy Cruelty is so unpardonable, that it must bring thy very Soul into Hazard.

I dare affirm, This is the very *Antithesis* of our Author; and I am the more confident, because it was so usual with him to play on Words in this manner; and because in another of his Plays he puts the very same Words in Opposition to one another, and That from the Mouth of one of his serious Characters. See ROMEO and JULIET, Page 259, 60.

Merc. *Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.*

Rom. *Not I, believe me; You have dancing Shoes
With nimble SOLES, I have a SOUL of Lead,
That stakes me to the Ground, I cannot move.*

He is at it again within three Lines after, upon two other Words agreeing in Sound; as we find the Passage in the second Folio, and several other Editions, tho' Mr. POPE has not inserted it.

*I am too SORE enpierced with his Shaft,
To SOARE with his light Feathers. ---*

But, as I said, these Jingles are perpetual with Him.

LVI. LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Page 133.

EMENDATION,

Long. *I fear, these stubborn lines lack pow'r to move;
O sweet Maria, Empress of my love!
These Numbers will I tear, and write in Prose.*

Bir. *Oh, Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his SHOP. --*

This is one of those Passages, which, I am very willing to suppose, never pass'd Mr. POPE's Revival. What Agreement in Sense is there betwixt CUPID's *Hose* and his *Shop*? Or, what Relation can those two Terms have to one Another? Or, what is *Cupid's Shop*? All the Editions happen to concur in the Error; but That ought not to hinder us from correcting it;

*Oh! Rhymes are Guards on wanton Cupid's Hose;
Disfigure not his SLOP. --*

Slops are, as SKINNER and others rightly inform us, large and wide-kneed Breeches, now only worn by *Rusticks* and *Sea-faring Men*: And we have at this Day Dealers, whose sole Business it is to furnish the Sailors with Shirts, Jackets &c. who are call'd *Slop-Men*; and their Shops, *Slop-Shops*: SHAKESPEARE knew the Term, and has made Use of it in more than one Place;

Second Part of K. HENRY IV. Page 299.

*What said Mr. Dombledon about the Sattin for my short Cloak and
SLOPS?*

A a

So

So in ROMEO and JULIET, Page 280.

Signior Romeo, bon jour; --- there's a French Salutation to your French SLOP.

'Tis true, Mr. POPE has printed it here --- *your French STOP.* But it must be corrected as I have restored it from the second *Folio* Edition, and the other better Copies, or We come at no Sense. Those wide-kneed Breeches were the Garb in fashion in our *Author's* Days, (as we may observe from old Family-Pictures,) as well off, as upon the Stage: And that they were the Mode in *France* too, is plainly hinted in another of our *Author's* Plays. See K. HENRY V. Page 448.

Dauph. *Oh, then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French HOSE off, and in your streight Stroffers.*

Hose and *Slops* were synonymous Terms, and used to signify the self-same Accoutrement. I'll throw in one Instance more of our *Author's* being acquainted with the Word *Slops*, because the Passage is not to be found in the common Editions; but I'll restore it from an old One in *Quarto*, (publish'd for *Andrew Wise* and *William Aspley*, in 1600) an Edition which Mr. POPE never saw, or at least never collated.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Page 516.

There is no Appearance of Fancy in him, unless it be a Fancy that he hath to strange Disguises, as to be a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow; or in the shape of two Countries at once, as a German from the Waste downward, all SLOPS; and a Spaniard from the Hip upward, no Doublet, &c.

EMENDATION. LVII. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Page 244.

Fals. *Sometimes the Beam of her Eye GUIDED my Foot, sometimes my portly Belly.*

Falstaffe is here talking how *Mrs. Page* look'd upon him, and survey'd him all over, and examin'd his Parts with very good Liking. But how did her Eye *guide* his Foot? &c. Certainly, this can never mean, *guided itself towards* his Foot. *Falstaffe* seems to me here to speak as a Man in Love, with much Complaisance; and as comparing his Mistress's Eye to the Sun for Brightness, and for a Power of brightening the Object which it darted on: I therefore question not but it should be corrected thus;

Sometimes the Beam of her Eye GUILDED my Foot, sometimes my portly Belly.

It is a poetical Expression to say that her Eye, like the Sun, *gilded* (or, *gilded*, as of old they wrote it) what Part it shone upon; and I am the rather persuaded that my Correction is right, from the immediate Reply of *Pistol*, which keeps up the *Metaphor*;

Then did the SUN on Dunghill shine.

EMENDATION. LVIII. *Ibid.* Page 311.

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page is come with me, Sweet-heart.*

Fals. *Divide me like a BRIB'D buck, each a haunch.*

I must confess, I don't understand the Meaning of a *brib'd Buck*: If I conceive the *Author's* Sense at all, it ought to be restor'd;

Divide

Divide me like a BRIBE-Buck, each a Haunch.

i. e. as a Buck sent for a Bribe betwixt You. So it becomes a Term of Art, and a very proper One; and it brings to my Mind what is recorded in Print concerning my Lord Chief Justice HALE; that when he went the Circuit, if any Gentleman, who had a Cause to come before him, sent him Venison, he constantly refused it, saying, -- It is a BRIBE-Buck, and I'll have None of it.

LIX. K. LEAR, Page 9.

Cordel. ----- *Peace be with Burgundy,*
Since that Respect AND Fortunes are his Love,
I shall not be his Wife.

EMENDATION.

The Duke of *Burgundy* had made his Addresses to *Cordelia*, and was to have her to Wife with a Third Part of her Father's Kingdom in Dowry; but her Father falling out with, and disinheriting her, asks *Burgundy* if he will take her in that Condition, and dowerless: *Burgundy* excusing himself, and that he cannot take her without the propos'd Portion, *Cordelia* thus replies to his Refusal. But what does the Poet mean by *Respect and Fortunes*? What *Respect*? If *Lear* would have bestowed the third Part of his Dominions, as he had contracted, that was all the *Respect* which *Burgundy* would have stood upon with her. I would willingly restore it with my *Quarto* Edition, publish'd in 1655, which I presume never came to the Editor's View.

----- *Peace be with Burgundy!*
Since that Respects OF Fortune are his Love,
I shall not be his Wife.

i. e. since his profest Love and Addresses to Me, were only on Account of the Dowry which he hop'd to have with me.

LX. *Ibid.* Page 10.

Time shall unfold what PLIGHTED Cunning hides.

EMENDATION.

There is no good Sense in this Epithet, *plighted*, here, and therefore there is Reason to suspect it a Corruption. The Meaning of the Poet certainly is, that Time shall discover what intricate, perplex'd, involv'd Cunning labours to conceal. It must be restor'd therefore either thus;

*Time shall unfold what * PLEACHED Cunning hides.*

* i. e. *twisted, intangled, &c.* See MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Page 512; ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, Page 402; and HENRY V. Page 489.

Or rather,

Time shall unfold what PLAITED Cunning hides.

Each of the Terms answer the Idea required in this Place; but I prefer the latter, because it signifies *wrapt in Folds*, and is more directly opposite in Sense to *unfolding*. The Word might possibly, according to the old Spelling, be wrote thus, *plaighted*; and so the Mistake arise by an easy Corruption of it into *plighted*.

LXI. *Ibid.* Page 73.

EMENDATION.

----- *World, world, O world!*
But that thy strange Mutations make us HATE thee,
Life would not yield to age.

This, I think, is as remarkable a Passage, as has at all fall'n under my Consideration. It has neither been suspected, nor attempted; tho', 'tis evident, it carries a flat Contradiction to the Sentiment which the Poet would infer. If the *Vicissitudes* in the World make us *bate*

the World, is that a Reason why we should submit to *live to be old*? -- I should rather have thought it an Argument for the putting an End to a miserable Life. There is so flagrant a *Paradox* in Sense, as the Text now stands, that, tho' all the Editions unhappily countenance it, I conceive, Mr. POPE might very safely have indulg'd his private Sense here. I communicated my Objections upon this Place (as I have upon many others) to my *late* ingenious Friend Dr. SEWEL, (whom Death has since robbed me of, tho' his Merit will long out-live these poor Sheets :) who gave me this Conjecture upon It.

----- O World! World! World!

*But that thy strange Mutations make us BATE thee,
Life would not yield to Age. ---*

i. e. if the many Changes in Life did not induce us to *abate from*, and make Allowances for, Some of the bad Casualties, we should never endure to live to old Age.

This is excellent good Sense and Reasoning, and certainly comes very near to our Author's Meaning. I have since ventur'd to try my own Strength upon the Passage; and the *Doctor* was so complaisant to think my Conjecture less strain'd, and the more probable One. I suspect, the Poet wrote it thus;

----- O World! World! World!

*But that thy strange Mutations make us WAITE Thee,
Life would not yield to Age.*

i. e. if the Number of Changes and Vicissitudes, which happen in Life, did not make us waite, and hope for some Turn of Fortune for the better, we could never support the Thought of living to be old, on any other Terms.

EMENDATION.

LXII. *First Part of K. HENRY IV.* Page 223.

P. Hen. *Did'st thou never see Titan kiss a Dish of butter? pitifull-hearted TITAN,
that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? if thou did'st, then behold that Com-
pound.*

This absurd Reading possesses all the Copies that have ever fallen in my Way; and tho' it has pass'd thro' such a Number of Impressions, is Nonsense which we may pronounce to have arisen at first, from the Inadvertence and Blunder of the *Compositors* to the *Press*. 'Tis well known, *Titan* is one of the poetical Names of the Sun; but we have no Authority from Fable for *Titan's* melting away at his own sweet Tale, as *Narcissus* did at the Reflection of his own sweet Form. The Poet's Meaning was certainly this: Sir *John Falstaffe* enters in a great Heat, after having been robb'd by the Prince and *Poines* in Disguise: And the Prince, seeing him in such a Sweat, makes the following Simile upon Him: "Do but look upon that Compound of Grease; --- his Fat dripps away with the Violence of his Motion, just as Butter does with the Heat of the Sun-Beams darting full upon it." Correct therefore, as common Sense requires.

P. Hen. *Did'st Thou never see Titan kiss a Dish of Butter? Pitiful-hearted BUTTER,
that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? ----- If Thou did'st, then behold
that Compound.*

EMENDATION.

LXIII. *LOVE'S LABOUR LOST*, Page 117.

*These are Complements, these are Humours, these betray nice Wenches that
would be betray'd without these, and make THEM men of Note: do you note
Men that most are affected to these?*

The Speech here is a Description of the odd Altitudes and Affectations which Men in Love assume, and thereby seduce young Girls into that Passion. But do these Affectations make *Wenches* Men of Note too? This is a Transformation, which, I dare say, the Poet never thought

thought of. His Meaning is, as I conceive, that they not only inveigle the young Girls, but make the Men taken Notice of, who affect them. Correct therefore;

----- and make * THE MEN Men of Note: Do you note Men, that are most affected to These.

* Or, the Men of Note.

This is not the only Passage of our Author, where, in the printed Copies, I have observ'd them thro' Error to have usurp'd the Place of Men.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, Page 432.

Occasional
EMENDATION.

Ant. Why is Time such a Niggard of Hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an Excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a Blessing that he bestows on Beasts; and what he hath scanted THEM in hair, he hath given them in Wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a Man hath more Hair than Wit.

Sure, this is an evident Paradox, and Contradiction in Sense. Can Hair be supposed a Blessing that Time bestows on Beasts peculiarly, and yet that he hath scanted them of it too? Correct, as the Context plainly requires;

S. Dro. Because it is a Blessing that he bestows on Beasts; and what he hath scanted MEN in Hair, he hath given them in Wit.

Ant. Why, but there's Many a Man hath more Hair than Wit.

So there is a Passage in Hamlet, (tho' I have pass'd it over in my Examination of That Play,) where I have always suspected, on the other hand, that Men usurps the Place of them.

HAMLET, Page 405.

Occasional
EMENDATION.

Oh, there be Players, that I have seen play, and heard Others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely,) that neither having the Accent of Christian, Pagan, or Man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought Some of Nature's Journeymen had made MEN, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

What? Is Hamlet supposed to reason here, that, because he had seen a few very preposterous Players, therefore he should think Nature's Journeymen had made all Mankind? for so Men in this Place, without Some or those prefixed, must imply. No, those Players were so far from appearing human Creatures, that he could scarce imagine them the Handy-Work of Nature, but of Some of her clumsy Journeymen. If This be his Sense, might not the Poet more probably have wrote?

----- that I have thought Some of Nature's Journeymen had made THEM, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

LXIV. Ibid. Page 173.

EMENDATION.

An heavy Heart bears NOT an humble Tongue.

From the whole Tenour of this Speech of the Princess, who is fresh in Sorrow on Account of her Father's Death, and who is making Apologies for any Thing that She may have said too freely to the King, 'tis plain, this Sentiment is the direct Opposite to the Poet's Meaning. Besides, it is true in Nature, that Heaviness of Heart, and any Oppression, always make us humble and submissive. Correct, without Scruple;

An heavy Heart bears BUT an humble Tongue.

The Mistake is easy upon these Monosyllables, and may be found to have happen'd in several other Passages of our Author. I'll subjoin two or three Instances, in which I believe every Body will agree with Me, that the same Error possesses the printed Copies.

ALL'S

1st Occasional
EMENDATION.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Page 439.

*Men are to *mell with, Boys are NOT to kifs.*** mell, from meler, to mingle.*

Here's a new Maxim obtruded upon Us, that *Boys are not to kifs*. The Poet's Thought, I am persuaded, goes further, viz. that Boys are fit only to kifs; Men to mingle with, and give more substantial Pleasures. Correct it;

*Men are to mell with, Boys are BUT to kifs.*2d Occasional
EMENDATION

COMEDY OF ERRORS, Page 440.

*Alas, poor Women, make us NOT believe
(Being compact of credit) that you love us;
Tho' others have the Arm, shew us the Sleeve,
We in your Motion turn, and you may move us.*

Nothing can be more plain than the Poet's Sense in this Passage. Women, says He, are so easy of Faith, that only make them believe you love them, and they'll take the bare Profession for the Substance. Correct it;

*Alas, poor Women! make us BUT believe, &c.*3d Occasional
EMENDATION.

CYMBELINE, Page 217.

*Nay, do NOT wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the Things you hear,
Than to work any. ---*

Surely, this is such a Mock-Reasoning that it cannot be SHAKESPEARE'S, but in its Corruption. What? because he was made *fitter to wonder* at great Actions, than to *perform* any, is he therefore *forbid to wonder*? I think it is evident, to Demonstration, that common Sense demands this Reading from the Poet.

*Nay, do BUT wonder at it; You are made
Rather to wonder, &c.*

EMENDATION.

LXV. Ibid. Page 451.

*A Fiend, a FAIRY, pitiless and rough,
A Wolf, nay, worse, &c.*

Dromio here bringing Word in haste that his Master is arrested, describes the *Bailiff* by Names proper to raise Horror and Detestation of such a Creature, such as, a *Devil*, a *Fiend*, a *Wolf*, &c. But how does *Fairy* come up to these Ideas? Or with what Propriety can it be used here? Does he mean, that a *Bailiff* is like a *Fairy* in stealing away his Master? The truest Believers of those little Phantoms never pretended to think that they stole any thing but Children. Certainly, it will fort better in Sense with the other Names annexed, as well as with the Character of a Catch-Pole, to conclude that the Poet wrote;

*A Fiend, a FURY, pitiless and rough,
A Wolf, &c.*

EMENDATION.

LXVI. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Page 480.

*He set up his Bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight; and my
Uncle's Fool reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at
the BURBOLT.*

Thus

Thus the Copies, from the *Quarto*, publish'd in 1600, downwards, exhibit this Passage. The Editor certainly ought to have given us the *Gloss* of *Burbolt*. if there be any such Word; but I apprehend it to be a Corruption. I take the Author's Meaning to be no more than this: *Benedict* challenged *Cupid* to fly with him, and the Fool made *Cupid* challenge *Benedict* to shoot the Arrow with him. It must therefore be restored,

----- and challenged Him at the BIRD-BOLT; [or, BUT-BOLT.]

Arrows, being employ'd either to let fly at a *Bird*, or a *Mark*, were by our Author's Predecessors call'd both *Bird-Bolts*, and *But-Shafts*, or *Bolts*; and He himself employs the Words in other Passages of his Plays.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Page 132.

King. *Ay me!*

Biron. *Shot, by Heaven.---Proceed, sweet Cupid; Thou hast thumpt him with thy BIRD-BOLT under the Left Pap.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT, Page 479.

To be generous, guiltless, and of free Disposition, is to take those Things for BIRD-BOLTS that you deem Cannon-Bullets.

ROMEO and JULIET, Page 279.

Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! -- Stabb'd with a white Wench's Black Eye, run thro' the Ear with a Love-Song, the very Pin of his Heart cleft with the blind Bow-Boy's BUT-SHAFT.

LXVII. Ibid. Page 494.

EMENDATION.

Pedro. *My Visor is Philemon's Roof; within the House is LOVE.*

Hero. *Why then your Visor should be thatch'd.*

I must own, this Passage has appeared very obscure to me, and given me much Trouble in attempting to understand it. This is a Scene in which the Actors are Masqueraders; and *Pedro*, the Prince of *Arragon*, fixing his Discourse on *Hero*, asks her whether she will walk away with him? Yes, says She, when I like your Figure better; for, God forbid, the Lute should be like the Case: *i. e.* that your Face should be as homely and as coarse as your Masque. Upon This, *Pedro* compares his Visor to *Philemon's Roof*. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, from *OVID*: And this old Couple, as that *Roman* Poet describes it, liv'd in a *thatch'd* Cottage;

----- *Stipulis, & cannâ tecta palustri.*

But why, ---- *within the House is Love*? *Baucis* and *Philemon*, 'tis true, had liv'd to Old-Age together, in a comfortable State of Agreement: But Piety and Hospitality are the Top Parts of their Character. Our Poet, if I am not mistaken, goes a little deeper into the Story. Tho' this old Pair liv'd in a Cottage, this Cottage received two straggling * Gods under its Roof. So, *Pedro* is a Prince; and tho' his Visor is but ordinary, He would insinuate to *Hero*, that he has something *godlike* within: Alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Person and Mind. By these Circumstances, I am sure, the Thought is mended: And I have no Doubt, but the Poet's Text ought to be so too. Read, therefore, with only cutting off the Tail of a single Letter;

* Jupiter and Mercury.

Pedro. *My Visor is Philemon's Roof, within the House is JOVE.*

LXVIII.

EMENDATION. LXVIII. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Page 422.

2d. Lord. ----- *He says, he has a Stratagem for't; when your Lordship sees the Bottom of his Success in it, and to what Metal this counterfeit Lump of OURS will be melted, if you give him not, &c.*

Why, *counterfeit Lump of OURS*? 'Tis true, *Parolles*, of whom they are speaking, was of the same Side in the Wars as They; but yet those Two *Monosyllables* are of no Use, nor add a Grain of Elegance to the Sentence; so far from it, They rather clog than are necessary. I do not therefore think, they are to be blotted out: But let us see whether by a slight Change, they may not bear a Consonancy with the other Terms accompanying them, (*viz. Metal, Lump, and melted;*) and help the Propriety of the Poet's Thought. I am persuaded the Poet wrote, as it ought to be corrected;

----- *and to what Metal this counterfeit Lump of OARE will be melted, &c.*

For so one *Metaphor* is kept up, and all the Words are proper and suitable to it.

EMENDATION. LXIX. The TEMPEST, Page 68.

On the Bat's Back I do fly
After SUMMER merrily.

Why, *after Summer*? -- I have always suspected this Word, though the Editions concur in the Reading. But is it true in Fact, that the *Bat* flies *after Summer*? * The *Hoop* sleeps during the Winter, say the *Naturalists*, and so does the *BAT* too. Again, † *Flies* and *Gnats* are the favourite Food of the *BAT*, which he procures by flying about in the Night. But this is a Diet, which, I presume, he can only come at in the *Summer-Season*. Another Observation has been made, that ‡ when *BATS* fly either earlier, or in greater Number, than usual, it is a Sign the next Day will be *hot* and *serene*. This Prognostick likewise only suits with *Summer*. In short, I am very apt to think the Passage is corrupt, and was not designed to have any Allusion to the Season of the Year, but rather the *Hour* at which *Bats* are accustomed to fly. The *Bat* was call'd *Vespertilio*, say the *Etymologists*, by the *Latines*; (as it was, *νυκτερίς*, by the *Greeks*;) because this Bird is not visible by Day, but appears first about the Twilight of the Evening, and so continues to fly about during the dark Hours. From the Custom and Nature of this Bird therefore, it seems to me that It ought to be corrected;

On the Bat's Back I do fly
After SUN-SET merrily.

EMENDATION. LXX. TAMING of the SHREW, Page 275.

Hoff. I know my Remedy; I must go fetch the HEAD-BOROUGH.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, I'll answer him by Law; I'll not budge an Inch, Boy; &c.

I think, I may with Modesty affirm, either that Mr. POPE never revised this Passage; or, if he did, that He did not understand it. The Corruption has pass'd down thro' all the Copies; and None of the Editors have pretended to guess at the Poet's Conceit. What a strange, insipid, unmeaning Reply does *Sly* make to his *Hoffes*! How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* Borough relate to *Headborough*? The Author intended but a poor Witticism; and even That is lost. The *Hoffes* would say, that She'll fetch a *Constable*: But that *Headborough* was not SHAKESPEARE's Expression, I dare warrant; and doubt not but the Readers will be of my Mind too. I am assur'd, the Passage came from our Poet's Pen thus;

Hoff

Hofl. *I know my Remedy; I must go fetch the THIRD-BOROUGH.*

Sly. *Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, I'll answer him by Law, &c.*

Who does not perceive, at a single Glance, some Conceit started by this certain Correction? There is an Attempt at Wit, tolerable enough for a Tinker, and one drunk too. But what is *Thirdborough*? * The GLOSSARIES tell us, that it was an old Saxon Term for *Constable*; and that *Head-Borough* was also call'd *Borough-Head*, *Bursholder*, *Third-Borough*, *Tything-Man*, &c. To This, if we look into our own *Statute-Books*, no farther back than the 28th Year of K. Henry VIII. (Cap. 10.) and not quite Thirty Years before the Birth of SHAKESPEARE, we shall there find *Third-Borough* used for a *Constable*.

I have no Doubt but the Use of the Word continued currently in People's Mouths in our Author's Time; and I have this Reason for thinking so, because He uses it himself in another of his Plays, which he would hardly have chose to do, if it had been altogether antiquated and laid aside.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Page 99.

Dull. *I my self reprehend his own Person, for I am his Grace's THARBOROUGH.*

We know very well that *Dull*, in this Play, represents the Character of a Constable: And there is no Question but *Thirdborough* is the very Word intended here: 'Tis probable, indeed, that the Author humourously makes *Dull* knock the Word out of Joint, and purposely say *Tharborough* for *Thirdborough*, as he likewise makes him say *reprehend* for *represent*. Our Poet very frequently plays with this Custom of the Vulgar, of *frighting English out of its Wits*, as he calls it in his MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

LXXI. K. LEAR, Page 12.

EMENDATION.

*Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my Invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall TO th' legitimate -----*

I see no Reason in the World for the Break here, and leaving the Sense imperfect. I rather think the Poet wrote it.

Shall BE th' legitimate.

i. e. shall quite supplant his Brother out of his Father's Affections, and stand himself in the Degree of his lawful Heir.

LXXII. *Ibid.* Page 73.

EMENDATION.

*----- Full oft 'tis seen
Our MEAN SECURES us, and our meer Defects
Prove our Commodities.*

I have already, in Page 37, quoted this Passage as one Authority of the Poet's making Use of *Adjectives substantively*: But, I must own, I suspect the Reading not genuine. 'Tis certain, 'tis good Sense to say that our *Mean Fortunes* may be a *Security* to us, and our *Wants* an *Advantage*: But, I am sure, the Contrast both in Sense and Terms will be much stronger, and the Variation not so great to startle us, if we may suppose, that our Author's Sentiment was This;

Bb

--- Full

* *Third-Borough*, *Thrid-Borough*, *Thrith-Borough*, *Thri-Borough*, or, more corruptedly, *Thra-Borough*, is a Constable or such like Officer in the Third Part of any County, or Shire, so divided, or canton'd. — *Head-Borough* (*quasi Primus inter Pares*) is the Foreman only of such Constable, &c. See LAMBERT's Explication of Saxon Terms, and Dr. COWEL's Interpreter of Law Terms, in *Constable*, *Head-Borough*, *Third-Borough*, &c.

----- Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our MEANS ENSNARE us, and our meer Defects
 Prove our Commodities.

EMENDATION. LXXIII. K. RICHARD II. Page 128.

North. *And yet OUR fair Discourse has been as Sugar,
 Making the hard Way sweet and delectable.*

By the whole Tenour of *Northumberland's* Speech here, 'tis plain, that he is in no Part paying any Compliment to his own Discourse, but to the Pleasures and Advantages which he deriv'd from the Society and Conversation of *Bolingbroke*, which sweeten'd and made short the Fatigue of a very rough Road. I dare say therefore the Poet wrote;

*And yet YOUR fair Discourse hath been as Sugar,
 Making, &c.*

EMENDATION. LXXIV. *The First Part of* K. HENRY IV. Page 266.

----- suffer'd his Kinsman March
 (Who is, if ev'ry Owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed, his King;) to be ENGAG'D in Wales,
 There, without Ransom, to lie forfeited.

I think the Term, *engaged*, is very much to be suspected here; for as it cannot signify *impawned*, it has no Consonancy, nor Agreement in Sense, with *lying forfeited without Ransom*. The Truth of the History was this, *Mortimer* Earl of *March* was taken Prisoner, and closely confin'd in *Wales* by *Owen Glendower*: Many Sollicitations were made to K. *Henry* for redeeming him, but he would never listen to it, suspecting *Mortimer* of Treason; and so he continued to be a close Prisoner, till he found his Release by the Means of the *Piercys* Rebellion. Correct therefore, to correspond both with Sense and History,

----- to be ENCAG'D in Wales,
 There without Ransom to lie forfeited.

EMENDATION. LXXV. K. HENRY V. Page 440.

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and KINGS.

The *French* King is speaking here to the Great Lords of his Court, and Army, in all these pompous Titles. But why, *Kings*? There was not one King amongst them besides the Speaker. Tho' this Error runs thro' all the Copies, correct it,

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and KNIGHTS.

When the Battle is over, and we come to have an Account of the Loss on the *French* Side, we find that they had 500 Knights dubb'd but the Day before the Battle: And that in the 10000 Men, which they lost, there were but 1600 who fought for Pay. The rest, as the Poet tells us, Page 481. were

*Princes, Barons, Lords, KNIGHTS, Squires,
 And Gentlemen of Blood and Quality.*

LXXVI. *The First Part of K. HENRY VI.* Page 66.

EMENDATION.

I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no Harm.

York. *And if I WISH he did ---*

Here again a Break is made without Occasion, and the Text is likewise slightly corrupted. Correct it,

And if I WIS, he did.

i. e. if I think right, or know any Thing of the Matter, he did think Harm. To *wis*, and *wist*, (from the SAXON, *wistan*, *Cognoscere*) is a Word frequent both with CHAUCER and SPENSER.

LXXVII. *Second Part of K. HENRY VI.* Page 123.

EMENDATION.

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are HARDLY attain'd,

And hardly understood.

This is Part of a *degraded* Passage, which Mr. POPE thinks to be an unnecessary Repetition. I am very free to own, as it is here, and in all the preceding Editions, exhibited, it seems to have so little Meaning, that it is very unworthy of our Author. But if by a very slight, yet certain, Alteration, I can both give it a Meaning, and a fine Sentiment; it may be worth while to restore the Poet his own Text. The Case is this: *Eleanor*, Dutcheß of *Gloucester*, resorting to Conjurers and Wizards to be resolv'd of the Fate of the King and several of the Court, is caught in the Fact by the Dukes of *York* and *Buckingham*; the Parties being apprehended, and their Papers seized, *York* says he'll see the Devil's Writ; and reading over the Answers which the Wizards had given, and finding 'em intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general Comment upon such Sort of Intelligence. But how are *These Oracles* hardly attained? 'Tis plain, they were *actually* attained, and taken down in Writing; or the Discoverers could never have come to the Knowledge of them. Not only the Sense, but the Verse, labours, with the Corruption of this Passage: And I have not the least Doubt but they are both to be restor'd thus with the greatest Certainty.

----- *Come, come, my Lords,*
These Oracles are HARDILY attain'd,
And hardly understood.

i. e. A great Risque and Hazard is run to obtain them, *viz.* going to the Devil for them, as 'twas pretended and supposed: And likewise the incurring severe Penalties by the Statute-Law against such Practices: And yet after these *hardy* Steps taken, the Informations are so perplex'd that they are *hardly* to be understood.

LXXVIII. *The Third Part of K. HENRY VI.* Page 229, 30.

EMENDATION.

----- *That Face of his,*

The hungry Canibals would not have touch'd,

Would not have stain'd the Roses JUST with Blood, &c.

I cannot but suspect this to be a Corruption. What can the Word *just* import here? Does the Poet mean, that the Canibals would not have *just* stain'd the Roses in his Cheeks with Blood, *i. e.* would not so much as have fetch'd Blood of him? Besides, that the Position of the Words is forc'd, I believe, SHAKESPEARE had another Thought, and that we ought to read the Passage;

Would not have stain'd the Roses JUIC'D with Blood.

i. e. would not have spilt that Blood, whose Juices shone thro' his young Cheeks, bright as the Vermilion Dye in Roses.

EMENDATION. LXXIX. K. RICHARD III. Page 366.

*Death makes no Conquest of HIS Conqueror ;
For now he lives in Fame, tho' not in Life.*

The Poet is here speaking of *Julius Caesar*, of immortal Memory. But, methinks, it is no very notable Sentiment, that Death does not conquer *That* which conquers *Him*: It would be very extraordinary indeed, if He did. I can scarce think so exceptionable an Expression dropt from our Poet, but rather that he wrote it thus;

*Death makes no Conquest of THIS Conqueror ;
For now he lives in Fame, tho' not in Life.*

EMENDATION. LXXX. K. HENRY VIII. Page 458.

*They've all new Legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
(That never saw 'em pace before,) the Spavin
And SPRING-HALT reign'd among 'em. ----*

The Editor has taken this Word upon Content from the preceding Editions, but it must be corrected;

*----- the Spavin
And STRING-HALT reign'd among 'em.*

The *String-Halt* is a Distemper in Horses, which by a sudden Twitching up of the hinder Leg, makes them go lame.

EMENDATION. LXXXI. TIMON of ATHENS, Page 8.

*Yet you do well
To shew Lord Timon, that MEAN Eyes have seen
The Foot above the Head.*

Why, *mean* Eyes, more than the Eyes of Persons of *Figure*? The Painter, I presume, here, had no Design of affronting the Poet by calling him either one of *mean* Rank, or *mean* Observation. It will, certainly, be more intelligible to write it thus;

*----- Yet you do well
To shew Lord Timon, that MENS Eyes have seen
The Foot above the Head.*

EMENDATION. LXXXII. CORIOLANUS, Page 148.

Coriol. *----- Shall!
O GOD! ---- but most unwise Patricians; why,
You grave, but wreakeless Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chuse an Officer, &c.*

After this Exclamation, methinks, 'tis very odd to continue the Sentence with such a disjunctive *But*: Besides, as the Text now stands, there seems that Contrast of Terms wanting, and broken off, which appears intended in this Passage by the next immediate Line. As the Addition of a single Letter restores us this Beauty, I make no Doubt but the Passage ought to be restor'd;

Coriol.

Coriol. ----- Shall!

O GOOD, *but most unwise*, Patricians, *why*,
You grave, *but wreckless*, Senators, *have you thus*, &c.

LXXXIII. *Ibid.* Page 165.

EMENDATION.

----- Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier; do not take
His rougher ACTIONS for malicious Sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a Soldier.

I have no Manner of Apprehension how a Man's *Actions* can be mistaken for *Words*. If I were to do a sawcy Thing in Company to any One, I should think it very extraordinary, if he told me, Sir, you give me very impudent Language. There seems to me a manifest Corruption in the Text, thro' all the Copies; and that, for the sake of common Sense, it ought to be corrected thus;

----- Do not take
His rougher ACCENTS for malicious Sounds, &c.

LXXXIV. *Ibid.* Page 200.

EMENDATION.

Coriol. ----- You Gods I PRAY,
And the most noble Mother of the World
Leave unsaluted.

I dare say, an old Corruption has possess'd this Passage, for two Reasons. In the *first* Place, whoever consults this Speech, will find, that he is talking fondly to his Wife, and not praying to the Gods at all: *Secondly*, if he were employ'd in his Devotions, no Apology would be wanting for leaving his Mother unsaluted. The Poet's Intention was certainly this; *Coriolanus*, having been lavish in his Tenderesses and Raptures to his Wife, bethinks himself on the sudden, that his Fondness to her had made him guilty of ill Manners in the Neglect of his Mother. Restore, as it certainly ought to be;

----- You Gods! I PRATE,
And the most noble Mother of the World
Leave unsaluted.

Mr. DENNIS, (than whom, in my Opinion, no Man in *England* better understands SHAKESPEARE) in his Alteration of this Play, whether he made the same Correction which I now do, certainly understood the Passage exactly with me: An undeniable Proof of this, is an Appeal to the Change in Expression which he has put upon it.

But Oh! ye Gods, while fondly thus I talk,
See, the most noble Mother of the World
Stands unsaluted.

I question not, but his Reason for varying the Expression, was, because *prate* is a Term ill-founding in it self, and mean in its Acceptation. Our Language was not so refin'd, tho' more masculine, in *Shakespeare's* Days; and therefore (notwithstanding the *κακοφωνία*) when he is most serious, he frequently makes Use of the Word. But four Pages afterwards in this very Play we again meet with it.

--- yet

The APPENDIX!

----- yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' Stocks.

K. JOHN, Page 166.

If I talk to him, with his innocent Prate
He will awake my Mercy. --

HAMLET, Page 458.

And if Thou prate of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on Us.

Nor is it infrequent with him to employ the *Diminutive* of this Term.

The TEMPEST, Page 43.

Mir. ----- But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Father's precepts
I do forget.

MEASURE for MEASURE, Page 401.

Duke. Silence that fellow; ----- I would he had some Cause to prattle for himself.

OTHELLO, Page 506.

----- O my Sweet,
I prattle out of Fashion, and I dote
In mine own Comfort.

EMENDATION: LXXXV. *Ibid.* Page 210.

Auf. ----- Serv'd his Designments
In my own Person; HOP'D to reap the Fame
Which he did make all his; and took some Pride
To do my self this Wrong.

How could *Aufidius* hope to reap that Fame, which *Coriolanus* made all his own, if he took a Pride in doing himself that Wrong? This was never the Poet's Meaning. *Aufidius* is angry that *Coriolanus* over-top'd him so far, as to bear away the whole Glory, which the other reasonably expected to share in, having contributed all the Assistances in his Power towards acquiring it in Partnership. Suitable to the Complaint of *Aufidius*, notwithstanding all the Copies concur in the Error, I have no Doubt but the Text ought to be restor'd,

----- Serv'd his Designments
In my own Person; * HOLPE to reap the Fame, &c.
* Or, help'd.

EMENDATION. LXXXVI. JULIUS CÆSAR, Page 249.

Cæsar should be a Beast without a Heart,
If he should stay at home to day for fear. *
No, Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than He.
WE HEARD two Lions litter'd in one day,
And I, the elder, and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth. -----

All the Lines from the *Asterisk* are degraded by Mr. POPE ; partly, I suppose, for the Reason which he gives in his Preface for these Degradations ; but chiefly, I believe, because he did not understand them. The Copies, indeed, are all corrupt ; and the Passage, of Course, Nonsense and unintelligible, till we look nearer, and see thro' the Disguise of the bad Text. But a slight Alteration will restore Sense to the Whole ; and then the Sentiment will neither be unworthy of SHAKESPEARE, nor the Boast too absurd for *Cæsar* in a Vein of Vanity to utter. I dare warrant, This was the genuine Reading of our Author ;

----- *Danger knows full well*
That Cæsar is more dangerous than He.
 WE WERE two Lions litter'd in one Day,
And I the Elder and more terrible ; &c.

i. e. *Cæsar* and *Danger* were Twin-whelps of a Lion, and *Cæsar* the Elder, and more terrible of the Two.

LXXXVII. ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, Page 318.

EMENDATION.

----- *My more Particular,*
And That which most with You should SAVE my Going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Antony is giving several Reasons to *Cleopatra*, which make his Departure from *Ægypt* absolutely necessary ; most of them Reasons of State ; but the Death of *Fulvia*, his Wife, was a particular and private Call, which demanded his Presence in *Italy*. But the Poet's Text, I find, in all the printed Copies, would rather make us believe that *Fulvia's* Death should prevent, or save him the Trouble of going. The Text in this Respect, I dare engage, runs counter to its Master's Meaning. *Cleopatra* is jealous of *Antony's* Absence, and suspicious that he is seeking Colours for his Going : *Antony* replies to her Doubts, with the Reasons that obliged him to be gone for a Time ; and tells her that, as his Wife *Fulvia* is dead, and so She has no Rival to be jealous of, that Circumstance should be his best Plea and Excuse, and have the greatest Weight with her for his Going. Who does not see now, that it ought to be read ?

----- *My more Particular,*
And that which most with you should SALVE my Going,
Is Fulvia's Death.

LXXXVIII. *Ibid.* Page 321.

EMENDATION.

----- *This common Body,*
Like to a vagabond Flag upon the Stream,
Goes to, and back, LASHING the varying Tide,
To rot it self with Motion.

How can a Flag, or Rush, floating upon a Stream, and that has no Motion but what the Fluctuation of the Water gives it, be said to *lash* the Tide ? This is making a Scourge of a weak ineffective Flag, and giving it an active Violence in its own Power. I don't know whether the *Editor* has adopted this Reading from any Authorities, or it be One of his own Conjecture ; the Generality of the Editions have it LACKING : 'Tis true, there is no Sense in that Reading ; and yet the Addition of a single Letter will not only give us good Sense, but, I dare promise, the genuine Word of our Author into the Bargain. Correct,

Goes to and back, LACKYING the varying Tide,
To rot it self with Motion.

i. e.

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the Variation of the Tide, like a Page, or *Lackey* at his Master's Heels. The Edition which I have above made mention of (in Page 138.) with Marginal Corrections in *Manuscript*, concurs with Me in this Reading: As I have had the Pleasure to find several more of my Emendations authoriz'd by the Conjectures there inserted.

EMENDATION. LXXXIX. *Ibid.* Page 327.

----- But let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our Stiring
Can from the Lap of Ægypt's Widow pluck
The NEAR lust-wearied Antony.

Sextus Pompeius, upon Hearing that *Antony* is every Hour expected in *Rome*, does not much relish the News: He is twice the Soldier (*says He*) that *Octavius* and *Lepidus* are; and I did not think the petty War which I am raising would rouse him from his Amours in *Ægypt*. --- But why should *Pompey* hold a higher Opinion of his own Expedition, because it awak'd *Antony* to Arms, who was almost weary and surfeited of lascivious Pleasures? The Copies are all defective, and the Editor follows them implicitly. Correct it,

----- but let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our Stiring
Can from the Lap of Ægypt's Widow pluck
The NE'ER-lust-wearied Antony.

i. e. if *Antony*, tho' never tir'd of Luxury, yet mov'd from that Charm upon *Pompey's* Stiring, it was Reason for *Pompey* to pride himself upon being of such Consequence.

EMENDATION. XC. *Ibid.* Page 394.

----- Behold this Man,
Commend unto his Lips thy SAVOURING Hand;
Kiss it, my Warriour: he hath fought to day,
As if a God in Hate of Mankind had
Destroy'd in such a Shape.

Antony here recommends one of his Captains, who had fought valiantly, to *Cleopatra*; and desires he may have the Grace of kissing her Hand. But why, *savouring hand*? --- *Antony* did not want his Captain to grow in Love with his Mistress, on Account of the Flavour and Lusciousness of her Hand; but only to have a Reward of Honour from the Queen for his good Service. Tho' all the Copies join in this Reading, I much rather believe the Poet's Word was,

Commend unto his Lips thy FAVOURING hand;

EMENDATION. XCI. TITUS ANDRONICUS, Page 496.

How if that Fly had a Father, and Mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded Wings,
And buz lamenting DOINGS in the Air?

To buz lamenting *Doings* can certainly neither be *English*, nor an Expression of SHAKESPEARE; nor does it convey any satisfactory Image. It is one of the *Manuscript* Conjectures, (in the Margin of that Edition which I but a little above took Notice of,) that we ought to read here, as I think there is no Dispute but we ought.

And buz lamenting DRONINGS in the Air.

This Word representing that heavy, sleepy Noise, made by the Fly, Chafer, Bee, &c.

XCII.

XCII. *Ibid.* Page 485.

EMENDATION.

Ye white-LIMB'D Walls, ye Ale-house painted Signs,

Thus the old *Quarto* in 1611, the second *Folio* Edition, and all the subsequent Copies that I have seen, read with Mr. POPE; but the Poet's Epithet is slightly corrupted. Restore it.

Ye white-LIMED Walls, -----

It carries a Reproach to a Man, who makes a fine Appearance outward, and has no Virtues, or Bravery, within to set him off;

Introrsum turpem, speciosum pelle decorâ,

As HORACE calls it. The Term in our Author comes up exactly to the *Greek*, one used by St. Paul against Ananias, * τοῦτε κεκοιμημένοι, *Dealbata Paries*; which our Translation has * Acts xxiii. 3. render'd, *Thou whited Wall*.

XCIII. MACBETH, Page 554.

EMENDATION.

*We have SCORCH'D the Snake, not kill'd it. -----**She'll close, and be herself; -----*

This is a Passage which has all along pass'd current thro' the Editions, and likewise upon the Stage; and yet, I dare affirm, is not our Author's Reading. What has a Snake, *closing* again, to do with its being *scorch'd*? Scorching would never either *separate*, or *dilate*, its Parts; but rather make them instantly *contract* and *shrivel*. SHAKESPEARE, I am very well persuaded, had this Notion in his Head, (which how true in Fact, I will not pretend to determine,) that if you cut a Serpent, or Worm asunder, in several Pieces, there is such an unctious Quality in their Blood, that the dismember'd Parts, being only plac'd near enough to touch one another, will cement and become as whole as before the Injury receiv'd. The Application of this Thought is to *Duncan*, the murder'd King, and his surviving Sons: *Macbeth* considers them so much as Members of the Father, that tho' he has cut off the old Man, he would say, he has not entirely kill'd him; but he'll cement and close again in the Lives of his Sons, to the Danger of *Macbeth*. If I am not deceiv'd therefore, our Poet certainly wrote thus;

*We have SCOTCH'D the Snake, not kill'd it. -----**She'll close, and be her self; -----*

To *scotch*, however the Generality of our *Dictionaries* happen to omit the Word, signifies to *notch*, *flash*, *cut* with Twigs, Sword, &c. and so SHAKESPEARE more than once has used it in his Works.

So CORIOLANUS, Page 182.

He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't: Before Corioli, he SCOTCH'D him, and notch'd him, like a Carbonado.

And so again, ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, Page 393.

We'll beat them into Bench-Holes, I have yet Room for six SCOTCHES more.

To shew how little we ought to trust implicitly to *Dictionaries* for *Etymologies*, we need no better Proof than from BAILY in his Explication of the Term, SCOTCH-Collops; he tells us, that

that it means Slices of Veal fry'd after the *Scotch* Manner: But, besides that that Nation are not over famous for the Elegance of their Cookery, it is more natural, and I dare say more true, to allow that it ought to be wrote SCOTCH-Collops, *i. e.* Collops, or Slices *flask'd* cross and cross, before they are put on the Coals. *Sed hæc obiter.*

EMENDATION. XCIV. *Ibid.* Page 561.

----- Be alive again,
And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword;
If trembling I INHIBIT, then protest me
The Baby of a Girl.

All the Editions before Mr. POPE's, that I have seen, read, *If trembling I inhabit*, which is unsufferable Nonsense. I don't know whether the Editor's Reading be from any Authority, or his own Conjecture; but I am afraid it is not *English*. There cannot be brought a Passage to shew that *Inhibeo* is ever used by the *Latines* as a *Neuter* or *Deponent* Verb, but always *actively*: And so with us, to *inhibit*, always signifies, to *restrain*, *stop*, some Thing else; never, to *desist*, *renege*, &c. If therefore *inhibit*, be the Poet's Word here, (which I am not absolutely satisfied about,) we must correct his Text thus;

If Trembling ME inhibit, then protest me ---

i. e. If the Passion of Trembling, the Influence of Fear upon my Nerves, prevent me from following Thee, &c.

EMENDATION. XCV. *Ibid.* Page 562.

*There is not ONE of Them, but in his House
I keep a Servant feed.*

One of Whom? --- *Macbeth* has just said, that he heard *Macduff* meant to disobey his Summons, and not come to Court: And he would immediately subjoin, that there is not a Man of *Macduff's* Quality in the Kingdom, but he has a Spy under his Roof. This is understood, not express'd, as the Text now stands. For this Reason, and because there's a various Reading in the second *Folio* Edition, I am apt to think there's a slight Corruption in this Passage. That Copy exhibits it to Us thus;

There's not a A ONE of them.

Here we again meet with a *Deprav'd* Reading; but it is such a One as will help us to the Poet's true Words. Correct, as it certainly ought to be restor'd,

There's not A THANE of them, ----

i. e. a Nobleman: And so the Peers of *Scotland* were all call'd, till *Earls* were created by *Malcolme* the Son of *Duncan*.

EMENDATION. XCVI. *Ibid.* Page 570.

*Who can impress the Forest, bid the Tree
Unfix his earth-bound Root? ---- Sweet Bodements! Good!
Rebellious DEAD rise never, till the Wood
Of Birnam rise, ----*

Thus all the Impressions, from the very Beginning, exhibit this Passage; but I cannot imagine what Notion the Editors could have of the *Dead* being *rebellious*. It looks to Me, as if they were content to believe the Poet *genuine*, wherever he was *mysterious* beyond being understood. The Emendation of one Letter will give us clear Sense, and the very Thing which *Macbeth* should be suppos'd to say here. Restore it.

* *Rebellious*

* *Rebellious HEAD rise never, till the Wood
Of Birnam rise,*

* Or, Rebellion's Head.

i. e. Let Rebellion never make Head against me, till a Forest move, and I shall reign long enough in Safety. *Shakespeare* very frequently uses the Word *Head* in this Manner, of which I'll subjoin an Example, or two.

First Part of K. HENRY IV. Page 249.

----- Douglas, and the English REBELS meet
Th' Eleventh of this Month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful HEAD they are, &c.

Second Part of K. HENRY IV. Page 307.

For his Divisions, as the Times do brawl,
Are in three HEADS; one Pow'r against the French, &c.

CORIOLANUS, Page 132.

When Tarquin made a HEAD for Rome, he fought
Beyond the Mark of Others.

XCVII. Prologue to TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

----- Priam's six-gated City,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenoridas, with massy Staples,
And corresponfive and fulfilling Bolts,
STIR up the Sons of Troy. ---

EMENDATION.

I have no Notion, in what Sense a City, having six strong Gates, and those well barr'd and bolted, can be said to stir up its Inhabitants: Unless that they may be suppos'd to derive some Spirit from the Strength of their Fortifications. But I do not take this to be the Poet's Thought. The second Folio Edition reads it thus;

STIRRE up the Sons of Troy.

This odd Manner of Spelling the Word both gave me a Suspicion of the Place being corrupt, and administer'd to my Conjecture for restoring it. The Author, I take it, means no more than This; that the *Greeks* have pitch'd their Tents upon the Plains before *Troy*; and that the *Trojans* are securely barricaded within the Walls of their City. I have no Doubt therefore but we ought to read;

SPERRE up the Sons of Troy.

For, to *sperre*, or *spar*, (from the old Teutonick Word, *sperren*.) signifies to *shut up*, defend by Bars, &c. And in this very Sense I remember CHAUCER uses the Term in the fifth Book of his *Troilus and Cressida*.

For when he saw her Doores sperred all,
Well nigh for Sorrow 'adown he gan to fall.

Occasional
EMENDATION.

I little suspected, when I first quoted the above Passage, that it would have afforded Matter for further Correction: But I find that even in the Names of *Troy's Gates* we meet with Some of them, that are no where else to be met with. I don't remember, indeed, that either *Didymus*, *Eustathius*, *Spondanus*, or any of the more modern Commentators upon *Homer*, furnish us with a List of their Names: If they had, I doubt not but the Editor would have set them right from those Authorities; Not even the laborious Commentator upon *Lycophron*, where we might have expected it, has touch'd this Matter. I am aware, that in *Homer* the *Scæan* and *Dardanian* Gates are said to be one and the same; and so the *six* Gates would be reduc'd to *five*. But notwithstanding This, they are enumerated as our Poet meant to set them out: The late Learned Sir *Edward Sherburn* in his Notes upon the *Troades* of *SENECA*, Page 324. tells us, that *Troy* had *six* Gates, viz. the *Antenorion*, the *Dardanian*, the *Ilian*, the *Catumbrian*, the *Trojan*, and the *Scæan*. He quotes us no Authority for this, but I believe I can trace him in the Account. For *CERDA*, upon the six hundred and twelfth Verse of the second *Æneid* of *VIRGIL*, informs us from *Dares Phrygius*; --- *Trojanæ urbis portas sex enumerat Dares; Antenoriden, Dardaniam, Iliam, Scæam, Catumbriam, Trojanam*. Here again, if I am not mistaken, we meet with fresh Corruption. *Catumbria* is a very odd Word; and, I am well satisfied, a deprav'd One. We are to know, there was near Old *Troy*, a Plain call'd *Thymbra*; a River, that run through it, call'd *Thymbrius*; and a Temple to *Apollo Thymbræus*. The Gate, that we are speaking of, was probably describ'd in the *Greek* Author to be κατὰ Θύμβριον, the Gate that fac'd the afore said Plain and River: And from thence, as I suspect, by the Negligence or Ignorance of the Transcriber, the Words were join'd and corrupted into *Catumbria*. The correcter Editions of *Dares Phrygius*, I know, neither read as Sir *Edward Sherburn*, nor as *Cerda* upon *Virgil* give us the Passage, but thus; *Ilio portas fecit* (scil. *Priamus*;) *quarum Nomina hæc sunt, Antenoridæ, Dardaniæ, Iliæ, Scææ, Thymbrææ, Trojanæ*. I doubt not but the Author ought to be corrected by this Authority;

----- *Priam's Six Gates i'th' City,*
Dardania, THYMBRIA, Iliæ, Scæa, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy Staples
And corresponsive and fullfilling Bolts,
Sperre up the Sons of Troy.

EMENDATION. XCVIII. *TROILUS* and *CRESSIDA*, Page 11.

And like as there were Husbandry in War,
Before the Sun rose, he was harnest LIGHT,
And to the Field goes He: ---

Why, harnest *light*? Does the Poet mean that *Hector* had put on *light* Armour? Or that he was *sprightly* in his Arms, even before Sunrise? Or is a *Conundrum* aim'd at in, *Sun* rose, and harnest *light*? A very slight Alteration makes all these Constructions unnecessary; and gives us the Poet's Meaning in the properest Terms imaginable. I am inclin'd to think he wrote;

Before the Sun rose, He was Harnests-DIGHT, &c.

i. e. compleatly drest, accoutred in Arms. It is frequent with our Poet, from his Masters, *CHAUCER* and *SPENSER*, to say *dight* for *deck'd*, *pight* for *pitch'd*, &c.

EMENDATION.

XCIX. *Ibid.* Page 42.

* *Vid. supra ad*
Pag. 134.

* *Paris, and Troilus, You have Both said well,*
AND on the Cause and Question now in Hand
Have gloss'd, but superficially. ---

I can never think that the Poet express'd himself thus: 'Tis absurd to say, that People have talked *well*, and yet but *superficially* at the same Time. I am persuaded (as above in Page 66.) the *Copulative* is here mistakenly put for the *Disjunctive*; and that we ought to restore it;

Paris

Paris and Troilus, you have Both said well,
BUT on the Cause and Question now in hand
Have gloss'd but superficially.

i. e. You have argued very well in the general, but have gloss'd too superficially upon the particular Question in Debate.

C. CYMBELINE, Page 178.

----- and I grieve Myself
To think, when Thou shalt be DIS-EDG'D by Her
Whom now Thou tir'st on, &c.

Notwithstanding the *Antithesis* that there is betwixt *dis-edg'd* and *tirest on*, yet, methinks, too gross an Image is convey'd for so reserv'd and modest a Princess as *Imogen*. I would suppose that our Poet wrote, with a very small Variation ;

----- and I grieve Myself
To think, when Thou shalt be DIS-SIEG'D by her, &c.

i. e. *displac'd*, put out of her Favour. *Siege*, it is well known, was the old Word used for seat, place, as also rank, dignity, &c. So the King, in HAMLET, Page 445.

----- Your Summ of Parts
Did not together pluck such Envy from Him,
As did That One, and That, in my, Regard,
Of the unworthiest SIEGE. ---

So, in OTHELLO, Page 482.

----- I fetch Life and Being
From Men of worthiest SIEGE. ---

And so, in MEASURE for MEASURE, Page 382.

Besides, upon the very SIEGE of Justice
Lord Angelo hath to the publick Ear
Profess'd the contrary.

'Tis certain, supposing my Conjecture to be right upon the Passage now in Question, SHAKESPEARE might as well have said *displac'd*, as *disseig'd*, by her ; but I appeal to all the nicer and more Critical Readers of our Poet, whether it is not his Custom, to love an unusual Term where a common one might serve his Turn. As I presume He has here chose *disseige* to answer *displace*, so in his CORIOLANUS he has industriously adopted another Word to express the same Meaning. Page 132.

----- Sir, I hope, my Words
DIS-BENCH'D you not. ---

EMENDATION.

CI. *Ibid.* Page 162.

----- THIS IS HER HONOUR;

*Let it be granted You have seen all this,
Praise be to your Remembrance, the Description
Of What is in her Chamber nothing saves
The Wager you have laid.*

To be as brief as possible in my Reasons for suspecting this Passage. --- *Jachimo*, a Libertine in his Thoughts of Women, wagers with *Posthumus* that he will debauch his Wife, so that he can once get Access to her. *Posthumus* takes the Bet, and makes Way by Letters to his Wife for *Jachimo's* Introduction. *Jachimo* impudently pretends to have carried his Point; and, in Confirmation, is very minute in describing to the Husband all the Furniture and Adornments of his Wife's Bedchamber. But how is fine Furniture any ways a Princess's Honour? It is an *Apparatus* suitable to her Dignity, but certainly makes no Part of her Character. I am persuaded the Poet intended his *Posthumus* should say, "This particular Description, that you make, can't convince me that I've lost my Wager; your Memory is good; and Some of these Things you may have learn'd from a third Hand; I therefore expect Proofs more direct and authentick." If I do not deceive myself therefore, there is little Question but we ought to restore the Place thus:

----- WHAT'S THIS T'HER HONOUR?

*Let it be granted, You have seen all This,
Praise be, &c.*

EMENDATION.

CII. *Ibid.* Page 216.

*Our Britain's HEARTS dye flying, not our Men;
To Darknefs fleet Souls that fly backwards!*

I should have look'd upon This in the Rank of a mere *literal* Error, but that I find it is so faithfully Copied from the old Editions; which makes me believe the *Editor* did not attend to the *Poet's* Sense in it. Correct, with the greatest Certainty;

Our Britain's HARTS die flying, not our Men; &c.

i. e. our *Harts*, or *Stags*, receive their Death as they fly; our Men stand boldly to it, and die fighting.

EMENDATION.

CIII. *ROMEO* and *JULIET*, Page 250.

*As is the Bud bit with an envious Worm,
E're he can spread his sweet Leaves to the Air,
Or dedicate his Beauty to the SAME.*

Sure all the Lovers of *Shakespeare* and Poetry will agree with me that --- *to the same* --- is here a very idle, dragging *Parapleromatick*, as the Grammarians style it. I do not think the Author was any ways necessitated to it, since he might by an additional *Epithet* in the foregoing Verse have avoided the Fault objected, and express'd his Thought with more Elegance: As thus,

*E're he can spread his sweet and infant Leaves,
Or dedicate his Beauty to the Air.*

This

This would have been the Natural Way of conveying his Idea, without those unpleasing *Expletives*: But SHAKESPEARE generally in his *Similies* is accurate in the *Cloathing* of them; and therefore, I believe, would not have over-charg'd This so *insipidly*. When we come to consider that there is some Power else besides *balmy Air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender Buds spread Themselves, I do not think it improbable that the Poet wrote thus;

*E're He can spread his sweet Leaves to the Air,
Or dedicate his Beauty to the SUN. **

** Or Sunne, according to the old Spelling, which brings it nearer to the Traces of the corrupted Text*

CIV. *Ibid.* Page 259.

EMENDATION.

*We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a Scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted Bow of Lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a CROW-KEEPER.*

If there ever was such a Thing as a *Crowkeeper*, in Nature, I must own it is an Employment quite out of my Acquaintance. And surely, the Poet cannot be supposed to intend by it, a Man arm'd to *keep off the Crows*? --- I would read it, cashiering only a single Letter;

Scaring the Ladies like a COW-KEEPER.

The Herdsmen of Old were used to watch in the Field, with Bows and Arrows, to defend their Cattle either from Dogs, or any other Injuries: Objects very likely to scare the Ladies, both from the Size of their Bows, and their awkward Method of managing them. What gives me the Foundation for this Suspicion and Emendation is the following Passage in K. LEAR, Page 86.

Lear. *There's your Press-mony. --- That Fellow handles his Bow like a COW-KEEPER.*

For so Mr. POPE has very rightly restor'd it; tho' the second *Folio* Edition, (as does also my *Quarto*, publish'd in 1655.) reads it here too absurdly --- *Crowkeeper*.

CV. HAMLET, Page 382.

EMENDATION.

Mean time, we thank you for your Well-TOOK Labour.

I have Nothing to object to the Sense of this Passage, which I forgot to take Notice of in my Examination of this Play. The second *Folio* Edition however has a various Reading, which gives some Room for suspecting the Text as it now stands. It is there,

Mean time, We thank You for your Well-LOOK'D Labour.

It is probable the Poet might, therefore, have wrote,

Mean time, We thank you for your Well-LUCK'D Labour.

To say, that their Labour had been *well-took*, is saying, methinks, only that they had not *labour'd in vain*: But to say it was *well-luck'd*, is passing a Sort of Complement on the *Address*, *Skill*, and *Good Fortune*, of the Persons employ'd in it.

This Conjecture is of no great Moment, but I embrac'd the Mention of it the more readily, because it lends me an Opportunity of correcting Myself upon Another Passage of the same Play. I should reckon it very disingenuous, as well as ridiculous, in a Work which I have profess'd to have undertaken for the Restoration of SHAKESPEARE, if I should be asham'd to own myself mistaken, and retract the Error. In my Eighty Ninth Remark upon *HAMLET, * *Pag. 119. seq.* I have call'd in Question the Text upon two Passages, where the Poet has made Use of the Word

Word UNBATED. To avoid Repetition and Prolixity, I shall beg Leave to refer the Readers back to that Note. Since my Beginning this Appendix, I have chang'd my Opinion, and begin to think the *Text* may rather be *explain'd*, than *disturb'd* or *alter'd*. The Poet is speaking of *Swords* and *Foils*, and by a Sword UNBATED, perhaps, he may mean a Sword *unabated*, or not robb'd of its Point, to distinguish it from a *Foyle*, which is *blunted* and charg'd at the End with a *Button*. If we are to suppose the Poet wrote *Imbaited*, or daub'd over with an Ointment, (as I there conjectured,) it is absurd for *Laertes* to reply to the King, who tells him he might easily chuse a Sword ready *baited*, that he would *anoint* his Sword for the Purpose: Nor can there be any Occasion in the *Second* Passage for the *Epithet* ENVENOM'D, as *imbaited* signifies the same Thing. But I submit Both Opinions to Judgment.

EMENDATION. CVI. OTHELLO, Page 484.

*Judge Me the World, if 'tis not gross in Sense,
That Thou ha'st practis'd on Her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken MOTION.*

Desdemona having fall'n in Love and married with *Othello*, *Brabantio*, her Father, accuses *Othello* of having used some foul Play, and intoxicated her by Drugs and Potions to win her over to the Match. But why, *Drugs* to weaken *Motion*? How then could She have run away with him voluntarily from her Father's own House? Had she been averse to chusing *Othello*, tho' he had given her Med cines that took away the Use of her Limbs, might She not still have retained her Senses, and opposed the Marriage? Her Father, 'tis evident from several of his Speeches, is positive that She must have been *abused* in her *rational* Faculties, or She could not have made so preposterous a Choice as to wed with a *Moor*, a *Black*, and refuse the finest Young Gentlemen in *Venice*. What then have We to do with her *Motion* being weaken'd? If I understand any Thing of the Poet's Meaning here, I cannot but think he must have wrote,

*Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken NOTION.*

i. e. her *Apprehension*, right *Conception*, and *Idea* of Things, *Understanding*, *Judgment*, &c. 'Tis frequent with us to say, We have no Notion of such a Thing, when we would mean, We do not very clearly understand it. The *Classics*, I think, have employ'd the Word in the same Sense: And CICERO, I remember, to quote no worse an Author, has defin'd it thus for Us. NOTIONEM appello, quod Græci τὴν ἐννοίαν, τὴν πρᾶξιν.

EMENDATION. CVII. Ibid. Page 555.

*What if I said, I'd seen him do you Wrong?
Or heard him say, as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary Dotage of some Mistress,
Convinced, or SUPPLIED them, cannot chuse
But they must blab. ---*

I could not have wish'd to conclude with a more remarkable Instance of *Corruption*, or One that fell more closely within the Method which I propos'd to my self of *amending*. All the Editions concur in the Reading, and yet I'll be bold to say, 'tis neither *Sense*, nor *intelligible*, nor conveys our Author's *Sentiment* as it stands: So that it may fairly be look'd upon to have been one of his *Loci desperati*. His Meaning is undoubtedly This; That there are some such long-tongued Knaves in the World, who, if they thro' the Force of Importunity obtain a Favour from their Mistress, or if thro' her own Fondness they make her pliant to their Desires, cannot help boasting of their Success. Restore it, without the least Scruple, thus;

Who

*Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary Dotage of some Mistress,
Convinc'd, or SUPPLED them, they cannot chuse
But They must blab.*

I have already observ'd, in the Course of these Sheets, that it is usual with SHAKESPEARE, thro' Negligence or Licentiousness, to change his Numbers, as he does here: So no more need be laid on that Head. To *supple*, 'tis well known, is to make *pliant* and *flexible*; and is particularly a Term in Surgery, when any Part, swollen and stiff, is by *Fomentations*, &c. *reduced*, and made *soft* and *pliable*. To *convince*, here, is peculiar in its Sense; it is not, as in the common Acceptation, to make sensible of the Truth of any Thing by Reasons and Arguments; but to *overcome*, *get the better of*, &c. As the Usage of the Term in this Sort is one of the Author's Singularities, I'll produce two or three Passages, in Support of This before us, where it bears the same Sense.

MACBETH, Page 580.

*Ay, Sir, there are a Crew of wretched Souls
That stay his Cure; their Malady convinces
The great Assay of Art.*

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, Page 173.

*And tho' the mourning Brow of Progeny
Forbid the smiling Courtesy of Love,
The holy Suit which fain it would convince, &c.*

And so in * CYMBELINE, more aptly to the Place for which I bring these Authorities;

* Page 136.

*Your Italy contains None so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of
my Mistress.*

At tandem Manum de Tabulâ. ---- I have endeavour'd to acquit my self of the Promises made in my *Introduction*, and produc'd, and corrected, *Errors* throughout the Poet, numerous, when we consider This as a SPECIMEN only; of no Number, when compar'd with that unequal Quantity, which remain behind in Store to make our Author perfect. I may, indeed, say with Mr. POPE, that I have gone thro' this Work with more Labour than I can expect Thanks: I have run a Risque, and must wait the Sentence of the Publick, whether I have gone upon a mistaken View of Reputation, or whether I have done any Thing to set SHAKESPEARE in a clearer Light than his Editors have hitherto done. It is upon this Issue I shall be determin'd, whether I have already written too much on the Subject; or, whether I may promise my self Encouragement in prosecuting a Design, that favours more of *publick Spirit* than *private Interest*.

CONCLUSION.

I ought to be in some Pain for the Figure that these Sheets may make, this being the *first Essay of literal Criticism* upon any Author in the ENGLISH Tongue. The Alteration of a Letter, when it restores Sense to a corrupted Passage, in a *learned Language*, is an Atchievement that brings Honour to the Critick who advances it: And Dr. BENTLEY will be remember'd to Posterity for his Performances of this Sort, as long as the World shall have any Esteem for the Remains of *Menander* and *Philemon*. But I no more pretend to do Justice to that Great Man's Character, than I would be thought to set my own poor Merit, or the Nature of *this Work*, in Competition with *his*.

D d

I must

The APPENDIX.

I must expect some Attacks of Wit, upon being engag'd in an Undertaking of so much Novelty: The Assaults that are meerly *idle*, or meerly *splenatick*, I shall have the Resolution to despise: And, I hope, I need be under no great Concern for Those, which can proceed from a *generous Antagonist*. Wherever I am mistaken, it will be a Pleasure to me to be *corrected*, since the Publick will at the same Time be *undeceiv'd*: And wherever I have the Luck to be right in any Observation, I flatter my self, Mr. POPE himself will be pleas'd, that SHAKESPEARE receives some Benefit.

But to pass from Apologies on Account of these Sheets, however they may be received; I have a Number of Pardons to beg of my SUBSCRIBERS, who have done me the Honour to wait so long for my *Translation* of ÆSCHYLUS. My best Plea will be, that I have, in this Interval, been at the Expence of Copper Plates to be prefix'd to each Play. that I may by Ornament, at least, make up in Part for the Defects of my own Power, And as the DISSERTATION, to be prefix'd to that Work, is design'd a compleat History of the *Ancient* STAGE in all its Branches, I hope it will be agreed in my Favour, that the *Materials* for such a Collection must be *enrich'd* by the Delay.

F I N I S.



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